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THE NEW YORKER

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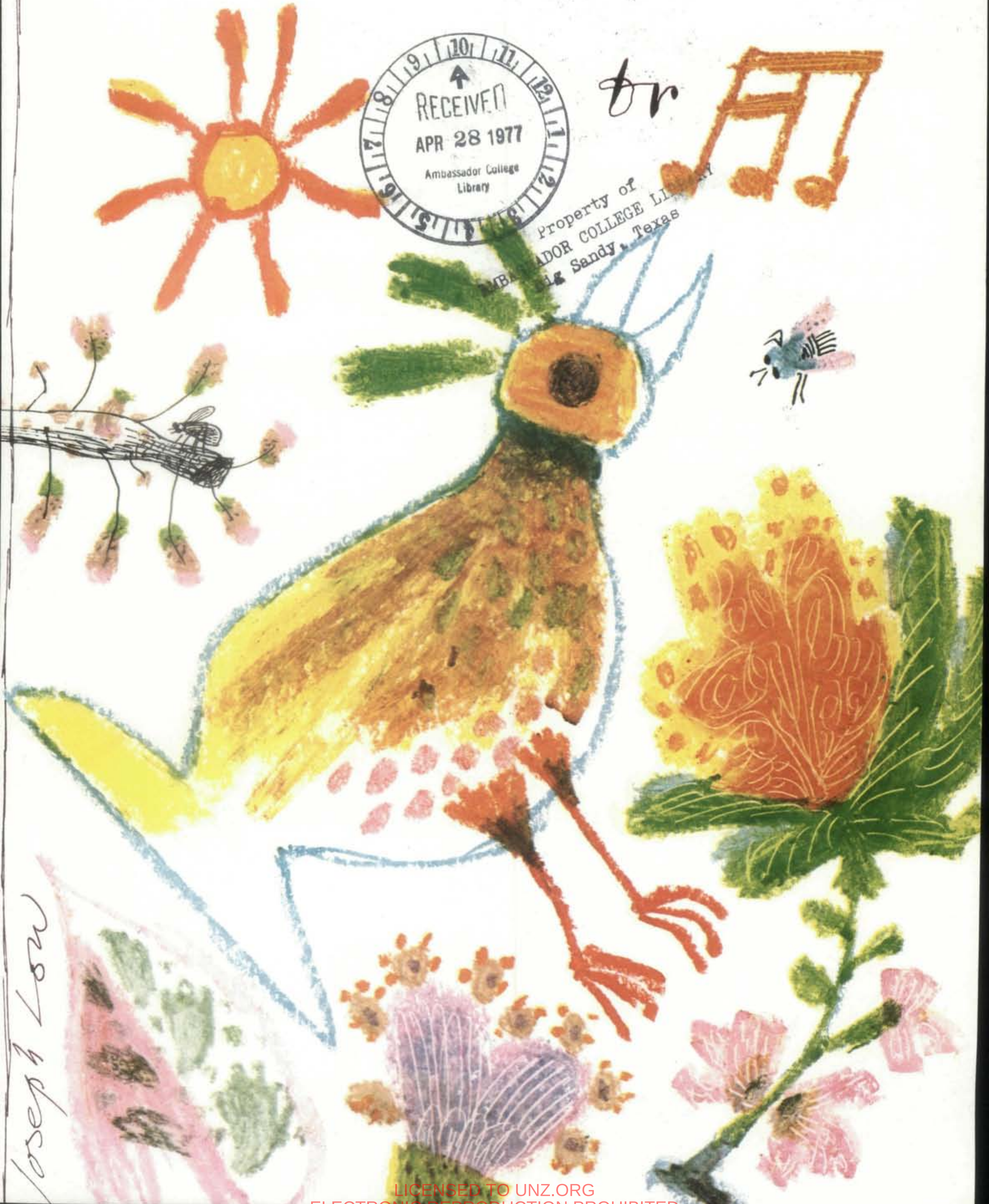

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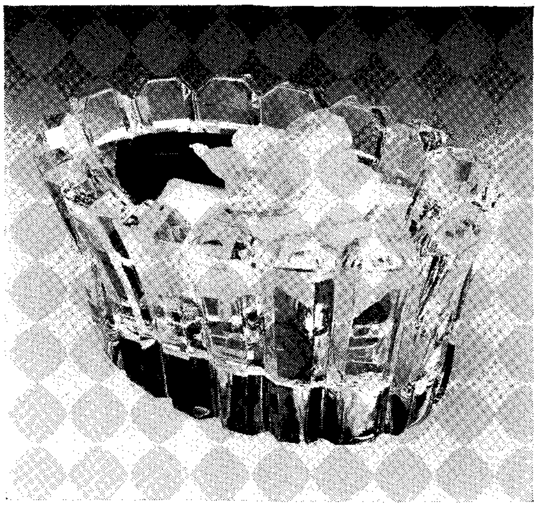

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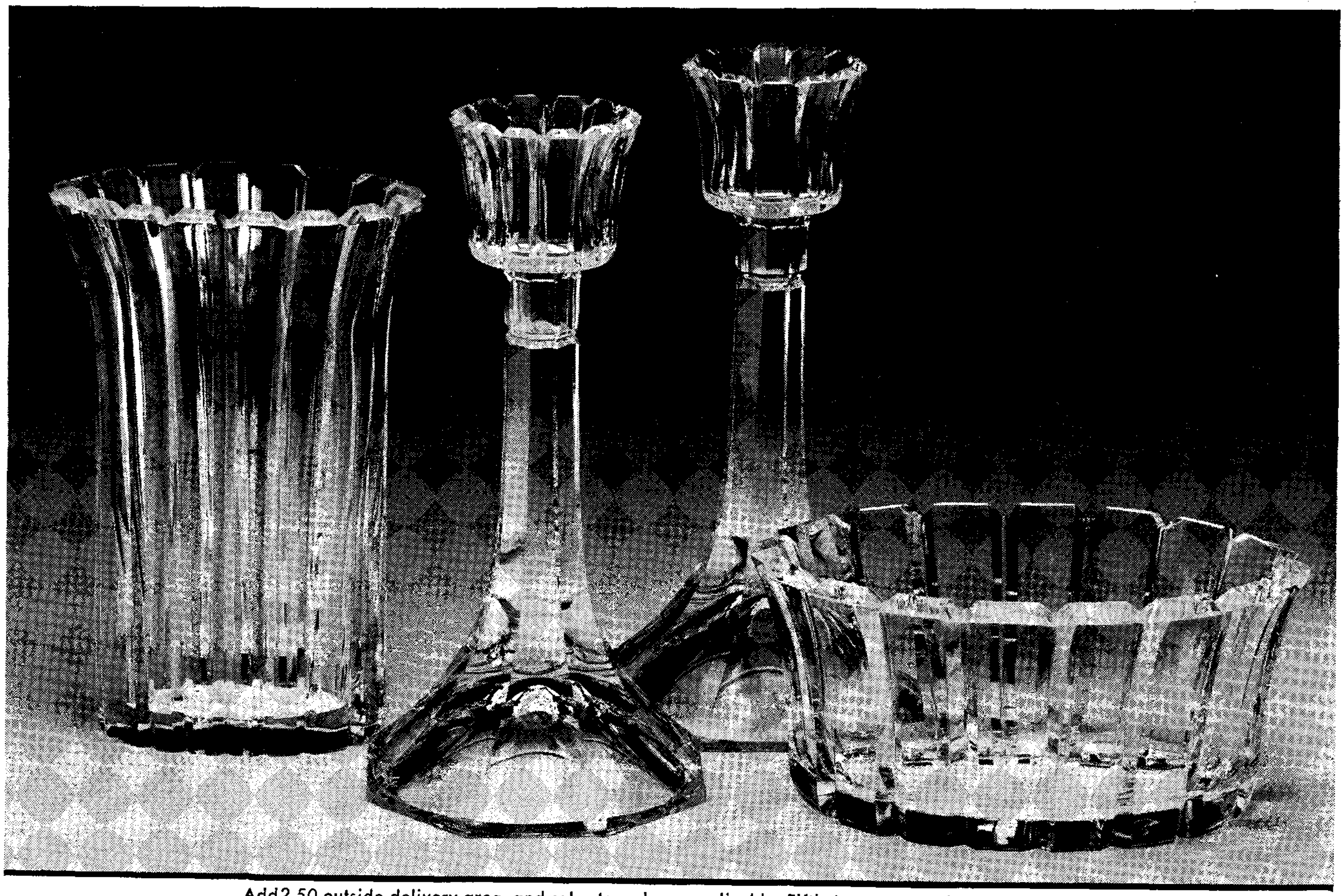

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN BUFFALO—A comedy by David Mamet. Kenneth McMillan, John Savage, and Robert Duvall work very hard but in vain. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—A sluggish and dull-witted play, which was in no need of revival. The early O'Neill melodrama serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who is very pretty, if not very convincing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ANNIE—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ASHES—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COLD STORAGE—Most of the action of Ronald Ribman's comedy about suffering takes place on the roof of a hospital, and most of the funniest lines are delivered, with masterly skill and relish, by Martin Balsam, as a terminal-cancer patient. With Paul Sparer and Michael Lipton. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

DANCE ON A COUNTRY GRAVE—Using the themes and characters of "The Return of the Native," Kelly Hamilton—composer, lyricist, and librettist—has made an enchanting, very musical musical that is all his own yet manages to preserve the spirit of Thomas Hardy's novel. Distinguished sylvan setting by Tom Warren, and distinguished performances by the entire cast, under Robert Brewer's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

DIRTY LINEN—An inconsequent jape by Tom Stoppard; the scene is the House of Parliament, and the subject is the sexual misconduct of a hundred and nineteen M.P.s. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ENDGAME—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Zero Mostel back in his original role as Tevye, quarrelling cheerfully with God and a vexing wife and many daughters. Jerome Robbins' choreography is as notable as ever. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

THE GREAT MACDADDY—This revival, the second offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Charles Weldon, in the title role, and Graham Brown, Frankie R. Faison, and Barbara Montgomery, among others. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Meryl Streep and Christopher Lloyd in Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's musical, adapted by Michael Feingold. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers in a new production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Directed by Yuriko. Previews through Sunday, May 1. Opens officially on Monday, May 2. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

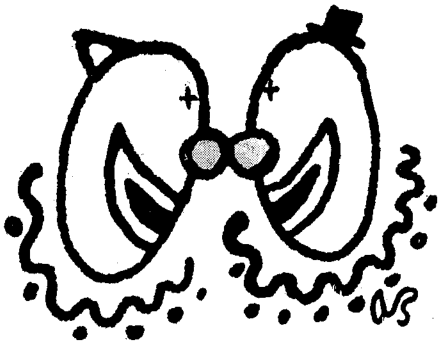
Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Miss Tomlin embodies many amusing characters and a few sad ones, and is a formidable character in her own right. A most welcome Broadway début. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Monsters—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 1.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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On the Lock-In—A musical by David Langston Smyrl. Opens Wednesday, April 27. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Two delightful performers, who handle their wonderful material all the more ably because it is from their own hands. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Romeo and Juliet—Sad times in Renaissance Verona. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the wistful lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Laurence Luckinbill. The director is Gordon Davidson. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for best play of the year. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by three English singers, accompanied with modesty and grace by two American pianists. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

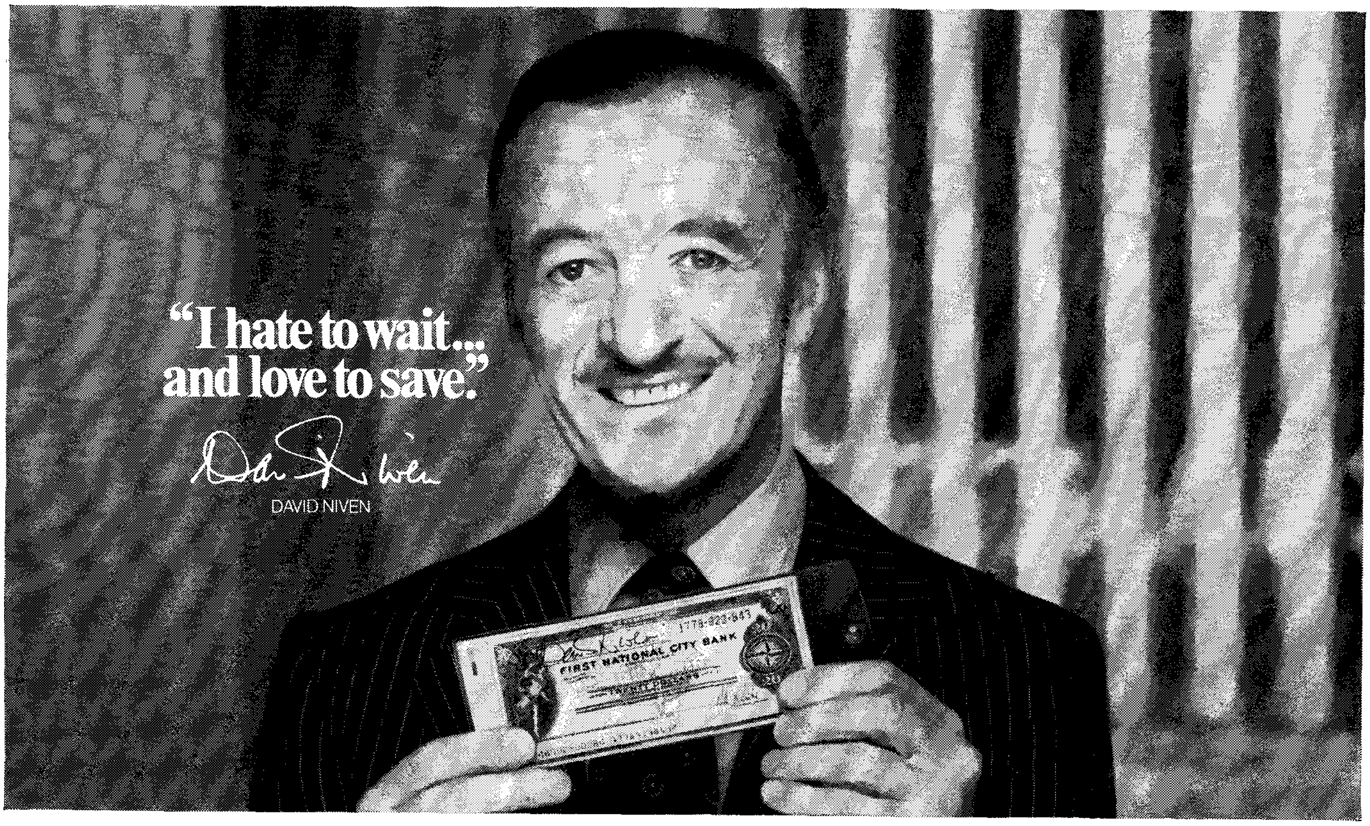
Sly Fox—George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, May 1, at 7.)

Starting Here, Starting Now—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music), as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Théâtre de la Ville—This company from Paris, appearing here for the first time, in a thirteen-performance engagement of Giraudoux's play "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu" (known here as "Tiger at the Gates"). With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Anny Duperey, and José-Maria Flotats; directed by Jean Mercure. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. Starting Monday, May 2, David McCallum will replace Mr. Haigh. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,081 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Don Murray



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH**: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS**: This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Broadway in Concert—Richard Kiley is worth hearing in **KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY** for his singing of "September Song." But in general concert versions of musical comedies are not a very good idea. The Anderson-Weill musical is the second in a series of three musicals in concert form. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

The Circus—The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—A week-long series of performances (tentative schedule) of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will open an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 3. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesday through Friday, May 3-6, at 8; Saturday, May 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 8, at 1 and 7.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 27-28: "Shadowplay," "Firebird," "Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Friday evening, April 29, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 30: "La Sylphide" and "Push Comes to Shove."... ¶ Monday through Wednesday evenings, May 2-4: "La Sylphide" and "Voluntaries" (company première).... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 5-6, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 7: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, April 27, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, April 28-29, at 8: "Concerto Grosso," "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "Allegro Brillante," and "From Gentle Circles" (première).... ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 2 and 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Serenade," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 22—Wednesday, May 4, at 7:30: "Crossword" (New York première) and "The Wait" (première).... ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: "Gazelle," "Coverage II" (company première), "Myth," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Countdown" (company première), and "Blood Memories."... ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: "Gazelle," "Hobo Sapiens," and "Crossword."... ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Facets," "Hobo Sapiens," "Myth," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

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Joyce Trisler Danscompany—"Argot," excerpts from "The Spirit of Denishawn," and "Four Temperaments." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 27-30, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 2 and 7:30.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

Rudy Perez Dance Company—"New Annual," "Rally or Variations on a Theme for a Space with Less People," "System," and "Just for the Sake of It." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A program of works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and José Limón, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Stephen Colvin, and the Juilliard Chorus, directed by Abraham Kaplan. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8; Sunday, May 8, at 3; and Monday, May 9, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-music, and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Bassist **CECIL MCBEE** leads a sextet here through Saturday, April 30; on Tuesday, May 3, alto saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE**, who was a member of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians before he moved to New York, will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. **BABY JANE DEXTER** is a trumpeting, growling contralto, whose sins and virtues come in an equal mix. Reshaped and redirected, she could move easily down the swinging path that Janis Joplin was aimed at. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine pianists and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist **HANK JONES** works with bassist **RICHARD DAVIS**, who is given to smiling an excessive amount, Thursday through Saturday, April 28-30; on Wednesday, May 4, **JIMMY ROWLES** will move here from around the corner at Bradley's. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Hard-bop-and-beyond headquarters. Tenor saxophonist George Adams directs his quartet through Saturday, April 30. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Saxophonist Ronnie Laws, a younger brother of the highly regarded flute technician Hubert, is here with his combo on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27-28. Friday through Sunday, April 29-May 1, **STUFF**, a two-year-old, two-drum-and-two-lead-guitar stellar rhythm-and-blues group that was spawned in New York recording studios—all of Stuff's musicians are sought-after session players—will be onstage. A competent recording by the sextet was released late last year. But the band's real appeal comes across only in their live performances, where they can play near-endless jogging, repetitive riffs without having to end one tune and begin another in order to observe a record-industry tradition of crowding in half a dozen cuts per side. On Wednesday, May 4, singer and guitarist Jesse Winchester will arrive with his band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES** is a pianist of endless humor and taste and intelligence, and, what's more, he has the extraordinary **GEORGE MRAZ** on bass. Through Saturday, April 30. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who performs Coward, Gershwin, Porter, or Sondheim classics for his ardent listeners and not for disco dancers, appears in the Café Carlyle with support from his steadfast assistants, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. ... **TEDDY WILSON**, the restrained, elegant pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty-odd years, does wonderfully by himself, too. He's in the Bemelmans Bar through Saturday, April 30, from nine to one. On Monday, May 2, **DICK WELLSTOOD** will claim the keyboard.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard-platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Television, which (in spite of its name) concentrates on its music rather than its image, will be present Thursday through Sunday, April 28-May 1. The quartet's leader, Tom Verlaine, says his main influences are Ravel, Albert Ayler, and the Rolling Stones tune "19th Nervous Breakdown." Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER** has come back for an extended stay, and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him again are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, the where-have-you-been-all-my-life blues and boogie-woogie wonder, and rhythm guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. From eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—

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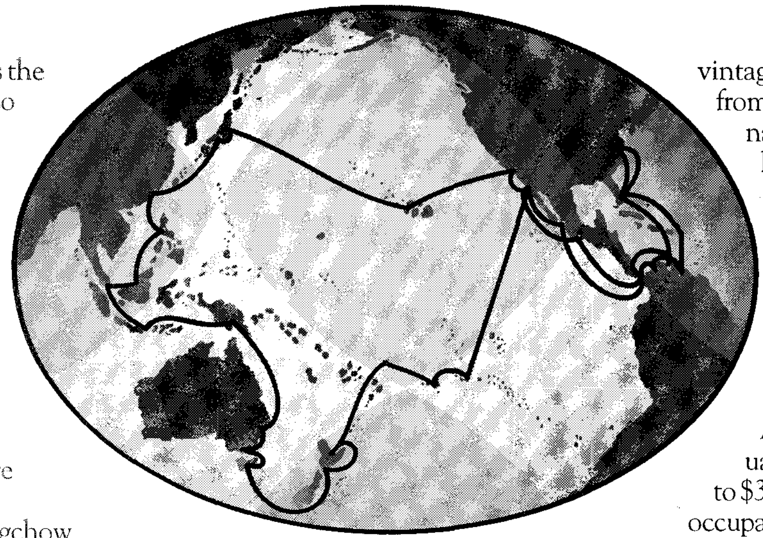

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, May 3, trumpeter Doc Cheatham will sit in with the regulars; and on Sunday, May 1, SCOTT HAMILTON, a young, inspired swing tenor saxophonist, will play with his quartet and trumpeter Warren Vaché, Jr., from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—drummer SONNY GREER, clarinettist-saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE, and pianist HOD O'BRIAN (who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr)—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist AL HAIG works with guitarist CHUCK WAYNE and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, May 1, pianist Hal Galper's trio will play from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist STAN GETZ is supported by his fine sidepersons—pianist JOANNE BRACKEEN, drummer BILLY HART, and bassist MIKE RICHMOND—Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—JIMMY MCPARTLAND (filling in for Roy Eldridge) upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—ELLIS LARKINS, now with a bassist (BILLY POPP) and a drummer (JACK MCALLISTER), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—RONNY WHYTE (handsome, dapper, easygoing) is a first-class cabaret singer, and he is a creditable accompanist and jazz pianist. From seven to midnight through Saturday, April 30.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—RED NORVO, the father of the vibraharp, is the paterfamilias to a quartet—it comprises pianist NORMAN SIMMONS, bassist MILT HINTON, and drummer RONNIE BEDFORD—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Mondays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Guitarist JOE BECK'S R. & B. sextet is on the bandstand through Sunday, May 1. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, a fine, heavily amplified country trio—acclaimed by feminists, college kids, and good old boys alike—winds up its stint on Sunday, May 1, and on Wednesday, May 4, the Mission Mountain Wood Band, another country-inspired outfit, will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—SY OLIVER leads a dance septet firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this setting, an Art Deco version of Disneyland, where one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook sings standards and hits from her Broadway past through Sunday, May 1; on Tuesday, May 3, F. T. H.—Formerly The Harlettes, which is the vocal trio that used to back up Bette Midler—will come in for two weeks. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at nine and midnight. Dinner.

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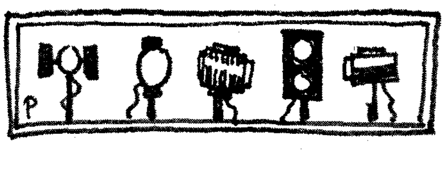
Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. A week-long tribute to Duke Ellington—his birthday falls on April 29—will end on Saturday, April 30. Ellington alumnus and trombonist Matthew Gee is in charge of the proceedings. On Sunday, May 1, from five to eleven, there will be a benefit concert and tribute to Rudy Powell, the late clarinettist. Trumpeter Louis Metcalf's Pioneers of Jazz, Clyde Burnhardt and Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, the Speakeasiest Jazz Band, the Friendly Fifties All Stars, and other groups will participate. Monday, May 2, has been christened Drum Night by the management; the heavyweights of the traps will include HORACEE ARNOLD and a quintet that will feature saxophonist BILLY HARPER; LOUIS HAYES and the quintet he regularly co-pilots with trumpeter WOODY SHAW; and PHILLY JOE JONES and his quartet. Music from ten to two-thirty.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. The NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes RICHARD SUDHALTER on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial JIMMY MAXWELL on trumpet, SAM PARKINS on tenor saxophone, MARTY GROSZ on guitar, VINCE GIORDANO on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer TOMMY BENFORD, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. Mondays, DAVE MATTHEWS plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; Wednesdays, trombonist Rod Levitt shows up with an octet; Thursday, April 28, will be given over to LEE KONITZ and his nonet, which features trombonist JIMMY KNEPPER; Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, trumpeter DANNY STILES will direct a quintet; and on Thursday, May 5, David Friedman and David Samuels, on vibraharp and marimba, respectively, will head a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. ZOOT SIMS, who plays dancing tenor-sax solos, has guitarist JOE PUMA as his foil through Saturday, April 30; Sunday through Tuesday, May 1-3, ROLAND PRINCE, a fine young guitarist, will head up a quartet; and on Wednesday, May 4, TED DUNBAR, yet *another* worthwhile guitar player, will come in with a trio. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—Jimmy Miller, an R. & B. singer, is the current attraction in this pleasant little cabaret. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne HELLMAN'S ANGELS (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, EDDIE BERG, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Weekends are devoted to jazz performances downstairs. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, will offer an unusually disparate double bill: CECIL TAYLOR, the long-distance, out-there, acoustic-piano strong man, will trade sets with Charles Earland, a funk player of the electronic age, before (one can assume) an alternatingly edgy audience. On Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, bassist CHARLES MINGUS will perform opposite the simultaneously backwoods and urbane singer and pianist MOSE ALLISON. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Thunderbolt drummer ELVIN JONES leads his quartet through Sunday, May 1; on Tuesday, May 3, trombonist and arranger SLIDE HAMPTON will perform with a septet that will include three other trombonists. On Mondays, another world-famous institution, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band, blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Harold Mabern and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, JO JONES commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, TINY GRIMES, who still bebops on a four-string guitar, guides a trio. Saturdays and Sundays, the Countsmen, a group composed of real Count Basie alumni such as BUDDY TATE, EARLE WARREN, and PAUL QUINICHETTE, and of real sidemen such as pianist DILL JONES, sails through the annals of swing. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Loft Concerts—New music and new jazz in Spartan surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (677-9728). Wednesday, April 27: SPIRIT OF LIFE ENSEMBLE. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28: RAY ANDERSON AND THE PEOPLE. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29: GEORGE V. JOHNSON, JR. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30: MARVIN BLACKMAN. (Performances at 8.)

Nana Mouskouri—Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Wednesday through Friday, April 27-29, at 8; Saturday, April 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 1, at 3.

Frank Sinatra and Robert Merrill—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Peter Allen—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 28, at 8.

Rod McKuen—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8.

Anthony Braxton, Joseph Jarman, and Roscoe Mitchell—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 8:30.

Weather Report and **Al DiMeola**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 30, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Garland Jeffreys and **Tony Bird**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, April 30, at 8:30.

Danny Moore Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, May 1, at 2, 3, and 4.

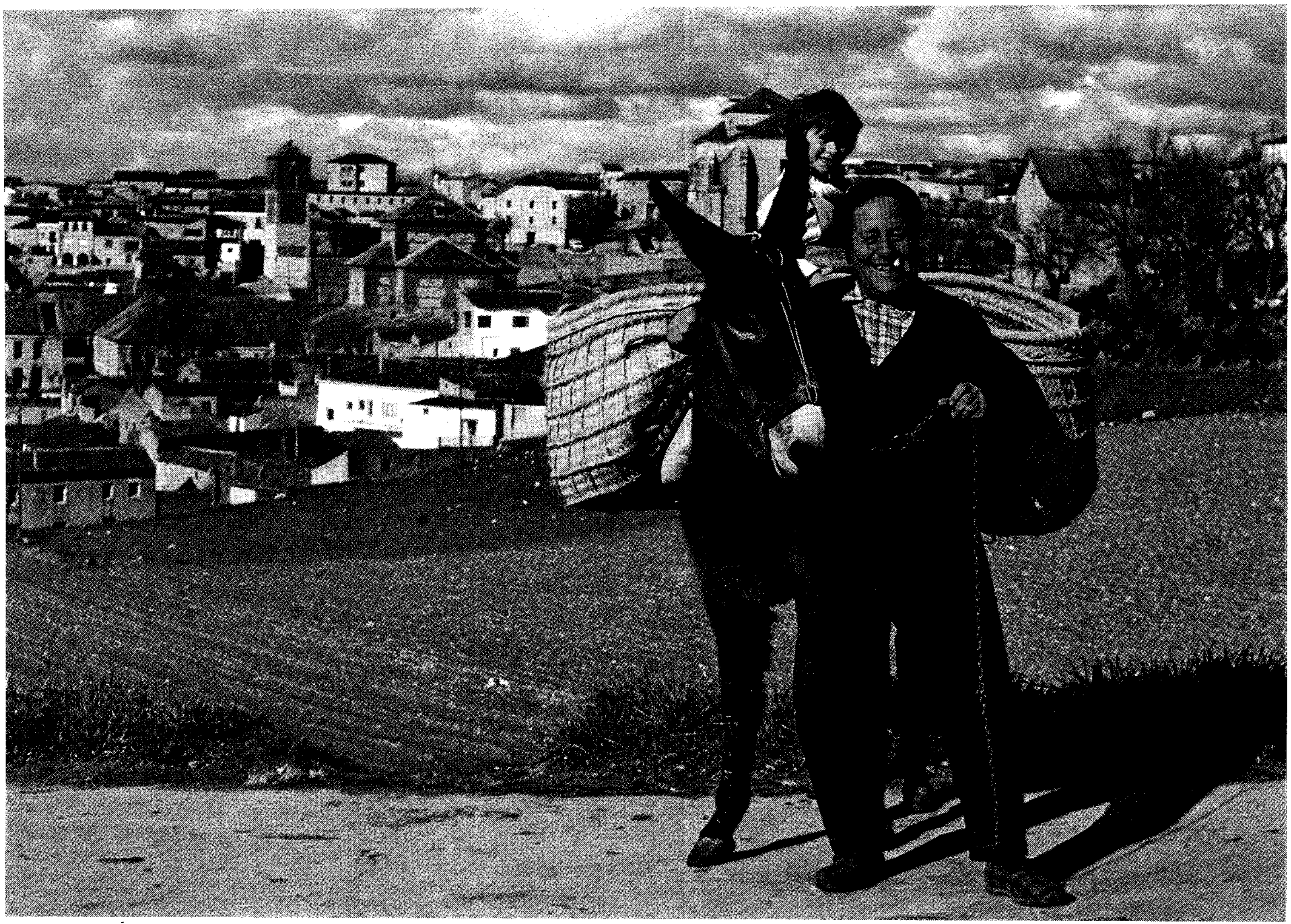
Benny Goodman and His Band—A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—With the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and his own group. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Interludes—The sixteenth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall will be by CELESTE HOLM on Wednesday, May 4, at 5:45.

George Benson—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Friday, May 6, at 8, with Les Paul, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Gabor Szabo. For tickets, call 977-9020. . . . ¶ Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8, with Minnie Riperton. For information about

Spain can make you feel hundreds of years younger.



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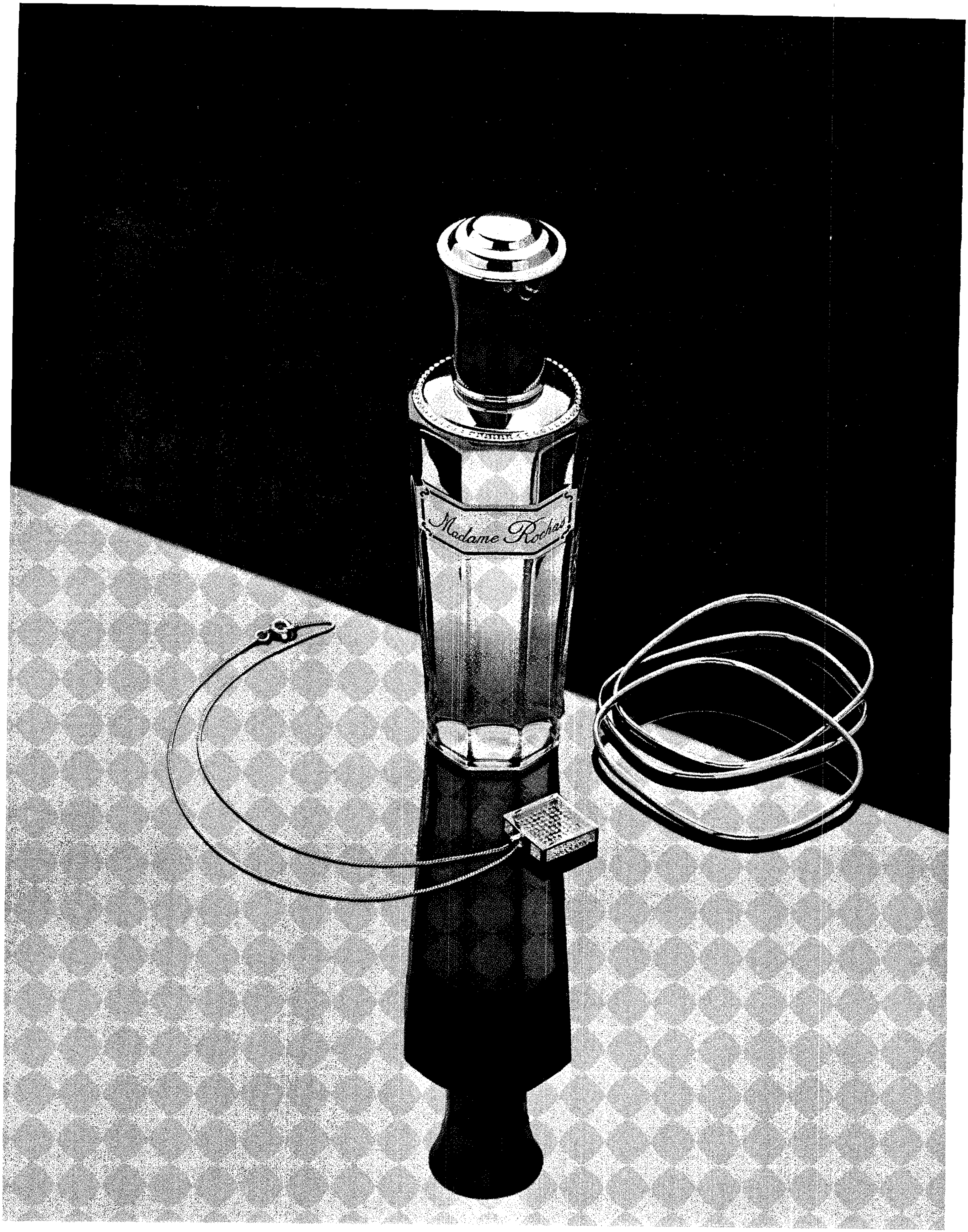
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tickets, call 977-9020....¶ Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, May 8, at 8, with the Dance Theatre of Harlem; and Monday, May 9, at 8, with Alphonso Johnson and others.

England Dan & John Ford Coley and **Jonathan Edwards**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8.

Jesse Colin Young and **Pousette-Dart Band**—Palladium. Friday, May 6, at 8.

Little Feat and **Ian Matthews**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, May 7, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Ellen Adler—Landscapes of Long Island, and still-lifes. Through May 14. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Guy Bardone—The Jura Mountains in summer and winter and other landscapes, plus still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Bernard and François Baschet—The flowerlike petals of these large stainless-steel sculptures serve as sounding boards for their various glass and metal sonic devices, which give off astonishing chords when rubbed or strummed. Through Saturday, April 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Romare Bearden—New collage paintings depicting events in the Odyssey. Through May 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Large figurative paintings. Through Saturday, April 30. (Learmonth, 178 E. 72nd St.)

Gretna Campbell—Summery landscapes of the deep Maine woods, and wintry ones of the New Jersey hills. Through Saturday, April 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Large, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alix Deonna / Charlotte Gilbertson—Surrealist drawings, many of them concentrating on manic eyes and others depicting nude figures that have taken root in the ground and are sprouting vegetable extensions. Through Saturday, May 7. / Line drawings of nudes with unusual heads in the form of flowers, fish, seagulls, ducks, butterflies, sea urchins, and the like. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Günter Grass—Etchings by the German novelist, most of them focussed on homely subjects—fish heads, old shoes, ashtray debris—and some of them mildly raunchy. Through Friday, May 6. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Philip Guston—Another round in this artist's continuing battle with the injustices of our civilization; heavy shoe soles are still prominent in the compositions, and cartoonlike heads of mascaraed women peeping over walls. Through Saturday, April 30. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

John Heliker—Traditionalist paintings—still-lifes, figures, portraits, landscapes—by an heir to the Impressionist heritage, whose works have a deft, sketchy quality. Through May 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Helen Hoie—Abstract paintings. Through May 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realist paintings and drawings, some of the Malaysian landscape. Through Saturday, May 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sidney Laufman and Marina Stern—The works of these two artists are admirably melded in this show—first one of his, then one of hers. Mr. Laufman, at the age of eighty-six, is still painting busily, turning out landscapes that are reminiscent of Cézanne in the organization of their composition and the freshness of their color, and Mrs. Stern, a hard-edge realist in the line of Sheeler, depicts grain hoppers, lime kilns, oil refineries, and the like. Through May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Old-fashioned oils and watercolors by an Australian-born painter who studied in Paris and London and settled down in this country to do his urban landscapes and his scenes of Maine harbors. Through Saturday, May 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jan Müller (1922-58)—Landscape paintings, mostly of park scenes, made up of large blocks of primary colors. Through Saturday, April 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Minoru Niizuma / Herbert Schneider—Marble sculptures of pyramids neatly severed in half. / Paintings, in iridescent greens and oranges, of embracing, fanciful figures, and a matching deck chair (a real one) so constructed that the sitter seems to be in an embrace. Through May 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings, mostly of nightmarish birdlike creatures, by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, May 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Morteza Sazegar—Large paintings based on the grid principle. Through Saturday, April 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Moses Soyer (1900-74)—Small paintings, including four self-portraits. Through Saturday, April 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Large, first-class examples of work by some of our big contemporary guns—veils of color by Frankenthaler, a spot of comic-strip action by Lichtenstein, a Rauschenberg combine painting, and a morbid silk-screen repeat-pattern by Warhol of a girl who jumped off the Empire State Building. Through May 18. (Open Mondays.)... **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21.... **carlton**, 127 E. 69th St.: Collage paintings by four artists: Donald Windham, Arthur Gibbons, Howard Hussey, and Abby Karp. Through Saturday, April 30.... **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: "Vorticism and Abstract Art in the First Machine Age," comprises more than eighty works by Wyndham Lewis, Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, Jacob Epstein, and others. Through Saturday, April 30.... **ex libris**, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St.: A sampling of drawings, illustrated books, photographs, and other works by Russian Constructivists (Malevich, Moholy-Nagy, Berman, among them) and by comparable artists in other countries. Through May 13. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: Unfamiliar works by twentieth-century masters of painting and sculpture, ranging from Picasso and Matisse to de Kooning and Moore. A small Soutine portrait of a woman in red is of gem quality. Through Saturday, April 30.... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Three American realists—Louis Black, who works in ink wash on board; Michael Filmus, who does landscapes, primarily in charcoal and pastel; and Robert Kipniss, whose landscapes are in oil and pencil. Through Saturday, May 7.... **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.)... **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A selection of works, including some by stars of the early days of this magazine, among them Mary Petty, Peter Arno, James Thurber, and Ralph Barton. Through May 14.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasilieff), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through May 28.... **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Alden Mason and Jon Friedman and collages by Maureen McCabe. Through Saturday, April 30.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval sculptures, and decorative objects. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Models for proposed greatly enlarged works by Christo, George Sugarman, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through Saturday, April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Henry Botkin—Collages of cut up and painted fabric applied to board. Through Saturday, April 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Gene Davis—Paintings from about twenty years ago. Through May 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—Wildly fanciful paintings in which dogs, foxes, rabbits, horses, and occasional people are depicted in flat, sharply contrasting colors. Also drawings and a construction. Through Friday, April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jacob El Hanani—The surface of these canvases is covered with a series of small ink strokes applied by pen; first one-man show in New York. Through May 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Landscapes in oil by this veteran New England artist who paints with bold, free strokes in a style he adapted from the German Expressionists. The scenes range from recent studies of the Dolomites to our local Palisades. Through May 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Realist paintings of farmland, corn cribs, and barns. Through May 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Haendel / Barbara Smukler—Mr. Haendel works with raw, handmade paper before it hardens, pressing it into plaster molds and producing, in a low-relief sculptured effect, row on row of First World War doughboys, say, or clotheslines draped with underwear and shirts. / Mrs. Smukler works in acrylics on large, unsized canvases, laying down vertical strands of color that vary in width and intensity as they go, forming a pulsating screen over the whole surface. Through Saturday, May 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Semi-abstract oil paintings, some on canvas and some on paper, in several of which dolls and other toybox figures are the basis of her lively and vividly colorful compositions. Through Saturday, April 30. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Watercolors and lithographs based on his travels. Through Saturday, May 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—In addition to his characteristic studies of circus people—acrobats, clowns, defiant-looking women lion-tamers—this exhibition, consisting largely of works never shown before, includes a number of landscapes and still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small paintings—almost miniatures—by a young artist who lives in the upstate wilderness and paints literal *nature-mortes:* dead birds, filleted fish, and so on, plus delicate blossoms. Included is a charming watercolor of a possum, the first living thing he's ever painted. Through Saturday, May 7. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Carlos Mérida—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Matt Phillips—Monotypes whose subjects include Guatemalan marketplaces. Through May 21. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Horace Pippin (1888-1946)—A retrospective of the powerful primitive paintings by this black artist from Pennsylvania. A benefit exhibition. Through Saturday, April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Deborah Remington—Abstract paintings that seem to be based on emblems and heraldic devices. Through Saturday, April 30. (Hamilton, a new gallery at 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Paintings done over the past twenty-odd years by this French-Canadi-

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an abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rodney Ripps—The spidery doodles this artist was producing at this time last year for wall decorations have now evolved into long (almost nine feet) rectangular hangings composed of artificial leaves, wax, and paint, forming a sort of three-dimensional flower bed. Through May 14. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Rosati—Abstract metal sculptures. Through May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Toko Shinoda / Marie Taylor—Elegant sumi paintings done on antique gold and silver papers by a celebrated Japanese woman artist. / Small sculptures by an artist who finds her subjects almost ready-made in the rock—a frog, a grasshopper, a sleeping lion—and releases them with a few deft chisel strokes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Sun discs and Egyptian tomb entrances are the basis of a new series of abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tsoclis—Three-dimensional works combining metal, wood, and fabric, plus an installation of lead pipes and spilled pigment; first one-man show in New York. Through May 14. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Susan Wilmarth—Abstract oil paintings in which panels of rich, dark color, polished off with beeswax, are relieved by a row of bright, hard-edge rectangular windows near the top. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 30. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—An impressive survey of Minimal art, from its origins in Malevich and Mondrian on down through Albers, Kelly, Reinhardt, Rothko, Riley, and the rest, demonstrating that what was believed to have marked the end of the road for painting was really another starting point. Through Saturday, May 7. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Kinetic pieces by Calder, di Suvero, Rickey, and Soto. Through May 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Stephen Antonakos / Joe Breidel—Vivid slashes of color "drawn" with neon on walls of a gently contrasting hue. / Color photographs of the ocean in which the far horizon is seen past a knife blade, say, jutting up out of the beach, or a bowl of goldfish, or a pair of spectacles. Through Saturday, May 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Antonio Berni—Large and rather garish paintings by a South American artist who indulges in such entertainments as putting real clothes, collage style, on the figures he paints. Through Saturday, May 7. (Bonino, 98 Prince St. Open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Chris Britz—Big canvases that have been fixed to selected areas of building walls and sprayed with an acrylic airbrush, so that the effect of a rubbing is achieved, showing every brick, doorway, window, electric outlet, and so on in a veiled, shadowy monotone. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Miriam Brumer / Suzanne Weisberg—Abstract paintings and drawings, usually derived from a winged-insect form. / Abstract illusionist paintings. Through May 18. (Lotus, 81 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Gretchen Caracas / Stanley Lewis—Realist paintings of highways and gas stations. / Semi-abstract landscapes of cities seen from a distance. Through May 12. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

John Colt—Checkerboard patterns of soft, almost pastel colors, painted in acrylics on unsized canvas and superimposed with drawings of budding plant stems, tomatoes, bugs, eggplants, and other garden elements. Through Saturday, April 30. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings in which a heavy irregular latticework is painted over a sort of color-field background of strong hues. Through May 11. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Robert Cumming—Whimsical pieces, including a tiny upright piano, about three and a half inches long, with a man standing inside the back of it; a set of huge steel pen points, two of which serve as abdominal armor for a nude couple shown in a photograph ("Pen Pals" is its title); and a swarm of metal mosquitoes housed in an exquisitely finished case. Through Wednesday, May 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Edward Evans—Abstract acrylic paintings whose surfaces resemble creased foil. Through May 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Antonio Gaudí (1852-1926)—A loan show of his remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on). Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Sandra Gross / Brian Kazlov—Large abstract paintings in which a rough-hewn grid pattern is worked out in a tough acrylic. / This artist uses industrial dyes mixed with acrylics to create a metallic paint which he pours onto diamond- or kite-shaped canvases and touches up later with a brush. Through Saturday, April 30. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Valerie Jaudon / Nicholas Africano—Intricate patterns worked out in concentric circles interrupted by vertical, horizontal, and diagonal avenues, all done in low-key colors that give the compositions a quiet strength and are in keeping with their Islamic cast. / Two tiny half-round seated figures, made of multicolored paint and wax, shown against a disproportionately expansive background. Through May 10. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—"298 Circles," an environmental work of thirty-one-and-a-half-inch discs painted in graduated shades of white and suspended from the ceiling just about down to the viewer's hips, so that wading through them is like walking into one of Monet's lily ponds. Through Saturday, April 30. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Gene Matthews—This artist seals thin rice-paper tissue to a silver-foil background, burnishes it, and tints it with a pale pastel neutral tone, forming a shimmery surface. . . . ¶ In the back room of the gallery is a show of skilled surrealist pen-and-ink drawings by seven artists who call themselves the One Trillion People Falling off the Edge of the Earth School. Through May 11. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A number of shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. A double exhibit of new works through May 14 at Castelli and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and other objects. Through May 14 at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Silk screens through May 27 at Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.

Milton Resnick—Thickly painted oils. Through May 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jane Schneider—Objects from American-Indian and African cultures are the impulse behind these sculptures, but the materials (steel wool, pantyhose, feathers, etc.) are largely contemporary. Through May 11. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Sylvia Stone—Huge sculptures (the largest is thirty feet long and eight feet high) consisting of thick Plexiglas and aluminum sheets cut into geometric shapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Tworkov—New paintings in which one of the senior New York artists works out fresh geometrical progressions. Through Thursday, May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Margaret Wharton—This carpenter-artist takes chairs apart, does surprising things to them, and puts them back together in a metamorphic manner. Through Saturday, April 30. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Kes Zapkus—Large oil-and-acrylic paintings organized around a grid on which innumerable flecks of color, each as distinctive as a naval signal flag, are distributed. Through May 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Joyce Cole, who works with tape and produces glowing diagonal or horizontal striations seen through what appear to be heavy metal bars; Carol Haerer, who does misty white paintings on shaped canvases; and Fred Gutzeit, who has done twenty-one studies of a single area of sidewalk seen at various hours of the day, in fair weather and foul. Through Saturday, May 7. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bob Lobe—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Small sculptures, done in a marble-hard plaster, of sleeping nudes, wonderfully exact in detail, plus terra-cotta heads of newborn infants that are spookily realistic. Through Thursday, May 5. (Gallery 4 x 10, 65 Fourth Ave., at 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Liz Phillips—What the artist calls a sound sculpture—the sound being produced when viewers pass sound-activated radio fields and when stop lights change in the vicinity of the show (thanks to a telephone hookup with the Department of Traffic). Through Saturday, April 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Beatrix Potter (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works, including studies of plants and insects and portraits of her pet animals. Many of the works have not been seen in this country before. Through May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Fifty vintage photographs of turn-of-the-century Paris. Through Saturday, May 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Dean Brown (1936-73)—Small-format dye-transfer prints of Alaskan and Southwestern landscapes dominate this exhibit. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Louis Faurer—A selection of photographs of New York, covering the years before the Second World War through the mid-sixties. Through May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Mark Feldstein—Sharply defined black-and-white prints of urban sights. Through Saturday, April 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

György Kepes—A retrospective of works by this photographer whose experiments with light and abstraction led him to join forces with his compatriot Moholy-Nagy at the latter's New Bauhaus in Chicago in 1937. Through May 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Pablo Monasterio—Landscapes in Mexico and France, along with still-lifes and interiors; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 30. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Irving Penn—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Vintage prints, solarizations, and Rayographs. Through May 21. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Stephen Shore—Color photographs of city streets, storefronts, and suburban landscapes. Through Saturday, April 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Todd Webb—A retrospective of his works includes pictures of Paris, New York, and the Midwest. Through May 21. (Vitolo/Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by, among others, Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Through May 29. . . . ¶ William DeLappa is showing four series of photographs reminiscent of old family albums. Through May 8. (Open Sundays.) . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. Some have been exhibited before. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

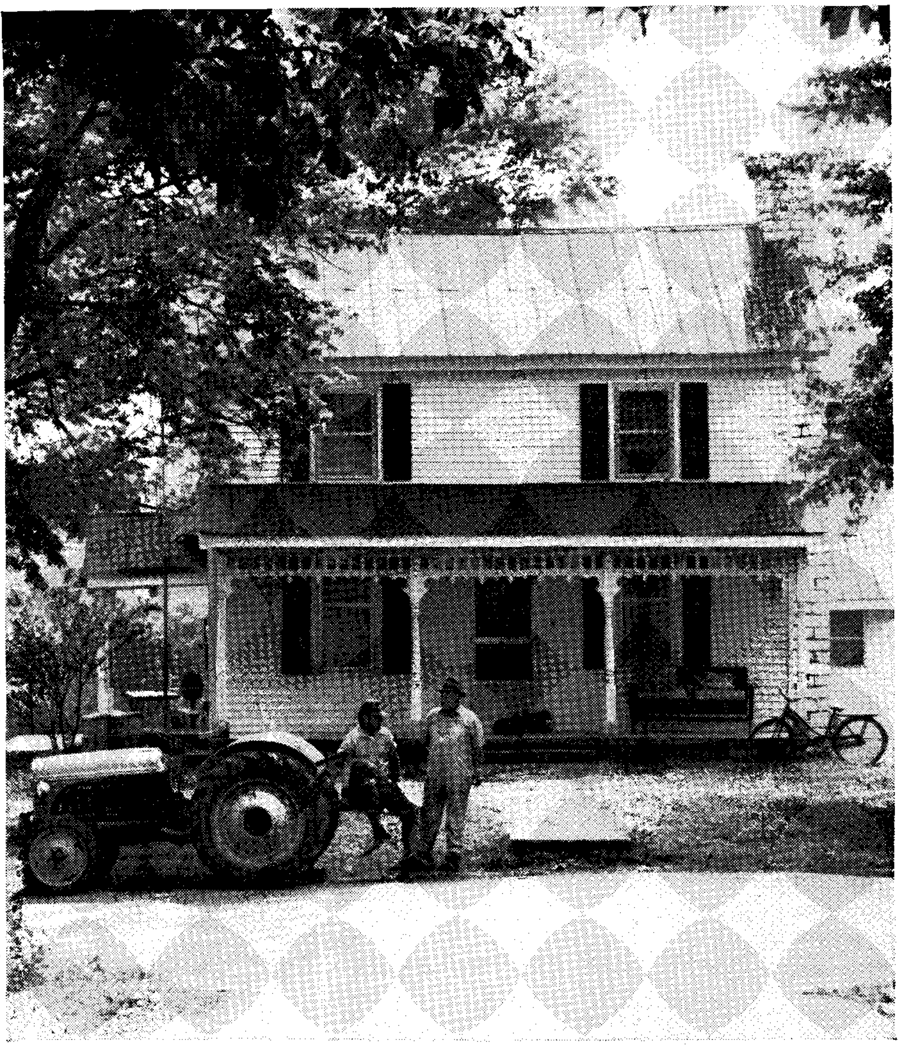
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg. Through May 17. (Complementary shows are at Blum-Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.; Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway; Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.; and Sonnabend Gallery, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through Tuesday, May 3. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas.



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Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints and drawings depicting the artist's world—studio, art school, and so on—including self-portraits (Alfred Leslie, Whistler, others) and four portraits of the ambitious Abraham Walkowitz, who once asked a hundred artists to use him as a subject and, as a result, "lost fifteen pounds and occasionally fainted from the strain of posing." Through May 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and photographic exhibit about the career of the museum's laureate anthropologist, Margaret Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Starts Thursday, April 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Furniture and decorations from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, as well as architectural drawings and sketches of the place. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A show of architectural drawings of nineteenth-century Berlin. Through Friday, April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit commemorating the quincentenary of the first English-language publisher, William Caxton. Forty-five of the books he printed, including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur," can be seen. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Speeches, letters, diaries, and photographs pertaining to the social and intellectual history of American women. On loan from the Smith College archives. Through May 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Thomas Jamerson; conducted by Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 8: "Lily," with Susan Belling, Joy Blackett, Geanie Faulkner, Sandra Walker, Victoria McCarty, Ara Berberian, George Shirley, and Benjamin Matthews; Leon Kirchner. . . . ¶ Friday, April 29, at 8: "Trilogy"—consisting of three short operas in English—"The Impresario," with Gwenlynn Little, Paula Seibel, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 30, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with RoseMarie Freni, Richard Taylor, Philip Steele, Charles Roe, Harlan Foss, and Melvin Lowery; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Brooks, Melvyn Novick, and Thomas Jamerson. Manuel Rosenthal conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 1: "Trilogy"—"The Impresario," with Gwenlynn Little, Paula Seibel, James Billings, David Rae Smith, and Nico Castel; "La Voix Humaine," with Eileen Schauler; and "L'Histoire du Soldat," with John Lankston, David Rae Smith, and Barry Bostwick. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 1, at 7: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Thomas Jamerson, John Lankston, Melvin Lowery, Richard McKee, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Act II of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), Act IV of Verdi's "Rigoletto," and Act II of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, April 28, at 8:30; Friday, April 29, at 2; Saturday, April 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 3, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Stacy, oboe d'amore). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez and David Gilbert conducting on Thursday, May 5, at 8:30; Friday, May 6, at 2; and Saturday, May 7, and Tuesday, May 10, at 8:30 (all with Irene Gubrud, soprano).

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting—Friday, April 29, at 8: The last in a "Meet the Moderns" series, this one with Larry Rivers, narrator; the Concord String Quartet; the Natural Sound Workshop; Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and Richard Frisch, bass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2: An all-Beethoven program, with Jeanne Distell, soprano; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; the C.W. Post College Chorus; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Paul Dunkel conducting. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Sunday, May 1, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of concerts. (A feature: the score of each composition is projected on a screen.) With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, April 30, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music from England and France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing a program of Renaissance music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, May 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Jerold Norman, tenor; and Malcolm Smith, bass. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Harry Belafonte, narrator; an orchestra; and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Grant Johannesen—The last in a series of recitals of piano music of France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Ko Iwasaki and Staffan Scheja—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 27, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The final program in two series of concerts, performed by Stephanie Brown, piano; Young-Uck Kim, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The second of two programs, this one devoted to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music and dance, with the Baroque Dance Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

York Winds—A wind quintet from Canada. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The LaSalle Quartet; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 1, at 5.)

Janos Starker and Alain Planes—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 30, at 8.)

Michel Beroff—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 1, at 2.)

Borodin Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 2:30.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Beethoven recitals, this one devoted to sonatas from the early period. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 3.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Paul Tobias, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, May 1, at 4. For information about tickets, call 860-1869.)

Erich Arndt—Organ. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Sunday, May 1, at 5. For information about tickets, call 288-6200.)

Judit Jaimes—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 1, at 8.)

Minoru Nojima—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Festival of Winds—The last in a series of concerts, this one by the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 2, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Audi-

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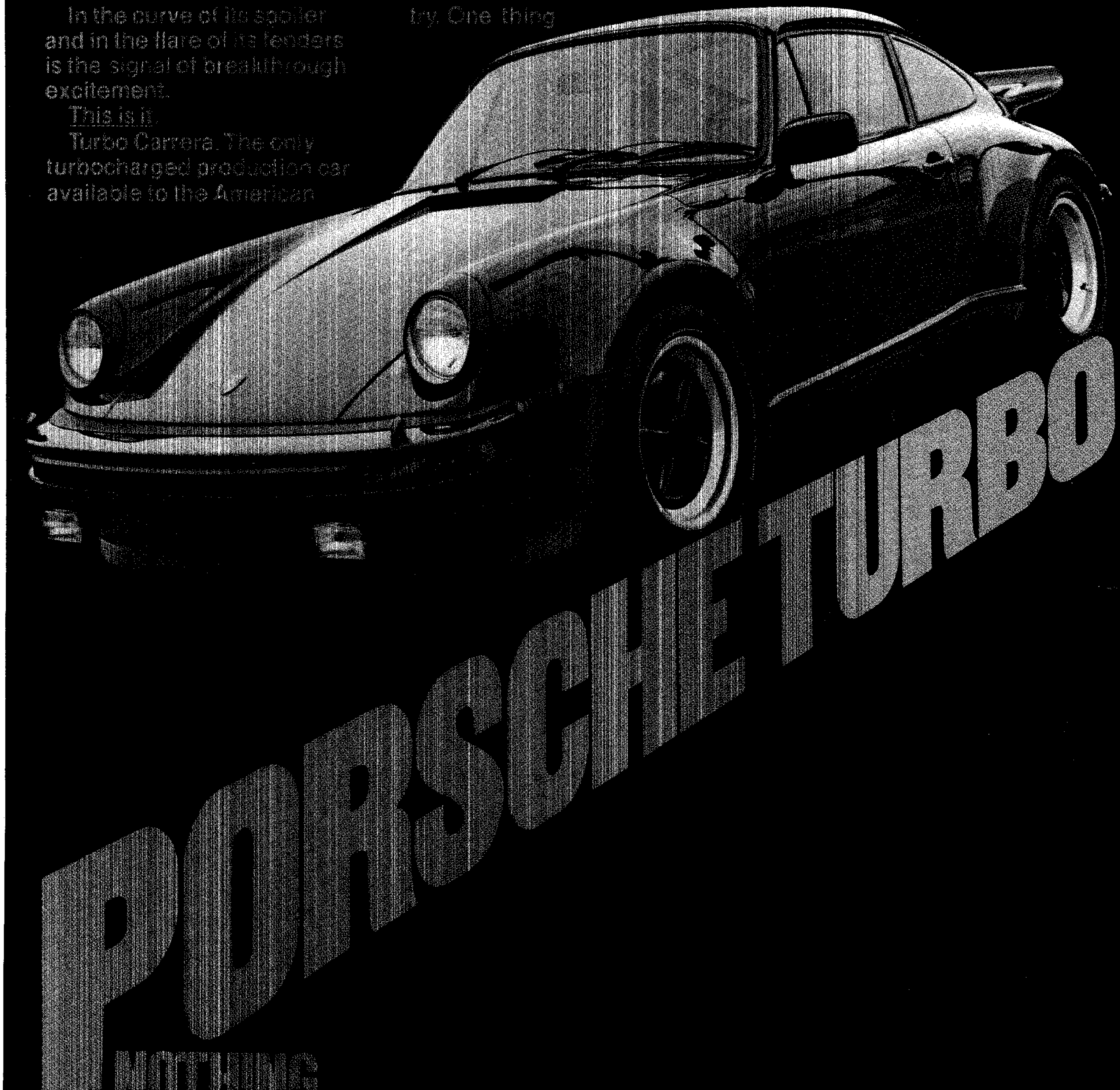

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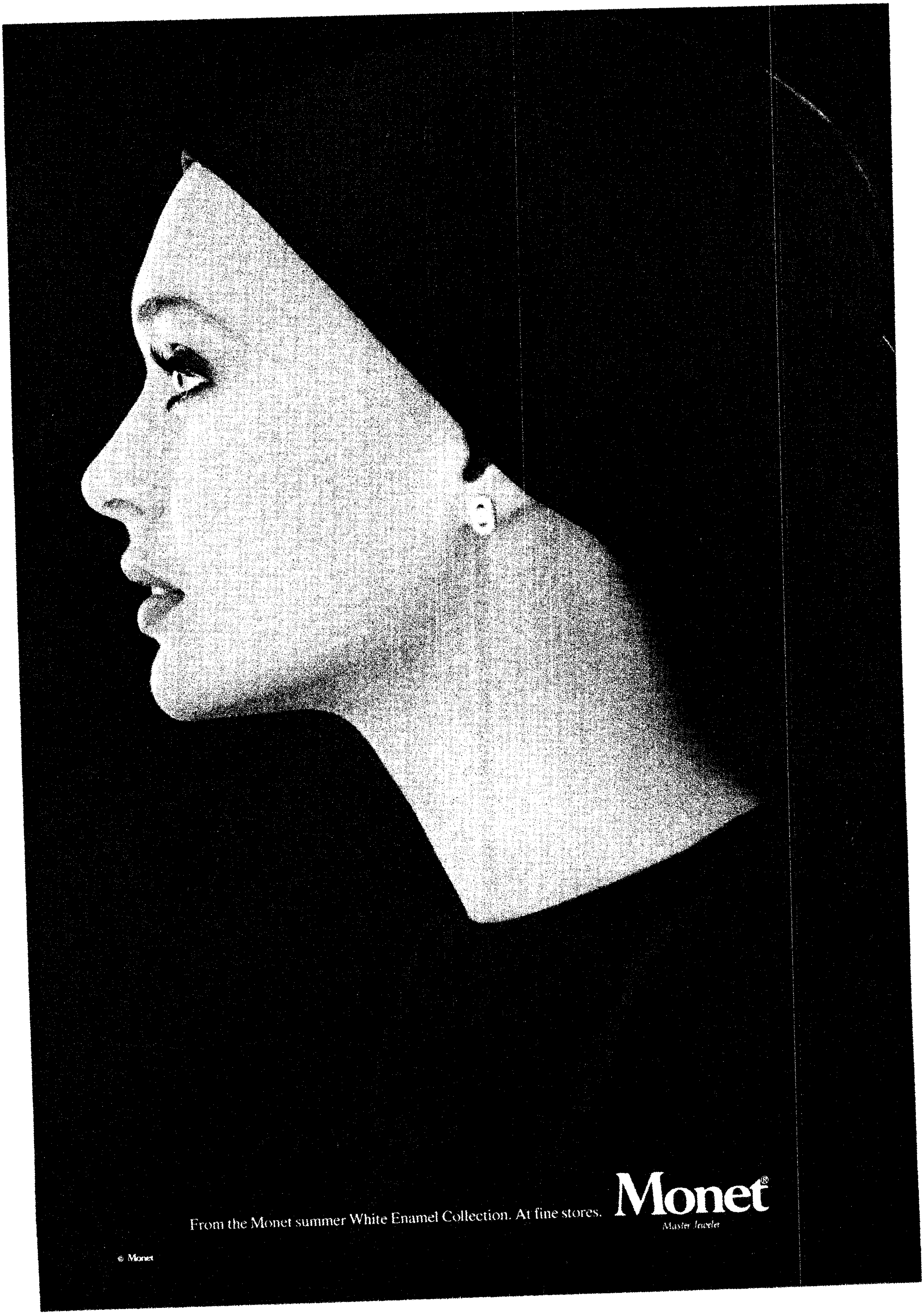
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

torium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, May 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Michael Lind—Tuba. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, in a program of Swiss music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 8, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday, April 27, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Friday, April 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 30-May 1, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3-4, at 8. . . ¶ Oakland, Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8, and Saturday, May 7, at 2.

Crew—Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. Saturday, April 30.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Sunday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 7.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Thursday, April 28; Saturday, April 30; and, if necessary, Thursday, May 5, all at 8:05.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 30; the Grey Flight Handicap, Monday, May 2; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK-AT-ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, May 2, through Tuesday, May 31. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. St. Louis. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, May 1, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden: New York Apples vs. Seattle-Portland, Thursday, April 28, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Cleveland, Monday, May 2, in the Arena. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Soviet Union, Thursday, May 5, in Felt Forum. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Games begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 29-30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, May 2, through Saturday, June 18. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Marvin Bell and Charles Simic reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, May 3, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 27, at 2: Chinese Export porcelains, from the collection of Edgar William Garbisch and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings; from various collections. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 29-30, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including glass and watercolors; from the Garbisch collection and from other owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 3, at 2: Books and manuscripts, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 28.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 29.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, May 8 (day). Baltimore, May 19-20 (night), May 21 (d), and May 22 (day doubleheader). Boston, May 23-24 (n). Texas, May 25 (twi-night doubleheader). Chicago, May 27 (n) and May 28-29 (d). Minnesota, June 10 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Yankees, May 9 (benefit exhibition night game). San Diego, May 10-12 (night). Los Angeles, May 13 (n) and May 14-15 (day). San Francisco, May 17-19 (n). Montreal, May 30 (d) and May 31 (n). Philadelphia, June 3 (n), June 4 (d), and June 5 (day doubleheader). Cincinnati, June 6-8 (n).

Boxing—Ken Norton vs. Duane Bobick, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. May 11.)

Crew—Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 8.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. May 15.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (Derby, Conn. May 21.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 2-4.)

Racing—At **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 21. . . . **BELMONT:** May 23-July 30. The Belmont, June 11. . . . **EPSOM,** England: The Derby, June 1. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: May 31-July 23. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: June 1-Sept. 5. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: June 1-Sept. 5.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Cosmo games on May 15 and 22 and June 5.

Music—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 14, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 18 to June 11. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, May 21. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Alfred Brendel, piano, May 8 and 15. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 9, 11, and 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 10. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Greek Chorale, May 15. . . . ¶ Witold Malcuzynski, piano, May 18. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 22. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, May 8 and 10. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, May 12. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, May 13. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, May 15. . . . ¶ Our Bach Concert, May 21. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Paul Sperry, tenor, May 10. . . . ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, May 21. . . . ¶ Boston Musica Viva, May 26.

Dance—Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, May 16-June 11. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, May 31-June 5.

Theatre—Productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Vieux Carré," a new play by Tennessee Williams, starring Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, Richard Alfieri, and Thomas Reilly. . . . ¶ Aeschylus's play "Agamemnon," with Priscilla Smith and John Cazale—a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ George Rose, Margaret Whiting, Nancy Dussault, and Laurence Guittard singing in a concert version of "The Golden Apple" (book and lyrics by John LaTouche and music by Jerome Moross)—the last in a series of musicals called Broadway in Concert.

Other Dates—May Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 14-15. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-June 11. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 30.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Providence."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 27: "Images" and "Bad Company."
April 28-May 4: "Alice in the Cities."
From May 5: "Rebellion in Patagonia" and "Union Maids."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 3: "Network."
From May 4: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Late Show."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 3: "It's Alive."
From May 4: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wizards."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Welcome to L.A."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Jacob the Liar."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Annie Hall."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beast" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Late Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Rocky."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
April 27: "The Wonderful Crook."
From April 28: "The Wild Duck."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 3: "Nickelodeon."
From May 4: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Shining Star."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 3: "Network."
From May 4: "It's Alive."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 28: "Islands in the Stream."
April 29-May 3: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From May 4: To be announced.

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Audrey Rose."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through May 3: "Rocky."
From May 4: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Wizards."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 3: "Network."
From May 4: "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Shining Star."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: "The Late Show."
Theatre 3: Through May 3: "The Clockmaker" and "A Piece of Pleasure." From May 4: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through April 28: "Bound for Glory." From April 29: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
April 27: "The Littlest Horse Thieves."
From April 28: "The Sting."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 3: "A Star Is Born."
From May 4: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wizards."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 3: "The Late Show."
From May 4 (tentative): "Harlan County, U.S.A."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 28: "Demon Seed." From April 29: "Slap Shot."
Theatre 2: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
Theatre 3: Through April 28: "The Domino Principle." April 29-May 3: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Return of the Pink Panther." From May 4: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Chinese Roulette."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 3: "Network" and "And Now for Something Completely Different."
From May 4: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Family Plot."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 27: "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "A Letter to Jane" (1972), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin.
April 28: "The Middle of the World" (1975), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Philippe Léotard and Olimpia Carlisi; and "La Chinoise."
April 29: "Elvira Madigan" (†); and "The Middle of the World."
April 30: "The Lovers" (†) and "Elvira Madigan." (†)
May 1: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "The Lovers." (†)
May 2: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell.
May 3: "The Strong Man" (1926), directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon; and "The Saphead" (1920), directed by Herbert Blaché, with Buster Keaton.
May 4: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy; and "The Men." (†)
May 5: "The Fugitive Kind" (†); and "The Wild One."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 27: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.
April 28: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945), directed by Albert Lewin, with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.
April 29: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi.
April 30: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "I Am a Camera." (†)
May 1: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (1969), a documentary, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris; and "A Stravinsky Portrait." (†)
May 2: "Nick Carter, Master Detective" (†), "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (†), and "Time to Kill." (†)
May 3: "Intimate Lighting" (†); and "Crime and Passion" (1976), directed by Ivan Passer, with Omar Sharif, Karen Black, and Joseph Bottoms.
May 4: "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.
May 5: "Il Grido" (†) and "The Passenger." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 28: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, dubbed in English by Woody Allen.
April 29-30: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
May 1-2: "The Boys in the Band" (†); and "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975), directed by David Buckley, with Robert Aberdeen.
May 3: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
May 4-5: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 27: "Tora-San, the Intellectual" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; and "High and Low" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
April 28-30: "Kill!" (1968) and "The Sword

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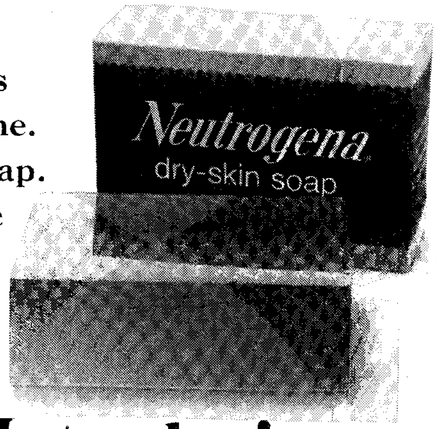

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of Doom" (1967), both films in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

May 1-3: "Tokyo Story" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.

May 4-5: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part I: The Legend of Musashi" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fujita.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through May 3: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

From May 4: "Rebellion in Patagonia" (†) and "Union Maids." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 27: "The Stars Look Down" (1939), directed by Carol Reed, with Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams; and "Kipps" (1941), directed by Carol Reed, with Diana Wynyard, Michael Redgrave, Phyllis Calvert, and Max Adrian.

April 28-29: "That Night in Rio" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "Down Argentine Way" (1940), directed by Irving Cummings, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda, and Charlotte Greenwood.

April 30-May 2: "The Guardsman" (†) and "Grand Hotel." (†)

May 3: "Maytime" (†) and "Sweethearts." (†)

May 4-5: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (†) and "Arabian Nights." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 1: "Maui," a video program by Frank Gillette. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45.... ¶ Starting May 3: "Trollstenen," directed by Gunvor Nelson. Showings at noon and 3 (plus 5:30 and 7:45 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Murnau, Nelson, Eisenstein, Brakhage, Dunford, Deren, Chin, Fischinger, and others. Showings April 27-29 at 7 and 9; April 30 at 2:30, 7, and 9; and May 1 and 3-5 at 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 28-May 1: "A Good Dissonance Like a Man" (1976), directed by Theodor W. Timreck, about the life of Charles Ives; and "The Dreamer That Remains: A Portrait of Harry Partch" (1973), directed by Stephen Pouliot. . . . ¶ Starting May 5: "Les Ordres" (1974), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Michel Brault; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. April 30 at 1: "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland.... ¶ April 30 at 3: "Les Portes de la Nuit" (1946), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Yves Montand and Pierre Brasseur; no English subtitles.... ¶ May 1 at 1: "Naked City" (1948), directed by Jules Dassin, with Barry Fitzgerald and Howard Duff.... ¶ May 1 at 3: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassavetes, with Ben Carruthers.... ¶ May 3 at 4: "Claudine" (1974), directed by John Berry, with Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones.... ¶ May 3 at 6: "Daguerreotypes" (1976), a documentary, directed by Agnès Varda.... ¶ May 3 at 8: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, and Rita Moreno.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations from April 28 until June 2.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (D. W. Griffith.)

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (86th St. East.)

Arabian Nights (1942)—Maria Montez movies are camp classics because they're elaborately produced, yet every word and every plot device is stamped Grade-B. In this sumptuous number, Sabu plays Ali the acrobat, muscle-bound Jon Hall is Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and Maria Montez is Scheherazade (not a storyteller in this version, but only a dancing girl). The picture is filled with horses, Arizona scenery, and blissfully dumb lines. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High. Directed by John Rawlins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4-5.)

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (1944)—Maria Montez and Jon Hall in a followup to "Arabian Nights," a picture of such dreamy fatuousness that Universal made a bundle out of it. This time, flabby-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey is the camp treat. With Andy Devine and Fortunio Bonanova. Directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4-5.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—Directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 28-May 4.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Olympia; through May 3.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones (he has been in analysis for fifteen years), nor are his loves—for New York, for instance, and particularly for the beguiling girl played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part, as he did in "Love and Death" and "Sleeper." In this film he seems to be more direct and autobiographical than in any before; one is struck by its courage, as well as by its marvellously far-reaching wit and common sense about modern manners and modern absence of rectitude. His own restraint in the film is grown-up and rare. (4/25/77) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Audrey Rose—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Loews Ciné.)

Bad Company (1972)—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of a cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 27.)

Between the Lines—With John Heard and Lindsay Crouse, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Sutton.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (6/14/76) (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 4.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema; through April 28.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Cinema Village; May 1-2.)

Chinese Roulette—With Margit Carstensen, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film, full of the sort of silent pondering that characterizes the clockmaker. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema; through May 3.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through April 28.)

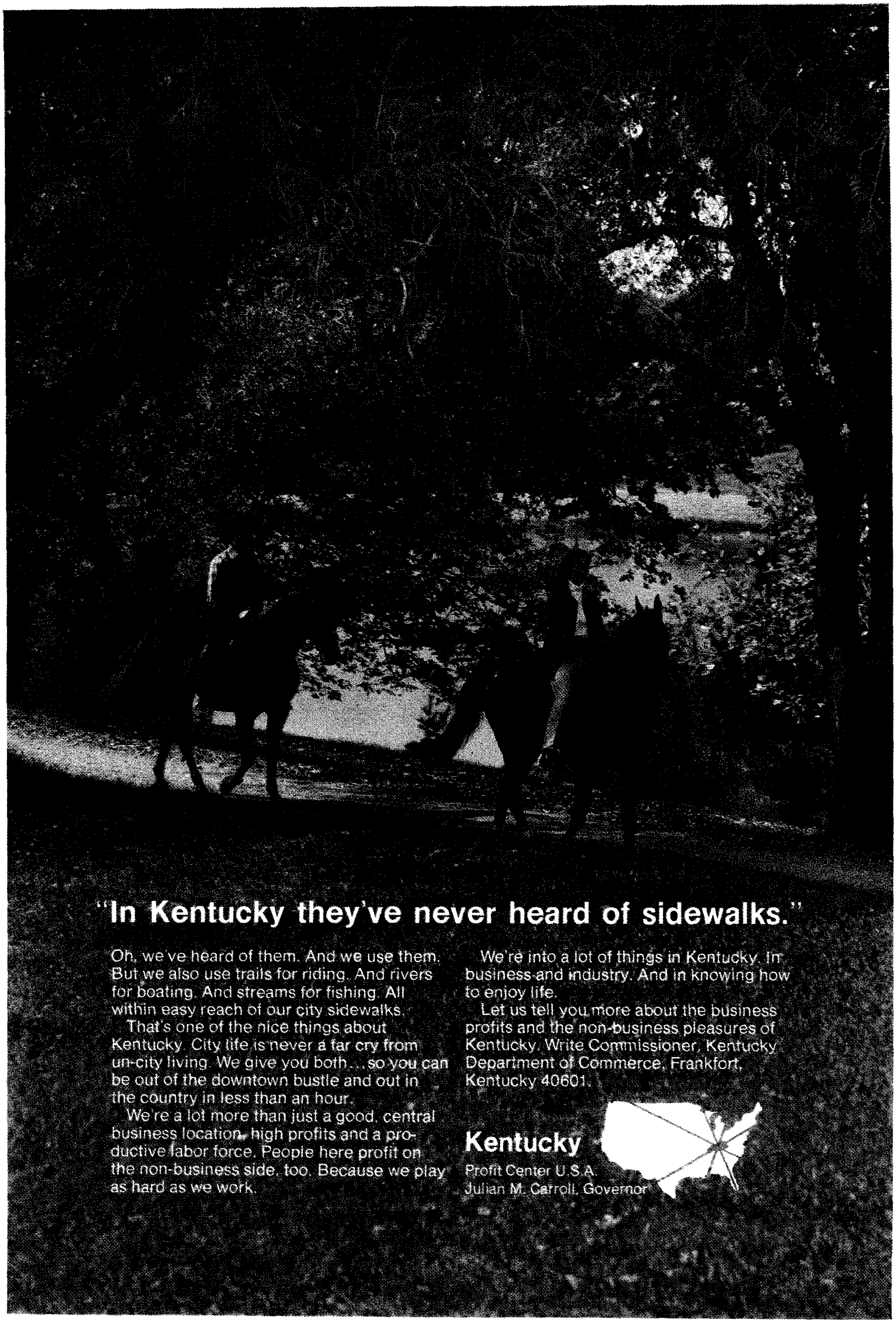
The Domino Principle—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through April 28.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 29-30.)

Family Plot (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Olympia; starting May 4.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 4.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams, directed by Sidney Lumet. See the film, although the combination of talents accentuates the florid in both men and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved



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wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 5.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. (2/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-faced Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30-May 2.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintery film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man, set in the muddy Po Valley. It is poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, the central character, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film the husband (in disguise from his wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (It was later turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30-May 2.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 4, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Derived from the same Christopher Isherwood Berlin stories that were later used in "Cabaret," but aimed at a simpler, frothy, madcap quality. Julie Harris is Sally ("Shall we have a drink first or shall we go right to bed?") Bowles, and Laurence Harvey is Isherwood, with Shelley Winters and Anton Diffring in the subplot. Henry Cornelius (who directed "Genevieve") did this erratic version from John Collier's adaptation of the John Van Druten play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 30.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Jean Renoir Cinema; April 27.)

Intimate Lighting (1965)—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. In Czech. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 3.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Loews Orpheum; through April 28.)

It's Alive—With John Ryan, directed by Larry Cohen. (Eastside Cinema; through May 3. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting May 4.)

Jabberwocky—Based on the Lewis Carroll poem. With Michael Palin, directed by Terry Gilliam. (Cinema I.)

Jacob the Liar (1975)—Directed by Frank Beyer. In German. (Plaza.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Murray Hill, Columbia I, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 3.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; April 27.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 30-May 1.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the staging is often suffocating, and the score is rotten, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 3.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpoweringly physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered on screen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 4.)

Michael Shayne, Private Detective (1940)—A minor detective genre film, with Lloyd Nolan as the character created in the Brett Halliday books. Directed by Eugene Forde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is

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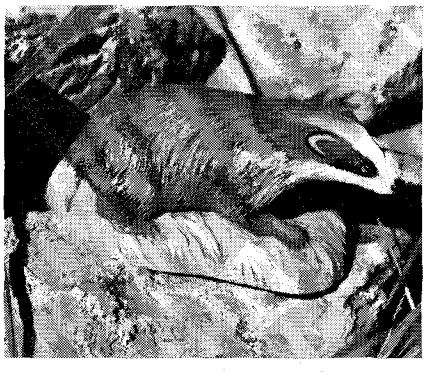

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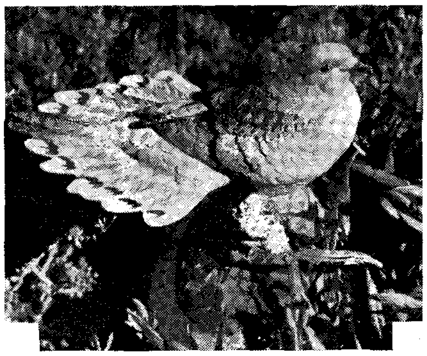

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such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Gramercy, U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; through May 3.)

Nick Carter, Master Detective (1939)—Undistinguished is putting it kindly. Walter Pidgeon as the detective, and Donald Meek as his bee-keeping assistant, Bartholomew. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

Nickelodeon—Peter Bogdanovich intended a slapstick homage to early fly-by-night moviemaking. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast (Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Brian Keith, and Stella Stevens) and everyone on his own. (1/17/77) (72nd Street East; through May 3.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema; through May 3.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. Directed by Blake Edwards. (1/17/77) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; April 29-May 3.)

Providence—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Art.)

Raggedy Ann & Andy—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

Rebellion in Patagonia—A film about the 1920 labor strike and massacre in Argentina. Directed by Hector Olivera. In Spanish. (Thalia; starting May 4....¶Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 5.)

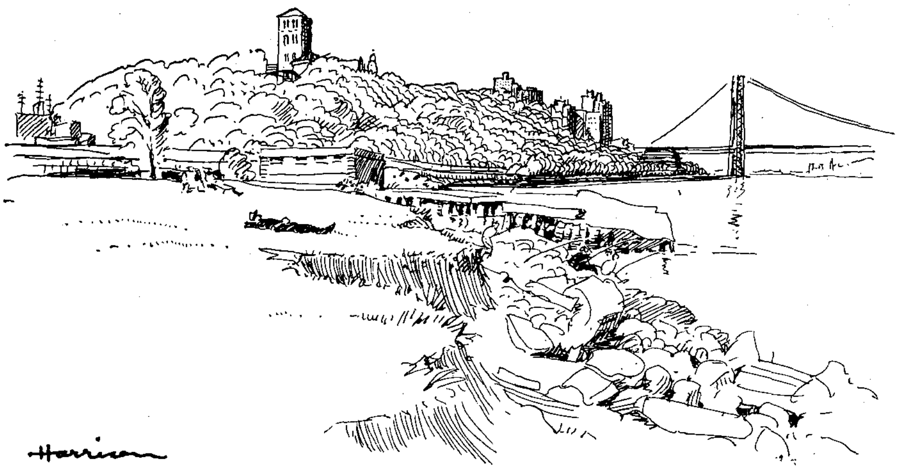
The Return of the Pink Panther (1975)—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd Triplex; April 29-May 3.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Columbia II, and Quad Cinema....¶R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through May 3.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting May 4.)

Shining Star—With Harvey Keitel, Ed Nelson, Cynthia Bostwick, and Bert Parks; directed by Sig Shore. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in



the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 29.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Playboy; through May 3.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Music Hall; starting April 28.)

A Stravinsky Portrait (1966)—Richard Leacock's too-little-known documentary portrait shows Stravinsky at work and in conversation with Christopher Isherwood, Pierre Boulez, Nicolas Nabokov, Balanchine, and Suzanne Farrell. The film was shot in Los Angeles, Hamburg, and London, with Stravinsky speaking English, French, and German salted with Russian; more than a simple record of his activities, it is an attempt to illuminate his creativity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the best of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy together. The title is ironic: they are squabbling operetta stars. Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, and Frank Morgan are in the cast. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 3.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

Time to Kill (1942)—The Michael Shayne character, created by Brett Halliday and played in a series of films by Lloyd Nolan, is placed here in the plot of Raymond Chandler's "The High Window." Herbert Leeds directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 2.)

Union Maids—A documentary about the labor movement in Chicago in the late twenties and early thirties. Directed by Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu. (Thalia; starting May 4. . . . ¶ Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 5.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Fine Arts.)

The Wild Duck—With Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz; directed by Hans W. Geissendoerfer. In German. (68th St. Playhouse; starting April 28.)

Wizards—An animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Trans-Lux East, Waverly, and Paramount.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse; April 27.)

"Designed for the Woman with a Style of Her Own"

—Hubert de Givenchy

GIVENCHY III
PARIS

GIVENCHY III
PARFUM
GIVENCHY-PARIS

This Polaroid SX-70 photograph is part of the collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

The work is by Lucas Samaras, one of America's foremost artists. It is part of one of the world's most important collections. It was produced using the finest instant photographic system in the world, the Polaroid®SX-70® Land camera. That same camera is owned by millions. A camera of extraordinary quality and versatility capable of exposures from 10.4 inches to infinity. A film of remarkable clarity and definition of detail whose color is among the most stable and fade-resistant in existence. Samaras' work of art from the SX-70, a work of art in itself.

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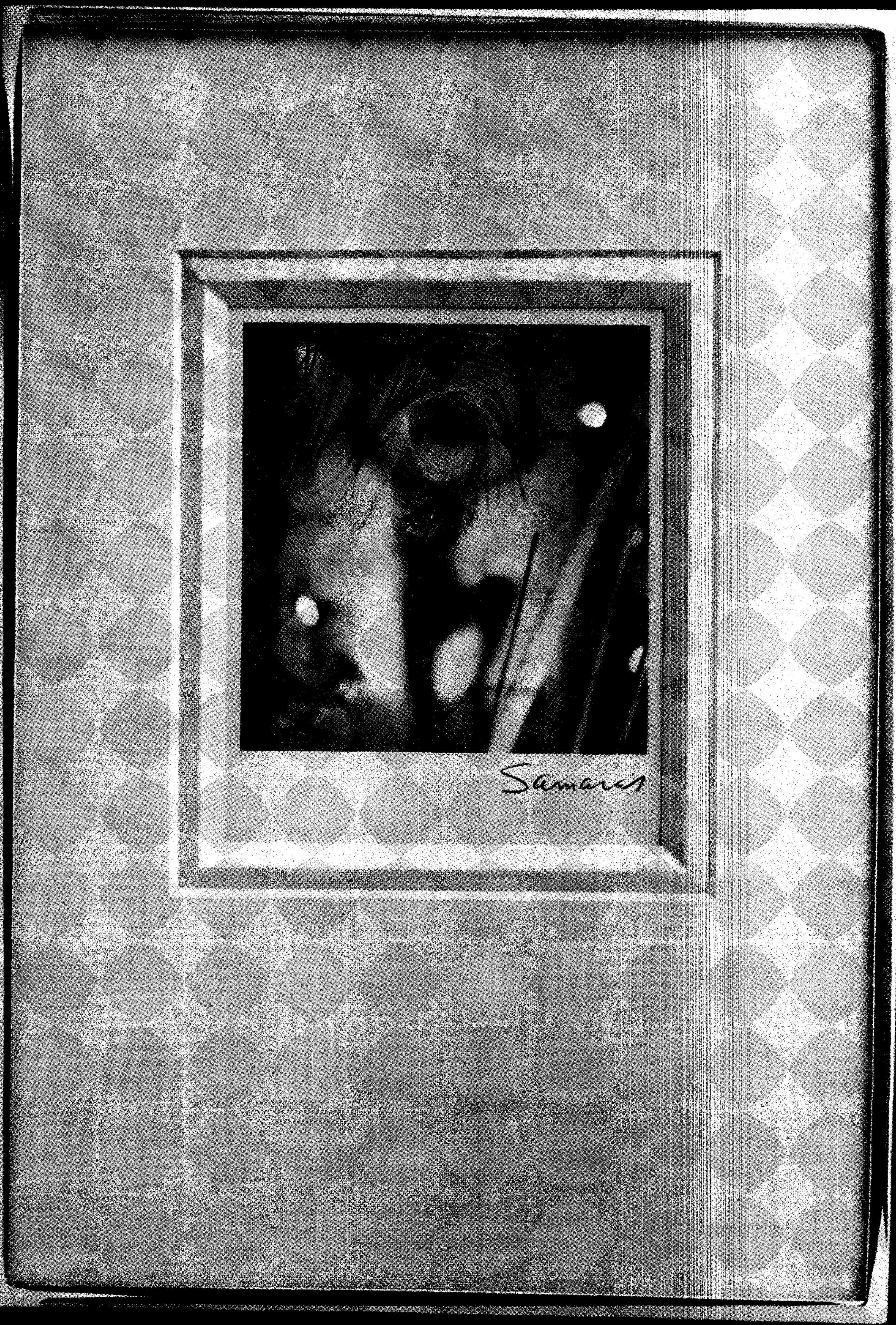
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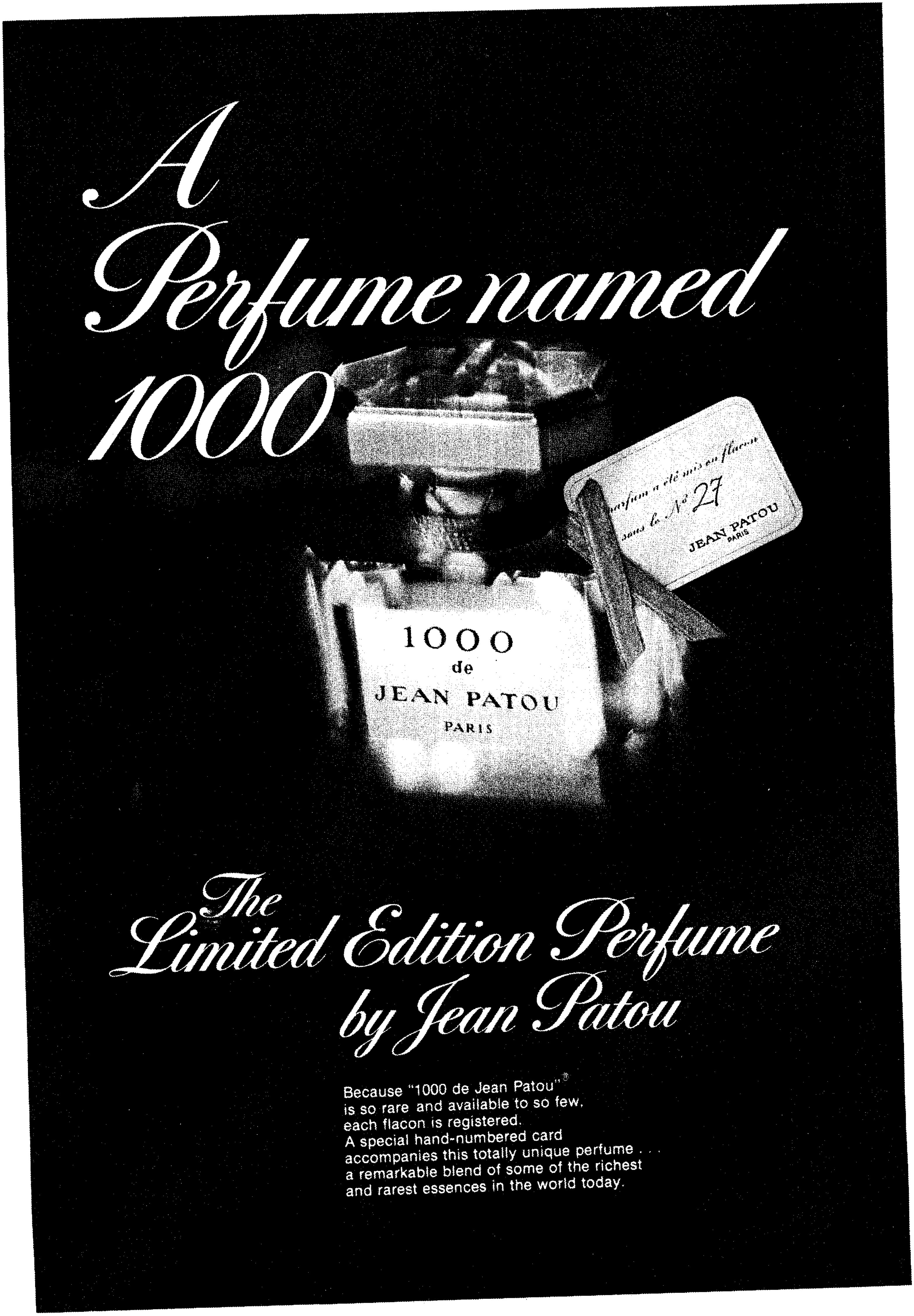
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LISTENING to some of the responses to President Carter's energy program last week, one might have thought he had put forward a plan that would benefit him privately at the expense of everyone else in the country. Many of those who spoke up felt menaced in one way or another. Oilmen in Texas expressed "shock." Some Republicans in the Congress promised stiff opposition. (One Republican senator said that the program, if it should be enacted, would cause "a catastrophic, cataclysmic calamity.") Some of those who were not opposed seemed to see no crisis at all. Ralph Nader said that there was no crisis in the supply of energy. The Washington *Post*, in an article titled "Future Called Not So Bleak As Depicted," reported that "some experts believe the future life-style, more efficient, more humane in scale, will turn out to be a lot more pleasant than the oil-guzzling society of the present," and went on to inform its readers that one architect "forecasts a bright and exciting future in housing as architects adapt their designs to the changes energy conservation demands." The architect was quoted as saying, "I don't think we're going to have any suffering—I think we're just going to burn less oil." One thing that somebody listening to the shocked businessmen, the indignant Republicans, the skeptical consumer advocate, and the euphoric architect would never have guessed was that there is an energy crisis. Nobody would ever have guessed from these remarks and many others that were made in the newspapers and on television last week that the President, whatever the merit of his particular solutions, was acting in response to a great and obvious global peril, which stems from the indubitable fact that the earth's natural resources are finite and are being consumed at an ever-increasing rate, and which has already placed the independence of American foreign policy in doubt and has even disrupted the routine of daily life by forcing the evacuation of homes for lack of heating, and creating, among other instances of serious economic hardship, the layoff of millions of workers in factories for which fuel ran out. Nor would one have supposed that the sacrifices being asked for might in any way be *in the interests* of the people being asked to make them.

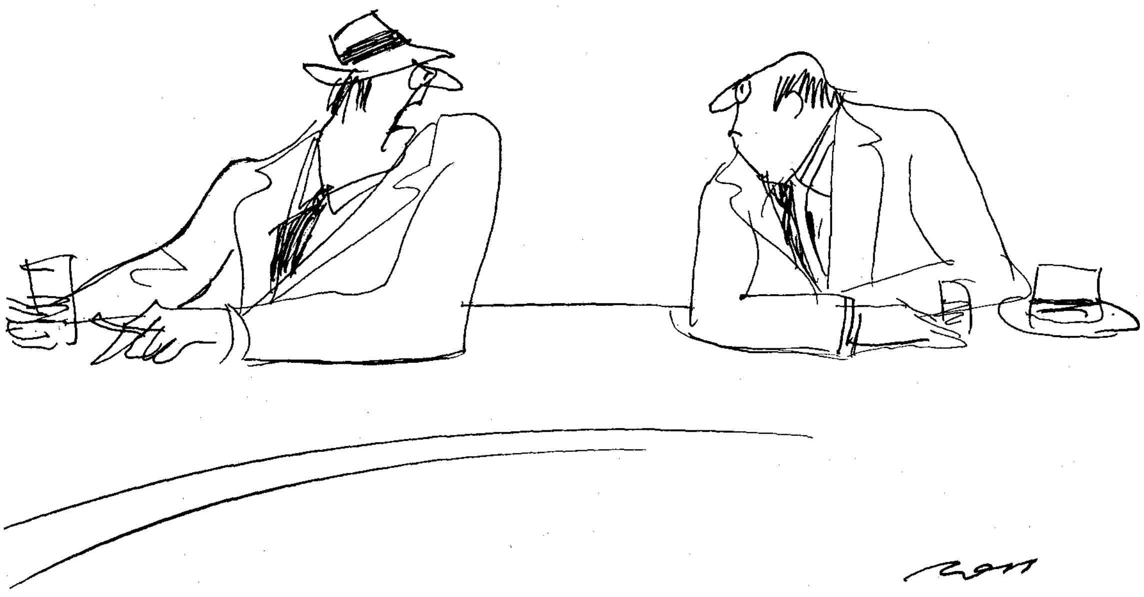
What the President may be up against in part is an extreme instance of the difficulty that nearly always attends efforts to cut back on anything at all. The fact is that people tend to develop attachments to almost anything that physically exists. We have one illustration of this principle in the attempts that have been made in recent years to frame proposals for disarmament. A problem that always arises is that existing or actively projected weapons have constituencies. Businessmen make profits from them, workers earn wages from them, and the military fattens its budgets and its bureaucracies on them. To scrap a weapon, on the other hand, is only an idea. Instead of producing a thing, it leaves a gap. No one grows attached to a gap; and no gap has ever had a constituency. The big cars and air conditioners that are threatened by the energy crisis, like the weapons that are threatened by disarmament, exist or are somewhere in the process of production, and in this lies their political advantage over programs that would tend to reduce or eliminate them, even though those programs might be in people's best interests in the long run. The energy crisis, too, requires the public to choose absence and loss—gaps—over what exists, is visible, may be desirable, and generates profits and jobs. It is almost always hard to get the public interested in proposals whose benefits are for the future rather than for the present, or are for everyone rather than for a particular group. In this case, there is the added challenge facing President Carter and anyone else who thinks that economic growth from now on is going to have to take place within a dense and tightening web of restrictions imposed by natural global limits—the challenge of finding a mandate for the unseen and unfelt advantages of cutting back.

• •

The Crucial Room

WHEN the staff at the Metropolitan Museum recently unpacked eighty crates that contained the largest and most comprehensive exhibit of Russian and Soviet painting ever shown in the West, the curators were astonished. A number of paintings that the Soviets had promised to send simply hadn't arrived. The absentees included two ancient icons, a magnificent fifteenth-century altarpiece showing the enthroned Christ surrounded by saints, and a couple of nineteenth-century Romantic paintings—a portrait and a landscape. What did turn up were twenty-four unlooked-for examples of contemporary Soviet Realism—paintings of cosmonauts and factory workers; landscapes; slick official portraits—which illustrated, with deadly accuracy, the postwar decline of Russian art. The Met took a deep breath and hung all those paintings in a single room. The rest of the exhibit—a hundred and thirty-two paintings tracing the development of Russian style from rigid fourteenth-century icons to the hopeful realistic images of the thirties—is well worth a visit. What makes it unique is the inclusion of some dazzling experimental pictures from the early twentieth century—Cubist, Futurist, Rayonist, and Suprematist—most of which have been hidden away in Soviet storerooms for more than fifty years.

We arranged to tour the exhibit with Dr. John Bowlt, a slight, blond Englishman, who is a professor of Slavic language and literature at the University of Texas at Austin, and who has been the Met's consultant for the en-



"Just who do you think you're giving fair warning, Mac?"

tire project. We began in a room lined with glowing medieval icons, although Dr. Bowlt explained that from the Western point of view Russian painting starts with the eighteenth century. "For five hundred years before that, icon painters, working within a rigid set of rules, created sacred images that were deliberately stiff and cold, because they were meant to connect you with the spiritual plane. There was no Renaissance in Russia. It wasn't until the eighteenth century that Russian artists began to deal with real life."

We looked at three transitional portraits: a flat, stylized painting of Prince Mikhail Skopin-Shuisky, from about 1630; a lifelike oil of Yakov Fedorovich-Turgenev, done about 1695 ("He was one of Peter the Great's commanders and drinking companions"); and an elaborately formal likeness of Catherine the Great, in the billowing white robes of a Legislatress in the Temple of the Goddess of Justice, from the seventeen-eighties, by Dmitri Levitsky.

"The last two pictures show the influence of the foreign masters who were invited by Peter and Catherine to sit in St. Petersburg and teach the poor Russian barbarians how to paint," said Dr. Bowlt. "As you can see from Levitsky's portrait of Catherine, some of them learned very fast. That may look like a traditional French court painting, but for the Russians it represented an enormous advance. Levitsky never saw Europe, but he could produce a relatively sophisticated official portrait, which Catherine loved. It shows you the energy and the speed with which Western ideas were assimilated in Russia."

We passed rapidly through the Romantics ("Very thin, because the Russians wouldn't send us the pictures") and entered a large room filled with impressive examples of mid- and late-nineteenth-century Realism: a disorganized, drunken Easter procession; a group of prisoners resting on their way to Siberia; a horrifying pyramid of bleached skulls titled "The Apotheosis of War" and dedicated "To All Great Conquerors, Past, Present, and Future."

"The Russians didn't concentrate on form until the twentieth century, because Russian art, even in the iconic period, is always concerned with a message," said Dr. Bowlt, pausing before the skulls. "For the Realists—who were anti-government and were appreciably influenced by photography—a painting had to show the harsh reality of Russian life and transmit a social or political idea. For the Symbolists, who came after them, a picture had to express some religious or philosophical meaning. So it wasn't until the nineteen-tens that you had people like Kazimir Malevich and Vasily Kandinsky, who put form first."

We followed Dr. Bowlt past some turn-of-the-century pictures: a fierce-eyed prophet, by Mikhail Vrubel; a sinuous, smiling lady in black, by Lev Bakst; and a couple of fragile Chekhovian ladies, by Viktor Borisov-Musatov. Then, on the other side of a partition, we were suddenly surrounded by brilliant-colored abstract or semi-abstract paintings that could have been lifted from the walls of the Museum of Modern Art.

"For me, this is the crucial room," Dr. Bowlt said. "It contains some totally nonobjective things that have never been seen in the West. Most of the pictures haven't been on public view in the Soviet Union since the twenties, because the Soviets regard abstract art as socially irrelevant. Any kind of nonobjective painting causes great problems for the Soviets. They don't like the pictures very much, and they don't understand why the painters are more interested in form than in reality. But the avant-garde artists of the nineteen-tens were experimenting with pure form. They knew what was going on in Milan and Paris, and in some cases they were a little ahead of the West."

We looked at a primitive study of two washerwomen, by Natalia Goncharova ("She was inspired by icons and peasant art"); an explosively colorful view of Moscow, by Aristarkh Lentulov; a striking pair of Kandinskys; and a couple of cool Cubist studies—"The Metronome," by Olga Rozanova, and "The Violin," by Liubov Popova. Then we stopped before a line of completely abstract paintings by Alexander Rodchenko, Ivan Kliun, Malevich, and Popova.

"This generation of Russians reprocessed French ideas very rapidly," Dr. Bowlt said. "Popova's Cubist violin is right out of Braque, but her 1918 nonobjective painting of red-and-black triangles went further than Braque had gone at that time. Kliun and Malevich were convinced that art should not copy nature, so they tried to break down the idea of sequence by painting colored planes floating in a mysterious white space. Malevich thought he could paint elements that would take on their own reality. He called his movement Suprematism, because he felt that this kind of painterly realism was a superior art form. By the early thirties, however, he had had to adjust his vision to reality. His last days were spent painting recognizable portraits of his family."

"What happened after the Revolution?" we asked.

"There was still experimentation in the twenties," Dr. Bowlt replied. "Many younger artists returned to figurative painting, but somehow the form is still expressionist and experimental. Even in the thirties, there was enough idealism and faith in the future to produce some interesting work."

He showed us two paintings: a mysterious circle of dancers in a green field, by Alexander Tyshler, dating from 1932; and a brooding gray-and-white "Garage on the Steppe," done by Alexander Drevin in the same year. "These are the last sparks of individual genius," he said. "After the war, artists seemed to lose their optimism and, with it, their sense of enthusiasm and tempo. What you have in the final hall represents, in some cases, a sincere attempt to adjust individual inspiration to the demands of Soviet Realism."

"Are there *any* interesting new paintings?" we asked.

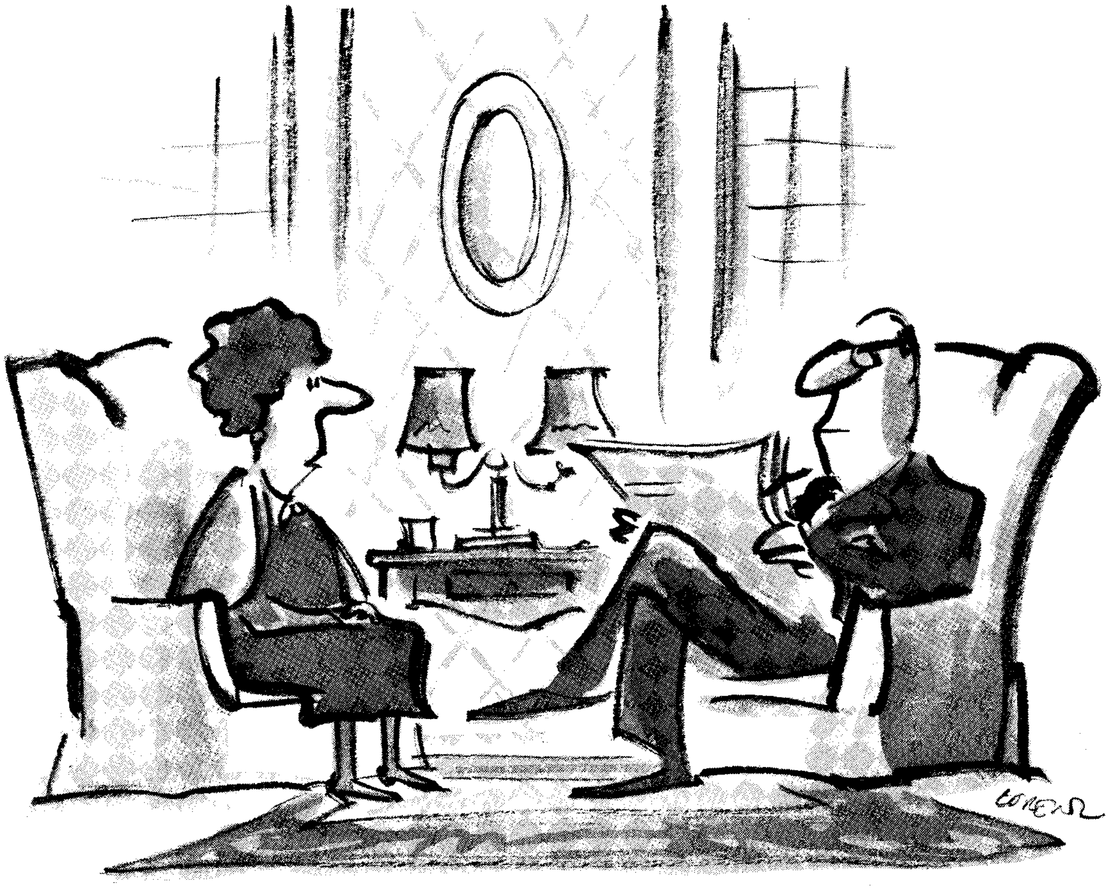
Dr. Bowlt led us over to a semi-abstract "Still Life with an Old Painting," by Dmitri Plavinsky, and then to an impressionistic golden landscape, by Vladimir Nemukhin. "These are unusual," he said. "But from our point of view they're not terribly interesting. And from the Soviet point of view they're too interesting. Nemukhin is *said* to do all sorts of crazy Jackson Pollock things, but there's nothing particularly new and different here."

Fireplace Man

IF the past winter was unusually shivery for most people, what with all those bleak blasts and the energy shortage, it had its heartwarming aspects for Mr. Harry Emmer and his clients. Mr. Emmer, who is just about to enter his seventy-seventh year, has seldom been more cheerfully busy. His business card bears a finely engraved motto that sums up the story: "Everything for the Fireplace." Mr. Emmer is the senior partner in the William H. Jackson Company, a quietly elegant store at 3 East Forty-seventh Street. From there and from former premises in Manhattan, the Jackson Company has been supplying fireplaces and fireplace equipment to New Yorkers since 1827, and, with the firm's hundred and fifty years of experience behind them, the Jackson people know their stuff. As for Mr. Emmer, this is his sixtieth year with the company, and it seemed clear to us, when we called on him one afternoon recently for a chat, that there isn't much about fireplaces that he doesn't know.

A slim, white-haired man of mild appearance, Mr. Emmer has a discursive manner in which, nonetheless, there seems to tick away the psychic clockwork of the seasoned salesman. The floor of the Jackson Company store is filled with fine-looking fireplaces, andirons, fire tools, fire-tool stands, fire screens, and brass scuttles; the walls are hung not with paintings but with antique wooden mantels. During most of our talk with Mr. Emmer, which took place in an area toward the rear of the store, he sat on a brass-legged, leather-covered bench with his back to an original Adam fireplace of marble that he described as "half statuary white, with Spanish violet brocatelle inlay in the pilasters," and facing an empty French Provincial eighteenth-century marble fireplace with elaborately worked, fan-shaped brass andirons. We were in a chair nearby, and as Mr. Emmer reminisced about his business it seemed as though he were chatting away in front of a pleasant, flickering wood fire.

"I joined the Jackson Company on September 22, 1917, when I was sixteen," Mr. Emmer said. "We were across Fifth Avenue then, at 2 West Forty-seventh—we moved over here in 1957. We had the carriage trade in those days; as a matter of fact, we actually did have a couple of customers who still came to the store in horse-drawn carriages. The company had moved uptown from Union Square in 1912. The wealthier sort of people who were our customers didn't care to go that far downtown to stores, you know. This district was then made up mostly of brownstone residences. Forty-second Street was a sort of dividing line between the residential and the commercial buildings in the city. Some years ago, one lady customer was in here, and while she was waiting for her chauffeur to pick her up, she told me that when she was a girl there was a barn, with a cow, next door to us to the east, about where 5 East Forty-seventh is now, and she remembered how as a child she used to be sent there to buy milk for her family. At the time I started in here, most of our customers had converted their houses to central heating from coal fireplaces. Many of the coal fireplaces had been supplied by us. They were called Jackson grates, and they had iron linings bearing fleur-de-lis patterns. Although these people now had central heating, they still wanted fireplaces for enjoyment, so they converted from coal grates to wood-burning fireplaces and andirons, which we supplied. We had a fine business. We still have. It's frankly a luxury business, but what we sell is prac-



"What's happened to us, Edward? You never lie to me anymore."

tical, too—especially with the energy shortage.

"People ought to know how to make a fire properly. We try to educate our customers in how to make their wood fireplaces work most efficiently. We tell them, 'Never, *never* make a roaring fire. You'll lose your heat up the flue.' The best way to make a fire is to begin by placing your pair of andirons sufficiently *away* from the back wall to allow you to put a backlog behind the andirons, on a full bed of ashes, which should come up to the level of the andiron shank. The backlog should be of wood that isn't fully seasoned, so that it burns slowly. Directly above the backlog you put a second log, and a third log should rest on the rear of the andiron shank. With this positioning of logs, the fire will throw into the room more of the heat that would otherwise go up the chimney, and it will also discourage downdrafts, which can blow colder air and ashes into the room. Among my customers I have a man from Stony Brook who calls in every Christmas, and he always thanks me for educating him in the proper way to make a fire—he's always telling me how much fuel he's saved."

We expressed interest in the Jackson Company's customers, and how their tastes in fireplaces had changed through the years.

Mr. Emmer said that obvious changes had come about with the breakup of large estates but that many members of the old wealthy families were still good customers. "The Rockefellers, the Mellons, the Fords—we still deal with them," he said. "Over the years, they'd be in all the time. The Vanderbilts, the Carnegies—you name them, we had them. In my early days with the company, I remember, one customer, a Dr. Satterwhite, always drove up in a Rolls-Royce with its body covered at the sides in canework, and with a chauffeur and footman sitting up front. In winter, those two wore raccoon coats and raccoon hats. Bill Jones, one of our senior salesmen, then took care of Dr. Satterwhite—supplied fireplaces, and stone columns and fountains from Italy for his place down in Palm Beach. We did all those big houses down in Palm Beach—mantels, fire screens, and fire tools. We did J. P. Morgan's yacht Corsair in the twenties—we put three fireplaces in it. Before the Second World War, I supplied a fireplace for the yacht of Mr. Norman B. Woolworth. The name of the yacht was Noparo. I sold three mantels to Mr. William Randolph Hearst in 1927. You always had to wait for Mr. Hearst. He would come in the store only after closing time—didn't want anybody around while he looked the mantels over. He paid only once a year. When the Hearst collection was moved to Gimbels in 1940 to be sold, those three mantels I'd sold him in 1927 still hadn't been unpacked. Most of the mantels we sell we get from estates here that have been broken up, or from Europe. Some mantels I've sold three times over in my lifetime, as various estates have been liquidated and we've rebought them. We acquire many of our mantels from dealers who go across Europe seeking them out. I've made buying trips to Europe myself, of course. On one visit, I bought a hundred and ten marble mantels from two châteaus in France."

"What's the most unusual mantel you've ever sold?" we asked.

"Well, I did a set of mantels for a house in Houston, Texas, about six years ago for a multimillionaire in gas," Mr. Emmer said. "The mantels were made to special designs. The one for this man's den was to be in walnut, with a plain center panel. His wife called me one day and said I was to supply a design for the plain center panel. It was to have two bottles of beer and a piece of cheese. So I designed a Grecian wreath with two bottles and a wedge of Swiss cheese. The man's wife approved the sketch, with one correction—there was not to be Swiss cheese; it must be Limburger. I had to take the holes out of the cheese. I have a picture of the mantel. From a distance, it looks like an old family crest. You'd have to study it to know what it was."

At our request, Mr. Emmer took us on a brief tour of the store, pointing out some of the company's specialties in fireplace equipment. They included a handsome brass-trimmed fire screen that the Jackson Company makes, and "our famous rolling screen"—a drop-curtain arrangement that permits the screen to be raised out of sight when the fireplace is not in use. "We put twenty-seven of these rolling screens in the White House in 1952," Mr. Emmer said. "That year, we also refinished all the equipment that the Jackson Company had sold and installed there in 1902—mostly andirons, fenders, and fire tools."

Mr. Emmer led us down into the basement of the store—an area jammed with stone mantels and elaborate andirons. He showed us one set of andirons with particular pride. "This is one of what we call our eight-oh-twos," he said. "The finest andirons ever made, if I may say so. It's an Adam design, hand-chased and gold-plated. A man called Charlie Starz made this set. Worked for us for sixty years. What a man! Everybody used to want to meet Charlie—a fine craftsman. He's been dead fifteen years now. Notice the ornamental work. See, it's chased on four sides. Made in the foundry we had in Brooklyn. That set is about the last we have. It would sell for at least a thousand dollars now. A very fine piece of workmanship."

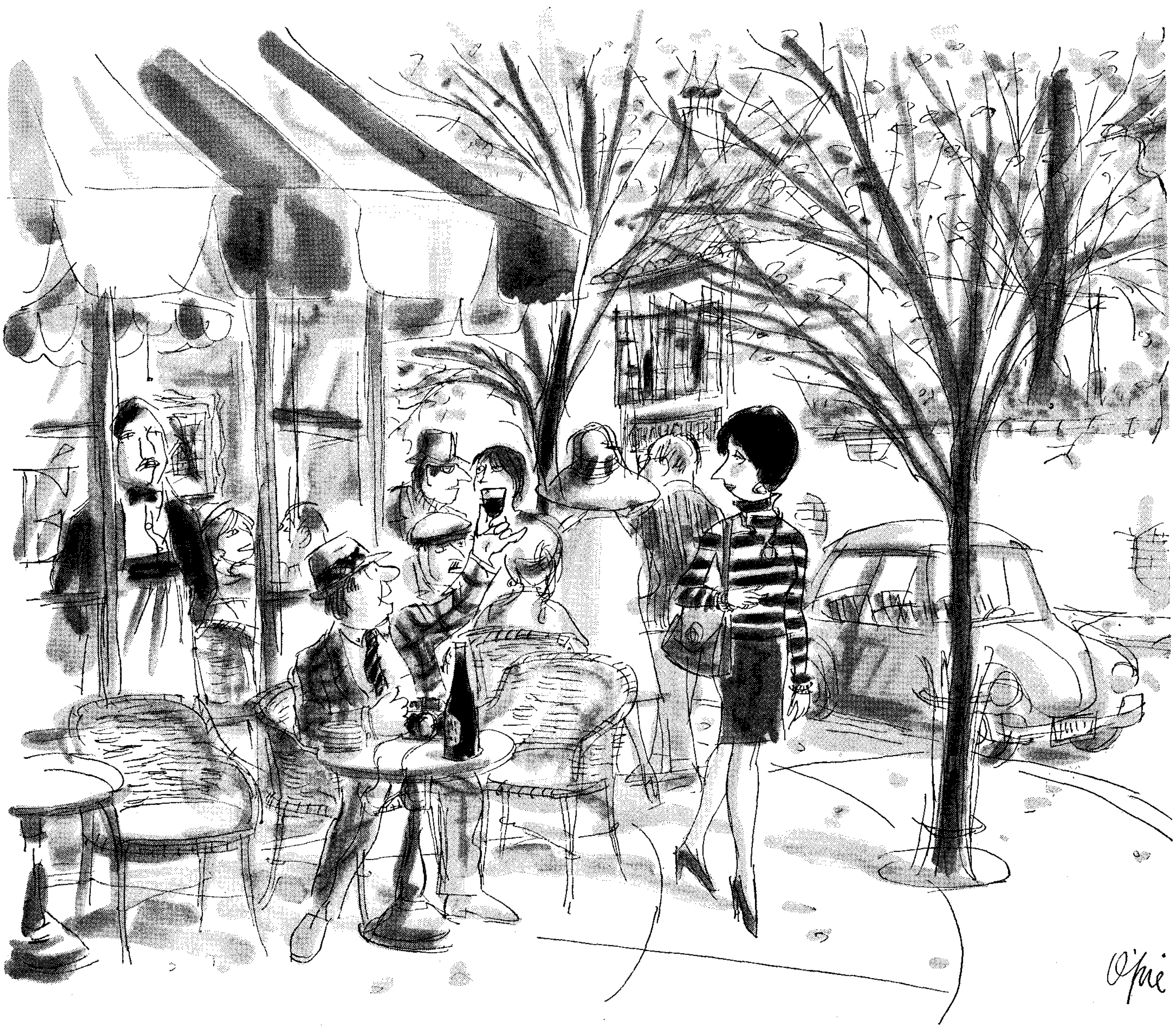
450 Scoops

WE have had a letter from a young friend of ours who has poor nerves:

Very difficult week. Tried to focus on energy issue—the New Priorities, etc., etc., the new, *more modest* scale of expectations, etc., etc., but had to give it up. Bought premier issue of *Us* magazine; decided to read every word. Cover not too gripping. Our Five Biggest Diet Myths; Helen Reddy and Husband: Ten Years of Making Up, etc., etc. Helen Reddy doesn't seem like Us to Me. Tried to concentrate on publisher's statement of purpose. "Created for a generation that has grown up in an era of visual communications," etc., etc. Name chosen to represent "the family of man," etc., etc. Had to give it up. Decided to read Paul Newman cover story:

> Paul Newman has just sipped a beer with his mother-in-law and is about to take two of his daughters out to dinner. As he talks, the family's newest acquisition, a toy terrier that Joanne Woodward picked up on a whim, is nipping at his ankles.

Tried to go on with Paul Newman cover story, but too nervous. Tried to read story about Ansel Adams, but *no news*—just the camera, etc., etc.; terrific old orchards ruined by insensitive development, etc., etc. Moved on to story about fabulous new Puerto Rican clothes designer, but felt skittish. Not sure if clothes designers are part of the family of man. Decided definitely to read story about peppy young skateboarders who "race through the insides of the cavernous twenty-one-foot-diameter water pipes that litter the desert an hour's drive northwest of Phoenix," but got very nervous and had to stop. Looked at a column called "Reliable Source," decided to read every snippet. Started with snippet about Arnold Schwarzenegger. "Arnold Schwarzenegger says his *Pumping Iron* posters will eventually outsell Farrah Fawcett-Majors'. 'Why not?' he says. 'My measurements are bigger and better



"Vive le Concorde, baby!"

* * *

than hers.' " Very depressing. Had to sit down and have a drink.

WENT to Museum of the City of New York. Museum has mounted exhibit on the life and work of Leonard Lyons, the late gossip columnist. Felt better right away. Looked at Leonard Lyons' raincoat and rain hat preserved in a Plexiglas case. Left hand of raincoat stuffed into left-hand pocket. Quite realistic, in a way. "His raincoat and hat were part of his usual attire," a label said. Looked at other labels. Every label was gripping. "A fact not generally known is that Leonard Lyons was a practicing attorney before he turned to journalism," one said. Exhibit pervaded by evidence of contrived stature. Very soothing. Little ad-hoc drawings by famous artists—Chagall, Thomas Hart Benton, etc., etc. Autographed books from Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, etc., etc. Very simple transaction: Lyons took the eminent down a peg and they took him up one. Transaction inseparable from the idea of eminence and dignity and the idea of *intrusion upon* eminence and dignity. Had insight: Impossible to bring Helen Reddy down a peg or to be raised up a peg by Helen Reddy.

Read a poster. Poster conveyed a sense of the scoop. *Scoops* are very soothing, I think. Poster very gripping:

> His table at the 21 Club becomes a city desk, the hat check girl at Sardi's, the politician at the Morocco, the playboy at the Stork Club, the diplomat from Washington, are his reporters. Lyons has a thousand eyes, a thousand ears. Every telephone booth is his private leased wire, every movement of a celebrity a possible news source.... Last year alone he scored 450 scoops.

LEFT Museum and went to Elaine's for party for premier issue of *Us* magazine. Door guarded by security personnel in gray Harris-tweed jackets. Big buttons on their lapels read "One of Us." Felt very nervous. Did not feel like One of Them. A dozen photographers were taking pictures of Bella Abzug and Walter Cronkite. Bella Abzug and Walter Cronkite were cutting a cake made to look like the premier issue of *Us* magazine. Very depressing. Why would you make a cake look like a magazine? Why would you cut it? Why would you take a picture of two people cutting a cake made to look like a magazine? Bella Abzug and Walter Cronkite very reluctant to cut into face of Paul Newman on magazine-cover cake. Cut into *Us* logo instead. Fear of magic, even here. Got very tense. Looked around room. One or two famous people. No one eminent. Lots of thirty-year-olds with lots of energy. Everyone sincere—part of the family of man.

THE KUGELMASS EPISODE

Kugelmass, a professor of humanities at City College, was unhappily married for the second time. Daphne Kugelmass was an oaf. He also had two dull sons by his first wife, Flo, and was up to his neck in alimony and child support.

"Did I know it would turn out so badly?" Kugelmass whined to his analyst one day. "Daphne had promise. Who suspected she'd let herself go and swell up like a beach ball? Plus she had a few bucks, which is not in itself a healthy reason to marry a person, but it doesn't hurt, with the kind of operating nut I have. You see my point?"

Kugelmass was bald and as hairy as a bear, but he had soul.

"I need to meet a new woman," he went on. "I need to have an affair. I may not look the part, but I'm a man who needs romance. I need softness, I need flirtation. I'm not getting younger, so before it's too late I want to make love in Venice, trade quips at '21,' and exchange coy glances over red wine and candlelight. You see what I'm saying?"

Dr. Mandel shifted in his chair and said, "An affair will solve nothing. You're so unrealistic. Your problems run much deeper."

"And also this affair must be discreet," Kugelmass continued. "I can't afford a second divorce. Daphne would really sock it to me."

"Mr. Kugelmass—"

"But it can't be anyone at City College, because Daphne also works there. Not that anyone on the faculty at C.C.N.Y. is any great shakes, but some of those coeds . . ."

"Mr. Kugelmass—"

"Help me. I had a dream last night. I was skipping through a meadow holding a picnic basket and the basket was marked 'Options.' And then I saw there was a hole in the basket."

"Mr. Kugelmass, the worst thing you could do is act out. You must simply express your feelings here, and together we'll analyze them. You have been in treatment long enough to know there is no overnight cure. After all, I'm an analyst, not a magician."

"Then perhaps what I need is a magician," Kugelmass said, rising from his chair. And with that he terminated his therapy.

A couple of weeks later, while Kugelmass and Daphne were moping around in their apartment one night like two pieces of old furniture, the phone rang.

"I'll get it," Kugelmass said. "Hello."

"Kugelmass?" a voice said. "Kugelmass, this is Persky."

"Who?"

"Persky. Or should I say The Great Persky?"

"Pardon me?"

"I hear you're looking all over town for a magician to bring a little exotica into your life? Yes or no?"

"Sh-h-h," Kugelmass whispered. "Don't hang up. Where are you calling from, Persky?"

Early the following afternoon, Kugelmass climbed three flights of stairs in a broken-down apartment house in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. Peering through the darkness of the hall, he found the door he was looking for and pressed the bell. I'm going to regret this, he thought to himself.

Seconds later, he was greeted by a short, thin, waxy-looking man.

"*You're* Persky the Great?" Kugelmass said.

"The Great Persky. You want a tea?"

"No, I want romance. I want music. I want love and beauty."

"But not tea, eh? Amazing. O.K., sit down."

Persky went to the back room, and Kugelmass heard the sounds of boxes and furniture being moved around. Persky reappeared, pushing before him a large object on squeaky roller-skate wheels. He removed some old silk handkerchiefs that were lying on its top and blew away a bit of dust. It was a cheap-looking Chinese cabinet, badly lacquered.

"Persky," Kugelmass said, "what's your scam?"

"Pay attention," Persky said. "This is some beautiful effect. I developed it for a Knights of Pythias date last year, but the booking fell through. Get into the cabinet."

"Why, so you can stick it full of swords or something?"

"You see any swords?"

Kugelmass made a face and, grunting, climbed into the cabinet. He couldn't help noticing a couple of ugly rhinestones glued onto the raw plywood just in front of his face. "If this is a joke," he said.

3
CONVENIENCE FOODS
BREAKFAST
BREAKFAST
BREAKFAST
BREAKFAST
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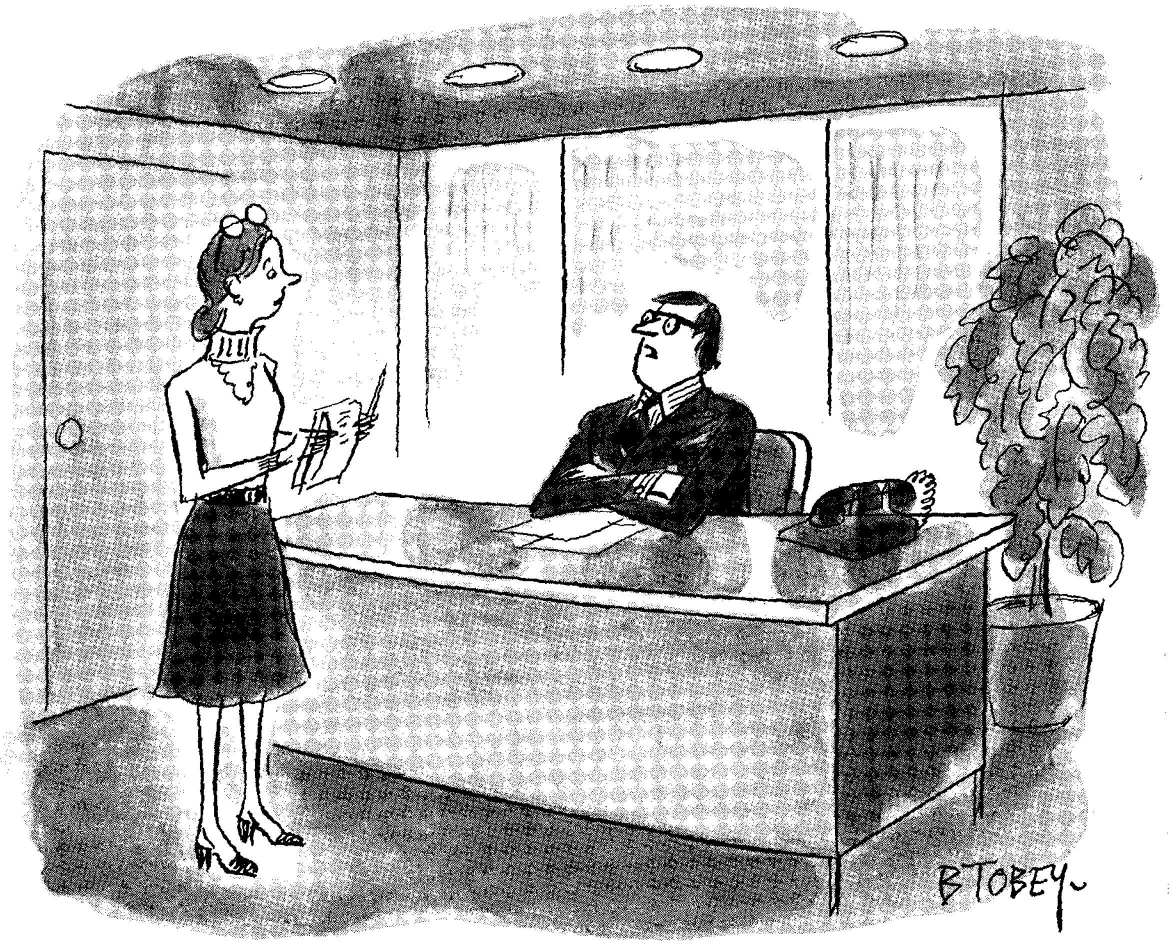
DINNER



"Miss Raymond, what did I do last year about Mother's Day?"

"Some joke. Now, here's the point. If I throw any novel into this cabinet with you, shut the doors, and tap it three times, you will find yourself projected into that book."

Kugelmass made a grimace of disbelief.

"It's the emess," Persky said. "My hand to God. Not just a novel, either. A short story, a play, a poem. You can meet any of the women created by the world's best writers. Whoever you dreamed of. You could carry on all you like with a real winner. Then when you've had enough you give a yell, and I'll see you're back here in a split second."

"Persky, are you some kind of outpatient?"

"I'm telling you it's on the level," Persky said.

Kugelmass remained skeptical. "What are you telling me—that this cheesy homemade box can take me on a ride like you're describing?"

"For a double sawbuck."

Kugelmass reached for his wallet. "I'll believe this when I see it," he said.

Persky tucked the bills in his pants pocket and turned toward his bookcase. "So who do you want to meet? Sister Carrie? Hester Prynne? Ophelia? Maybe someone by Saul Bellow? Hey, what about Temple Drake? Although for a man your age she'd be a workout."

"French. I want to have an affair with a French lover."

"Nana?"

"I don't want to have to pay for it."

"What about Natasha in 'War and Peace'?"

"I said French. I know! What about Emma Bovary? That sounds to me perfect."

"You got it, Kugelmass. Give me a holler when you've had enough." Persky tossed in a paperback copy of Flaubert's novel.

"You sure this is safe?" Kugelmass asked as Persky began shutting the cabinet doors.

"Safe. Is anything safe in this crazy world?" Persky rapped three times on the cabinet and then flung open the doors.

Kugelmass was gone. At the same moment, he appeared in the bedroom of Charles and Emma Bovary's house at Yonville. Before him was a beautiful woman, standing alone with her back turned to him as she folded some linen. I can't believe this, thought Kugelmass, staring at the doctor's ravishing wife. This is uncanny. I'm here. It's her.

Emma turned in surprise. "Goodness, you startled me," she said. "Who are you?" She spoke in the same fine English translation as the paperback.

It's simply devastating, he thought. Then, realizing that it was he whom she had addressed, he said, "Excuse me. I'm Sidney Kugelmass. I'm from City College. A professor of humanities. C.C.N.Y.? Uptown. I—oh, boy!"

Emma Bovary smiled flirtatiously and said, "Would you like a drink? A glass of wine, perhaps?"

She is beautiful, Kugelmass thought. What a contrast with the troglodyte who shared his bed! He felt a sudden impulse to take this vision into his arms and tell her she was the kind of woman he had dreamed of all his life.

"Yes, some wine," he said hoarsely. "White. No, red. No, white. Make it white."

"Charles is out for the day," Emma said, her voice full of playful implication.

After the wine, they went for a stroll in the lovely French countryside. "I've always dreamed that some mysterious stranger would appear and rescue me from the monotony of this crass rural existence," Emma said, clasping his hand. They passed a small church. "I love what you have on," she murmured. "I've never seen anything like it around here. It's so . . . so modern."

"It's called a leisure suit," he said romantically. "It was marked down." Suddenly he kissed her. For the next hour they reclined under a tree and whispered together and told each other deeply meaningful things with their eyes. Then Kugelmass sat up. He had just remembered he had to meet Daphne at Bloomingdale's. "I must go," he told her. "But don't worry, I'll be back."

"I hope so," Emma said.

He embraced her passionately, and

the two walked back to the house. He held Emma's face cupped in his palms, kissed her again, and yelled, "O.K., Persky! I got to be at Bloomingdale's by three-thirty."

There was an audible pop, and Kugelmass was back in Brooklyn.

"So? Did I lie?" Persky asked triumphantly.

"Look, Persky, I'm right now late to meet the ball and chain at Lexington Avenue, but when can I go again? Tomorrow?"

"My pleasure. Just bring a twenty. And don't mention this to anybody."

"Yeah. I'm going to call Rupert Murdoch."

Kugelmass hailed a cab and sped off to the city. His heart danced on point. I am in love, he thought, I am the possessor of a wonderful secret. What he didn't realize was that at this very moment students in various classrooms across the country were saying to their teachers, "Who is this character on page 100? A bald Jew is kissing Madame Bovary?" A teacher in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, sighed and thought, Jesus, these kids, with their pot and acid. What goes through their minds!

Daphne Kugelmass was in the bathroom-accessories department at Bloomingdale's when Kugelmass arrived breathlessly. "Where've you been?" she snapped. "It's four-thirty."

"I got held up in traffic," Kugelmass said.

Kugelmass visited Persky the next day, and in a few minutes was again passed magically to Yonville. Emma couldn't hide her excitement at seeing him. The two spent hours together, laughing and talking about their different backgrounds. Before Kugelmass left, they made love. "My God, I'm doing it with Madame Bovary!" Kugelmass whispered to himself. "Me, who failed freshman English."

As the months passed, Kugelmass saw Persky many times and developed a close and passionate relationship with Emma Bovary. "Make sure and always get me into the book before page 120," Kugelmass said to the magician one day. "I always have to meet her before she hooks up with this Rodolphe character."

"Why?" Persky asked. "You can't beat his time?"

"Beat his time. He's landed gentry. Those guys have nothing better to do than flirt and ride horses. To me, he's one of those faces you see in the pages of *Women's Wear Daily*. With the Helmut Berger hairdo. But to her he's hot stuff."

"And her husband suspects nothing?"

"He's out of his depth. He's a lacklustre little paramedic who's thrown in his lot with a jitterbug. He's ready to go to sleep by ten, and she's putting on her dancing shoes. Oh, well . . . See you later."

And once again Kugelmass entered the cabinet and passed instantly to the Bovary estate at Yonville. "How you doing, cupcake?" he said to Emma.

"Oh, Kugelmass," Emma sighed. "What I have to put up with. Last night at dinner, Mr. Personality dropped off to sleep in the middle of the dessert course. I'm pouring my heart out about Maxim's and the ballet, and out of the blue I hear snoring."

"It's O.K., darling. I'm here now," Kugelmass said, embracing her. I've earned this, he thought, smelling Emma's French perfume and burying his nose in her hair. I've suffered enough. I've paid enough analysts. I've searched till I'm weary. She's young and nubile, and I'm here a few pages after Léon and just before Rodolphe. By showing up during the correct chapters, I've got the situation knocked.

Emma, to be sure, was just as happy as Kugelmass. She had been starved for excitement, and his tales of Broadway night life, of fast cars and Hollywood and TV stars, enthralled the young French beauty.

"Tell me again about O.J. Simpson," she implored that evening, as she and Kugelmass strolled past Abbé Bournisien's church.

"What can I say? The man is great. He sets all kinds of rushing records. Such moves. They can't touch him."

"And the Academy Awards?" Emma said wistfully. "I'd give anything to win one."

"First you've got to be nominated."

"I know. You explained it. But I'm convinced I can act. Of course, I'd want to take a class or two. With Strasberg maybe. Then, if I had the right agent—"

"We'll see, we'll see. I'll speak to Persky."

That night, safely returned to Persky's flat, Kugelmass brought up the idea of having Emma visit him in the big city.

"Let me think about it," Persky said. "Maybe I could work it. Strang-

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RAIN SONG

The woods are full of men with umbrellas—
the butcher from Roy's Market, the mechanic
who fixed my car—they are looking for you.
They heard of a woman lying naked in the fields:
that was you. For days you lay in the north pasture
to encourage spring; as the sun touched your thighs,
your belly and breasts, and was at last so
disconcerted that the sky clouded over
and the president of rain took you for his wife.
You wore blue to the wedding; even the crows sang.
Now, hurrying through the trees, the black umbrellas
do not realize it is you dripping from juniper
and birch, forming puddles, then rivulets, and
running downhill to the river flowing through town.
The people of Potterville bathe in your body.
They drink glass after glass and say they feel better.
They smash their televisions and prepare to go dancing.
The fat town clerk and tax consultant, legions
of Republicans removing their clothes, baton twirlers
and firemen's band all march naked through the street,
banging cymbals and drums as you touch them,
blowing their horns as you run down their backs,
tumbling at last into lascivious piles on this
rainy Sunday they will long remember but which you
have already forgotten as you flow down to the sea,
into the stories of sailors and promiscuous fish,
and past that small promontory where I stand,
body greased and waiting for the long swim.

—STEPHEN DOBYNS

• •

Donald Reilly

"It seems an impasse, gentlemen. Four of us hear the siren call of Connecticut and four hear the siren call of New Jersey."

• •

er things have happened." Of course, neither of them could think of one.

"WHERE the hell do you go all the time?" Daphne Kugelmass barked at her husband as he returned home late that evening. "You got a chippie stashed somewhere?"

"Yeah, sure, I'm just the type," Kugelmass said wearily. "I was with Leonard Popkin. We were discussing Socialist agriculture in Poland. You know Popkin. He's a freak on the subject."

"Well, you've been very odd lately," Daphne said. "Distant. Just don't forget about my father's birthday. On Saturday?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Kugelmass said, heading for the bathroom.

"My whole family will be there. We can see the twins. And Cousin Hamish. You should be more polite to Cousin Hamish—he likes you."

"Right, the twins," Kugelmass said, closing the bathroom door and shutting out the sound of his wife's voice. He leaned against it and took a deep breath. In a few hours, he told himself, he would be back in Yonville again, back with his beloved. And this time, if all went well, he would bring Emma back with him.

At three-fifteen the following afternoon, Persky worked his wizardry again. Kugelmass appeared before Emma, smiling and eager. The two spent a few hours at Yonville with Binet and then remounted the Bovary carriage. Following Persky's instructions, they held each other tightly, closed their eyes, and counted to ten. When they opened them, the carriage was just drawing up at the side door of the Plaza Hotel, where Kugelmass had optimistically reserved a suite earlier in the day.

"I love it! It's everything I dreamed it would be," Emma said as she swirled joyously around the bedroom, surveying the city from their window. "There's F.A.O. Schwarz. And there's Central Park, and the Sherry is which one? Oh, there—I see. It's too divine."

On the bed there were boxes from Halston and Saint Laurent. Emma unwrapped a package and held up a pair of black velvet pants against her perfect body.

"The slacks suit is by Ralph Lauren," Kugelmass said. "You'll look like a million bucks in it. Come on, sugar, give us a kiss."

"I've never been so happy!" Emma squealed as she stood before the mirror. "Let's go out on the town. I want to see 'Chorus Line' and the Guggenheim and this Jack Nicholson character you always talk about. Are any of his flicks showing?"

"I cannot get my mind around this," a Stanford professor said. "First a strange character named Kugelmass, and now she's gone from the book. Well, I guess the mark of a classic is that you can reread it a thousand times and always find something new."

THE lovers passed a blissful weekend. Kugelmass had told Daphne he would be away at a symposium in Boston and would return Monday. Savoring each moment, he and Emma went to the movies, had dinner in Chinatown, passed two hours at a discothèque, and went to bed with a TV movie. They slept till noon on Sunday, visited SoHo, and ogled celebrities at Elaine's. They had caviar and champagne in their suite on Sunday night and talked until dawn. That morning, in the cab taking them to Persky's apartment, Kugelmass thought, It was hectic, but worth it. I can't bring her here too often, but now and then it will be a charming contrast with Yonville.

At Persky's, Emma climbed into the cabinet, arranged her new boxes of clothes neatly around her, and kissed Kugelmass fondly. "My place next time," she said with a wink. Persky rapped three times on the cabinet. Nothing happened.

"Hmm," Persky said, scratching his head. He rapped again, but still no magic. "Something must be wrong," he mumbled.

"Persky, you're joking!" Kugelmass cried. "How can it not work?"

"Relax, relax. Are you still in the box, Emma?"

"Yes."

Persky rapped again—harder this time.

"I'm still here, Persky."

"I know, darling. Sit tight."

"Persky, we *have* to get her back," Kugelmass whispered. "I'm a married man, and I have a class in three hours. I'm not prepared for anything more than a cautious affair at this point."

"I can't understand it," Persky muttered. "It's such a reliable little trick."

But he could do nothing. "It's going to take a little while," he said to Kugelmass. "I'm going to have to strip it down. I'll call you later."

Kugelmass bundled Emma into a cab and took her back to the Plaza. He barely made it to his class on time. He was on the phone all day, to Persky and to his mistress. The magician told him it might be several days before he got to the bottom of the trouble.

"How was the symposium?" Daphne asked him that night.

"Fine, fine," he said, lighting the filter end of a cigarette.

"What's wrong? You're as tense as a cat."

"Me? Ha, that's a laugh. I'm as calm as a summer night. I'm just going to take a walk." He eased out the door, hailed a cab, and flew to the Plaza.

"This is no good," Emma said. "Charles will miss me."

"Bear with me, sugar," Kugelmass said. He was pale and sweaty. He kissed her again, raced to the elevators, yelled at Persky over a pay phone in the Plaza lobby, and just made it home before midnight.

"According to Popkin, barley prices in Kraków have not been this stable since 1971," he said to Daphne, and smiled wanly as he climbed into bed.

THE whole week went by like that. On Friday night, Kugelmass told Daphne there was another symposium he had to catch, this one in Syracuse. He hurried back to the Plaza, but the second weekend there was nothing like the first. "Get me back into the novel or marry me," Emma told Kugelmass. "Meanwhile, I want to get a job or go to class, because watching TV all day is the pits."

"Fine. We can use the money," Kugelmass said. "You consume twice your weight in room service."

"I met an Off Broadway producer in Central Park yesterday, and he said I might be right for a project he's doing," Emma said.

"Who is this clown?" Kugelmass asked.

"He's not a clown. He's sensitive and kind and cute. His name's Jeff Something-or-Other, and he's up for a Tony."

Later that afternoon, Kugelmass showed up at Persky's drunk.

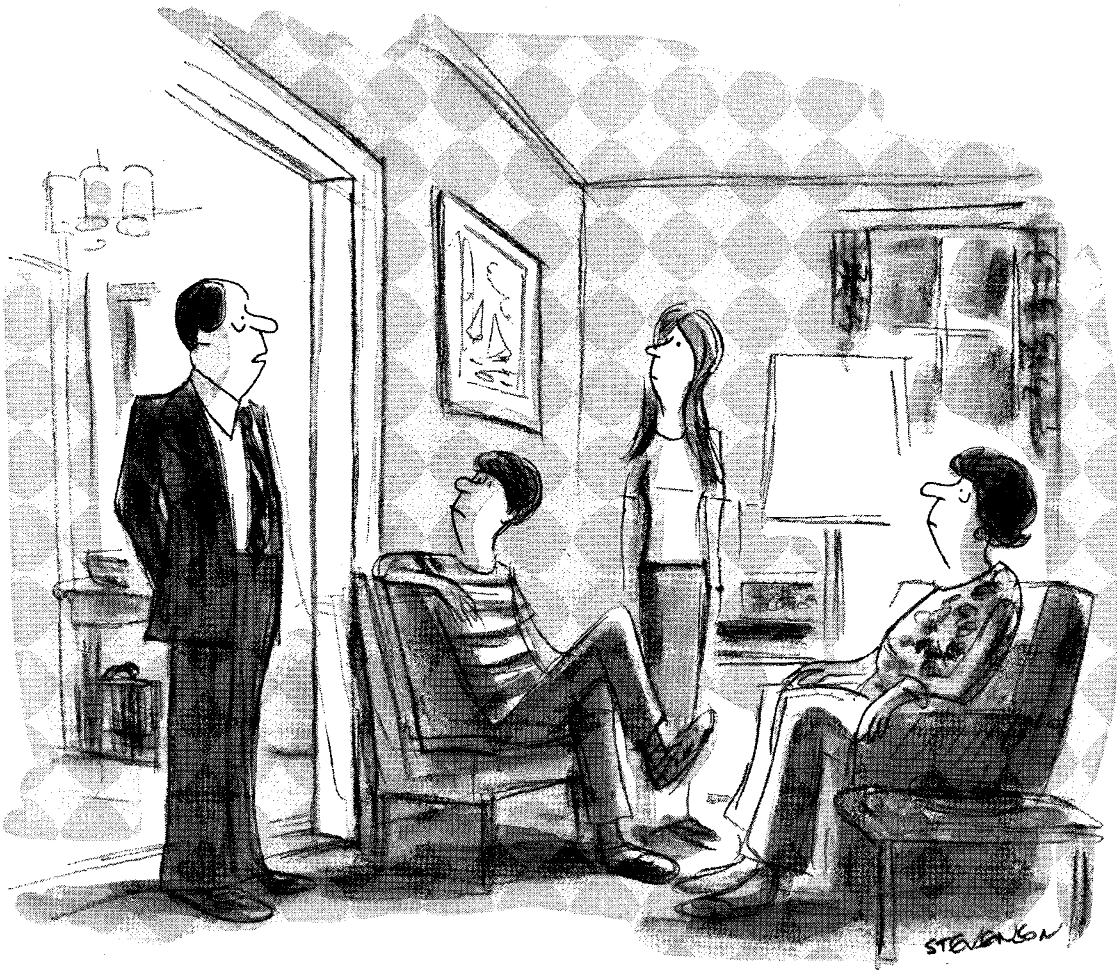
"Relax," Persky told him. "You'll get a coronary."

"Relax. The man says relax. I've got a fictional character stashed in a hotel room, and I think my wife is having me tailed by a private shamus."

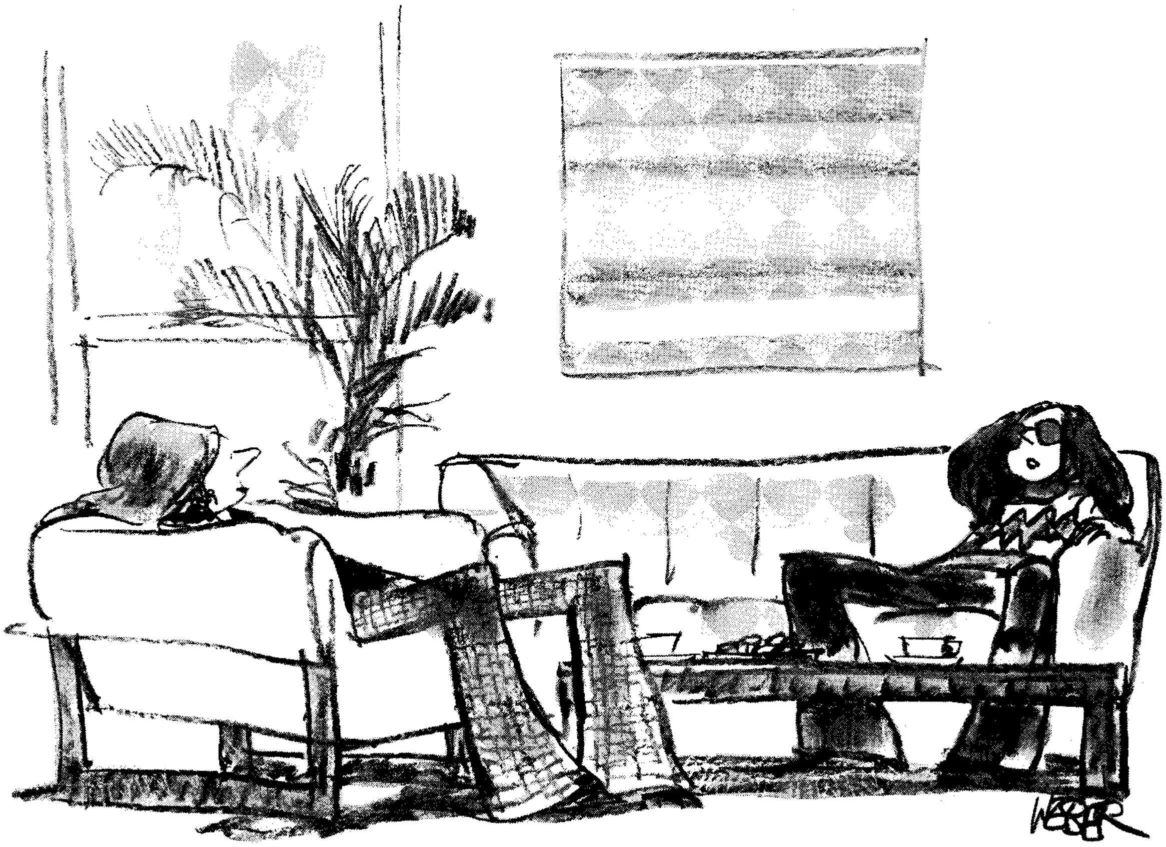
"O.K., O.K. We know there's a problem." Persky crawled under the cabinet and started banging on something with a large wrench.

"I'm like a wild animal," Kugelmass went on. "I'm sneaking around town, and Emma and I have had it up to here with each other. Not to mention a hotel tab that reads like the defense budget."

"So what should I do? This is the world of magic," Persky said. "It's all nuance."



"I've got some bad news. Tonight I will describe the general outline, and on Wednesday night I will spell out the details."



"They have this arrangement. He earns the money and she takes care of the house."

• •

"Nuance, my foot. I'm pouring Dom Pérignon and black eggs into this little mouse, plus her wardrobe, plus she's enrolled at the Neighborhood Playhouse and suddenly needs professional photos. Also, Persky, Professor Fivish Kopkind, who teaches Comp Lit and who has always been jealous of me, has identified me as the sporadically appearing character in the Flaubert book. He's threatened to go to Daphne. I see ruin and alimony jail. For adultery with Madame Bovary, my wife will reduce me to beggary."

"What do you want me to say? I'm working on it night and day. As far as your personal anxiety goes, that I can't help you with. I'm a magician, not an analyst."

By Sunday afternoon, Emma had locked herself in the bathroom and refused to respond to Kugelmass's entreaties. Kugelmass stared out the window at the Wollman Rink and contemplated suicide. Too bad this is a low floor, he thought, or I'd do it right now. Maybe if I ran away to Europe and started life over . . . Maybe I could sell the *International Herald Tribune*, like those young girls used to.

The phone rang. Kugelmass lifted it to his ear mechanically.

"Bring her over," Persky said. "I think I got the bugs out of it."

Kugelmass's heart leaped. "You're serious?" he said. "You got it licked?"

"It was something in the transmission. Go figure."

"Persky, you're a genius. We'll be there in a minute. Less than a minute."

Again the lovers hurried to the magician's apartment, and again Emma Bovary climbed into the cabinet with her boxes. This time there was no kiss. Persky shut the doors, took a deep breath, and tapped the box three times. There was the reassuring popping noise, and when Persky peered inside, the box was empty. Madame Bovary was back in her novel. Kugelmass heaved a great sigh of relief and pumped the magician's hand.

"It's over," he said. "I learned my lesson. I'll never cheat again, I swear it." He pumped Persky's hand again and made a mental note to send him a necktie.

THREE weeks later, at the end of a beautiful spring afternoon, Persky answered his doorbell. It was Kugelmass, with a sheepish expression on his face.

"O.K., Kugelmass," the magician said. "Where to this time?"

"It's just this once," Kugelmass said. "The weather is so lovely, and I'm not getting any younger. Listen, you've read 'Portnoy's Complaint'? Remember The Monkey?"

"The price is now twenty-five dollars, because the cost of living is up, but I'll start you off with one freebie, due to all the trouble I caused you."

"You're good people," Kugelmass said, combing his few remaining hairs as he climbed into the cabinet again. "This'll work all right?"

"I hope. But I haven't tried it much since all that unpleasantness."

"Sex and romance," Kugelmass said from inside the box. "What we go through for a pretty face."

Persky tossed in a copy of "Portnoy's Complaint" and rapped three times on the box. This time, instead of a popping noise there was a dull explosion, followed by a series of crackling noises and a shower of sparks. Persky leaped back, was seized by a heart attack, and dropped dead. The cabinet burst into flames, and eventually the entire house burned down.

Kugelmass, unaware of this catastrophe, had his own problems. He had not been thrust into "Portnoy's Complaint," or into any other novel, for that matter. He had been projected into an old textbook, "Remedial Spanish," and was running for his life over a barren, rocky terrain as the word "*tener*" ("to have")—a large and hairy irregular verb—raced after him on its spindly legs.

—WOODY ALLEN

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> In many respects, this is probably the best company that Mr. Béjart has ever brought to New York. And they perform with a dedication of spirit and a homogeneity of style that must not be denied. This is a special kind of pop let that is very different from the favored troupes of our own special ballet that is very different from the dance world. But then, the Pink Floyd York Philharmonic. I presume.
>
> —*Clive Barnes in the Times.*

You sure do.

FLEECED

On a tropical island widely thought to be halcyon but harboring the ires and envies of most small blessed plots, an English boy by the name of Tom, aged ten, went swimming every morning before having breakfast of flying fish with his tutor, who would have preferred kippers.

The tutor, named Lionel, was Tom's absent father's accountant. He was a spider-shaped man, who seemed born to wear black. Perhaps he had been christened in black: a lean babe, in mourning for a mistake in the ledgers, too troubled by the instability of sterling to waste tears over anointment at the font. His adult being had a lined face, a chin like an infant's elbow, rosy lips, and an unchangeably indoor skin that suffered from the sun. At weekends he expressed a sense of spree by wearing flowered Hawaiian shirts, but on office days he wore the bowler hat and black suit that seemed native to him. It was always the same black suit, which looked rusted, like historic lead piping. He generally wore the floppy tropical shirts to give Tom his lessons, which were mostly in mathematics and in geography about Malaysia, where Lionel had fought in the war. His employer was a rich Englishman called David Lippincott, who had lately made his first million in the manufacture of tights and the selling of quality plays that had been put on at English repertory theatres to American movie corporations. Mr. Lippincott profited very little from the film sales, but they eased his heart.

•

"And where is your husband?" a bearded gossip reporter asked Mrs. Lippincott in London.

"As you know, we've been separated for five years." Mrs. Lippincott was a natural blonde called Andrea, even richer than her husband from having inherited a fortune in a chain fishmongery.

"But where is he?"

"I think he's somewhere in America."

"He's left England?"

"That's what I said."

"Why?"

"Perhaps because of me. He said it was because of the wealth tax."

"And where is the son?"

"Our son?"

"The judge gave the father custody, of course, so I realize you may not know. And I realize these questions may be painful for you to face, but I'm only doing my job."

Andrea looked as if she were likely to cry.

"I can't stand people crying," the reporter said.

"I'm sorry," said Andrea. She combed her hair with her fingers, leaning over so that it covered her eyes. "Does crying happen a lot when you catechize people like this? Why do you do it? I can see you don't enjoy it."

"I started as a cricket reporter. The paper promoted me to gossip because I have the fluency. The style. It's the nerve I'm not good at. You need very good nerves to be a first-rate gossip reporter. Whereas I have to brace myself in the morning even to get up. I mean, I don't look forward—" The reporter put his hands in his pockets, stopped speaking for a moment, and then said in a changed tone, "Well, where *is* the son?"

"With his tutor. You don't expect me to give you his address, do you? He's a child."

"You said your husband had to leave England because of the wealth tax?"

"I let that slip. That's his business. I don't know."

"I see his Belgravia flat is up for sale."

"He had to leave his flat and our son."

"You used that order. I have it down. First you said 'his flat' and then 'his son.' "

"Our son."

"But you're not with the son. It's hardly a mother's instinct."

"I work. I can't be."

"What do you do in an average day?"

"Is it any business of yours?"

"You're in the public domain."

"I get up at six. I have a bath. I do the post. My secretary comes. We do more post. Then I go to the central office. Then there's a business lunch. Do we need to go on?"

"You go often to South Africa?"

"My business takes me there."

"But not to the son? He's in the Caribbean, isn't he? A long way away from South Africa?"

"My husband has custody, as you said." She ran her hands through her hair again.

"Because of your visits to South Africa? Whom do you go to see?"

"I naturally have friends there."

"Do I hear wedding bells?"

Andrea parted her hair and looked at him. "Come off it."

The reporter laughed uncertainly. "I have three kids and a mortgage. Could you at least tell readers what your imaginary ideal day would be?"

"Swimming before breakfast with Tom, and eating chocolate layer cake."

•

On the tropical island, Lionel had his flying fish and Tom read "Henry Esmond."

After a while, Tom said, "What are you going to do today? You're not going to be out too long? Perhaps we could do some calculus?"

"What's your imaginary favorite day?"

"Swimming. Then reading at breakfast. Then calculus. You don't like calculus, do you? In spite of your being an accountant?"

"You're dripping seawater onto your book," Lionel said. "You'll spoil the binding. Not that a fine binding has much chance against this climate."

"I know you don't like these particular tropics," said Tom. "But Malaysia's still your favorite subject in geography, isn't it? On account of having been there?"

"Yes. And what would happen after calculus?"

"I'd go for another swim, and then think about maths, and then wait for you to come home. And perhaps there'd be a letter from my parents. One or the other of them."

"As I told you, they're very busy."

"Why are we here without my father?"

The telephone rang and was answered by a maid.

"I thought you said the telephone didn't work," Tom said.

"It must be the local operator."

"That doesn't make sense."

"Operators have ways," Lionel said, trying to sound vague, though it was not his manner. "I expect they're tell-

"You got here just in time, Mr. Lundquist. The boys are ready to give your transmission the gang gong."

ing us the electricity is going off again. Everything in the refrigerator will be thawed. I'll have to pitch it all out. Nothing works here."

"My mother once said you were a fusspot. I expect she only said it because my father had upset her. Is 'fusspot' rude?"

"Well," said Lionel, "I expect it's true. I expect that's why your father hired me as his accountant."

"I thought you were my tutor. That's what it says on your passport."

"I'm here to look after your father's money, between ourselves, as well as you."

"Why don't you do that in England?"

"What would be the rest of your favorite day?" Lionel asked.

"Christmas pudding, and then chocolate soufflé, and then snorkeling with you, and then a ride through the sugarcanes if you wouldn't be too tired, which I know you often are, and then steak-and-kidney pudding and smoked trout with my father, and then Monopoly with my father and whoever he liked at the moment. Susan, say. Or better still, my father and Susan and you. Or just you, if he'd gone off to a night club with Susan."

"I had a letter from your father saying you should have more pocket money."

"Could I see it?"

"You're dropping marmalade on Thackeray. The letter's at the office."

"You always keep his letters at the office. Couldn't I see them? He's my father. Couldn't I ring him?"

"The telephone from this house doesn't work further afield than the island. It would mean coming to the office and even then you might not get through. As you know. The lines are often very bad in the tropics. Also it might be upsetting, mightn't it? And terribly expensive. We have to look after the way your father's money goes, haven't we?" Lionel coughed.

"Hell!"

"It's time we did some work," Lionel said unsteadily. "I'll set you some problems before I go to the office."

Lionel prepared a set of questions for the child, and shaved. Tom did them sitting in the sun, shading his eyes against the glare. Lionel had once offered him a sun hat but Tom had shaken his head. His bony knees were burned and his shoulder blades had caught the sun yesterday, but his back had long since turned a painless deep brown, to his pride. He felt pity for Lionel in his floppy-sleeved Hawaiian shirt and long shorts, with his pale freckled calves that the sun did nothing to color.

"I'm afraid I've nearly finished these questions," Tom said to Lionel politely, when his tutor reappeared after shaving.

"That's too quick."

"The heat makes my mind go faster. It boils my head."

"Work through the questions again."

"Shouldn't you change into your dark suit if you're going to the office? You're not by any chance taking a holiday?"

Lionel said, "I'm afraid it's not possible." And then, "I'm just about to change. If you'll put on your jacket, I'll take you out to lunch today."

"And show me the office?"

"The office is very boring."

"But it's where my father once flew

SHARP PENCILS, CLEAN PAPER, GOOD LIGHT, COMFORTABLE CHAIR, HOT COFFEE, WARM ROOM... READY TO WORK... PERHAPS THE ROOM IS TOO WARM...
CBorsotti

from America to see you, you said. You said it wasn't all that long ago, but I don't remember. When is he coming again?"

"He doesn't come any longer. That was in the old days, before the tax laws were so strict."

"What are we doing here?"

"I'm looking after your father's money. I've explained that to you. It isn't that he doesn't want to see you."

"Why can't he look after his own money?"

"The money has to be here, and he has to be somewhere else, or else he'd have to pay so much of it in tax he wouldn't be able to look after you."

"But he isn't looking after me. How can he, when he isn't here?"

"I'm here instead, teaching you. I'm sorry. It's not enough, is it? But there's also the swimming, and the snorkeling." Lionel blew his nose with a beautiful lawn handkerchief.

"What would be *your* favorite day?" Tom said.

"Well, I like trains. English trains. I like routine."

"There aren't any trains here."

"Waterloo Bridge in the rush hour!" said Lionel at speed. With an old copy of *The Economist* on his knees to protect his legs from the sun, lying back on a deck chair, he spoke to himself, it seemed. "The *Financial Times* on the day it comes out! Lunch in the City! Secretaries who know how to take shorthand instead of these girls!" He spoke faster, with fervor. "Oh, the rush of it! Telephones! Closing prices on the Stock Exchange! I'm being overpaid in this place, you know." He slowed down. "It's what they call a sinecure. I'm just here to give a name to your father's account, between ourselves. There's nothing to the job, I fear."

"Then why doesn't my father do it?"

"It would mean his taking up residence on the island. Your father's a busy man. He hasn't got the time. I do the residing for him."

Tom killed a wasp.

"And then what would your favorite evening be?" Tom said. "Supposing you got home about four o'clock?"

"I might go snorkeling with you. And then I'd have a few business friends over to play George Gershwin records. I don't think you know that my sister and I used to have everything that George Gershwin ever recorded."

"You've never mentioned your sister."

"She's in Australia."

"How bloody awful."

"Don't say 'bloody.' "

"Well, but it is."

"I can't say I don't miss her, especially when I hear music."

"Any music?"

"Yes."

"Then what would you have for supper? Or would it be dinner?"

"It would be dinner. You'd be there. Either beefsteak-and-kidney pie or gammon and pease pudding, and then a spot of Wensleydale with a decanter of port. The best port. Cockburn's, I daresay. Wensleydale is a sort of cheese. I expect you've forgotten it. Perhaps you've never had it. We can't get it here."

"I'm sure my father and mother gave it to me before the breakup."

"I'm sure they did," said Lionel, turning away to look at the bright sea.

The telephone rang again. Lionel sighed, went in to answer it this time, and yelled, "Please call me at the office, sir!" Then Tom heard him recant and say that he would talk here for once if it was so urgent. The boy blocked his ears with wads of bread, frightened of something he couldn't name to himself. He could still hear, unfortunately. He tried to get interested in using a calculator to work out the financial deals audible on the telephone, consulting a copy of the *Financial Times*.

"Argentinian pesos into Swiss francs, forty thousand pounds sterling! Right, sir!" shouted Lionel. Tom would have liked to rush in to say, "No, buy Brazilian cruzeiros," but by now he realized with absolute certainty that Lionel was speaking to his father and that his father was not going to ask to speak to him. He pressed his knees together. The bones had made red marks on the skin by the time the conversation was finished.

"That was Father, wasn't it?" Tom said when Lionel came out again onto the terrace through a hanging door of colored beads. Men had arrived to clean out the swimming pool and it was slowly draining.

"His New York office," said Lionel kindly, though not deceiving Tom. "If it had been him, he'd naturally have wanted to speak to you."

"You told me you couldn't get overseas calls at this house."

"It must have been a fluke. Do you want to try to ring your mother? One fluke can lead to another."

Tom threw his lessons down the cliff into the sea.

"Homesickness is a bad business," said Lionel, watching the papers slowly submerge.

"I'm not homesick, I'm just sick of being parked."

"There's lunch for us to look forward to. I thought we could go to a men's club that I like."

"Would my father be paying?" Tom asked, with his back turned.

"Why?"

"It sounds expensive. You're not rich like him, too, are you? I hate rich people."

"No, I'm not, but I've got plenty for a treat." Lionel watched Tom's back.

"You mustn't forget he's doing it all for you. Would you sign this check?"

"What *are* these checks I sign every week?"

"Your father's allowance. He's a limited company. You're the director."

"I'd rather we were all together and poor instead. We could live on sausage rolls."

A fifty-pence English coin spilled out of Lionel's pocket when he drew out his handkerchief to blow his nose again. Tom picked it up and said joyfully, "It's English."

"It used to take the form of four half crowns," said Lionel.

"I know," Tom said. "I've read about half crowns."

Lionel blew his nose yet again.

"What's the matter?" Tom asked. "You only usually blow your nose once after breakfast."

"It sounded as if you were talking about something as gone as the groat," said Lionel. "Even the guinea is done with."

"We miss England, don't we?"

"Yes. Though that's a foolish thing of me to say to you when you're of an age to be looking forward to the future. I don't like catching myself hankering."

"Did you have a bad night?"

Lionel sat down with his flowered sleeves flapping and looked out to sea. "I dreamed that the surface of the earth was green and glassy, covered with shattered elements."

◆

LIONEL dressed for the office. He set some more questions for Tom and arranged with the chauffeur to drive the boy into the island's small capital for lunch. Tom cleaned Lionel's black City shoes.

"You need to use the polish sparingly," said Lionel.

"What's 'sparingly'?" Tom asked. "A little or a lot?"

Lionel suddenly shouted at him. "I'm not a nanny! I'm an accountant!"

Tom remained silent, and then said, "More difficult than the work, I expect, is being shut up with me."

"That's the best part. You're what we call a 'perk,' in City talk." Then, "I shouldn't have shouted. I had no right. Your father's very good to me."

Tom said after a wait, "I think the trouble is you and me not having time off together. You're always working."

"So are you. And at the same subject. You doing calculus at home, me doing accounts at the office."

"I enjoy it more than you do. Could I borrow your calculator?"

"As long as we're on time for lunch. When one makes an appointment it's upsetting if it isn't abided by. You know my rule for happiness? Keep the mind busy and the body seated. I realize it wouldn't be a rule to suit you, and it's better fitted to the City of London than to an island paradise."

Tom heard the bitterness in his friend's voice, was wounded, and wondered what to do. "Your City suit's getting old," he said, watching Lionel leave in the chauffeur-driven car.

"I can't quite afford another one. It doesn't matter."

"My father would pay."

Lionel said nothing.

"Wouldn't he?"

"I must go off. I've got something difficult to do for your father."

"About the pesos?"

"What pesos? Get your lessons done. Will you wear your gray flannel suit for lunch?"

Lionel was not a very speedy-minded accountant. He often had daymares about failing in his responsibility for the dual guardianship of Tom and of the tropical bank account. Within half an hour Tom had finished all the lessons he could manage on his own; he spent the rest of the time working out theoretical financial exchanges.

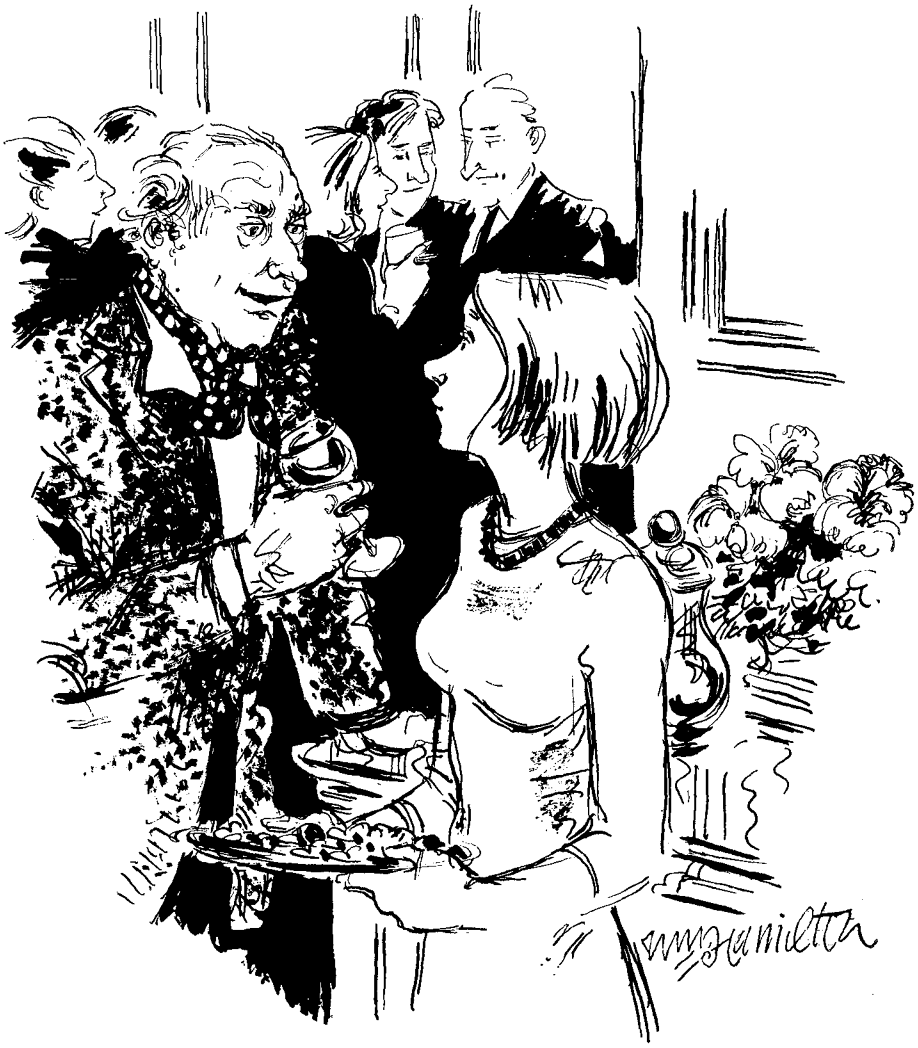
◆

LIONEL secreted a vein of boyishness and dash that was not hidden from Tom. The boy remembered well that, when the black suit had been newer, Lionel had come into the London house with some papers and explained his black tie to Mrs. Lippincott: "I had to go to the funeral of a cousin yesterday—no, to be precise, a second cousin once removed—and it turned out to be quite jolly. We went on after the service and lunched, a very cordial lunch, and I saw many people I hadn't met for years. There were no hostiles there, you see." Lionel used "hostiles" as a noun. Tom liked his language.

The boy arrived a little early at the men's club where they were lunching. It was raining. Tom's suit was damp. He saw that Lionel's was damper.

"Are you going to get pneumonia?" Tom asked.

"No, not a scrap or scintilla of illness shall invade our domain. It's not



"Do you know what Life Force is?"

really raining. I mean, one would be glad of a mac, but one doesn't necessarily need a brolly."

•

"THIS is Mr. Lippincott's son," said Lionel at the reception desk of the club, signing Tom in as his guest. The receptionist bowed, first to Tom and then to Lionel. The signing-in book was turned to Lionel. The receptionist wrote in the date from an upside-down position, with skill.

"That was clever, writing in the book upside down," Tom said at the lunch table.

"Yes. People get good at things that they're interested in or that they're used to doing, which isn't necessarily the same thing. For instance, there's a woman on this island who has a peculiar capacity to cut her toenails while she's floating in her swimming pool. She's an intelligent woman and I shouldn't say that she was *interested* in it. I should say that she's *used* to it. To this bodily phenomenon. She can float sitting up in the water with her legs crossed as if she were sitting in a deck chair."

"Have you seen it?"

"The lady?"

"No, her sitting up in the swimming pool."

"I've just heard about it."

"Could we watch her?"

"I don't see why not."

"I like that," Tom said. "It's something you say." He thought. "She's probably floating on a rubber ring. I bet it's a swiz."

"No, I believe it's real. Something to do with placement of the body weight."

"She must have very light kneecaps."

"What else were you going to say?"

"I was thinking, about the reception man: apart from being clever at writing upside down, he's jolly rude to bow to me before you."

"You're the guest."

"But you're older."

"But also you're called Lippincott, and they know who you are because of your father."

"Has he been to the place, then?"

"He came that time I told you about."

"How old was I, actually?"

"Nearly seven. You came here, too, and you had cheese instead of ice cream. Even when you were a little lad you liked only salty things."

"What sort of salty things?"

"Anchovies, bacon, potato crisps. Just like now."

"What did Father have?"

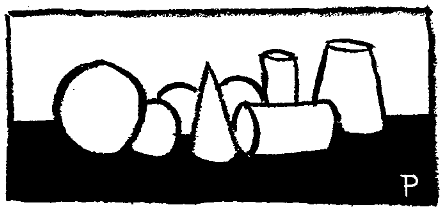
"Cheese."

"Why doesn't Father come here? It can't be only money."

"Quite often things are only that."

The waiter came up with a bill turned over, put it between them, and said to Lionel, though looking at Tom, "On Mr. Lippincott's account?"

"No," said Lionel severely, seeing Tom flustered and understanding that the child took himself to be Mr. Lippincott. Tom was fumbling in his trousers for his pocket money. Lionel paid in a hurry.



"Thank you very much," Tom said.

"What fun!" said Lionel. "Don't you think? Potted shrimps and game pie in the tropics are hard to come by. We could be at the Cheddar Cheese in Fleet Street! The lunchtime crush! The smell of gammon! We could have been to a stationer, or a bookshop!"

"What would we have bought?"

"Anything you wanted. A ruler, a geometry set. Or perhaps we'd just have browsed. That's really my favorite thing to do in the lunch hour, browsing. Given good company."

BY THE STEPS OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Choking with silent laughter, the chalkfaced mime
jousts with the crowd, grabs a smiling sailor
and sets him on his knees before a school-
girl posed with a rose in her teeth.
The crowd explodes, and the air
is charged with the jingle of loose change.

A driver waiting for the light to change
pulls to the curb and tosses the mime
a silver coin that glitters in midair
before dropping at the feet of the sailor,
making him smile more widely and show his teeth
like a politician visiting a high school.

I drift and think of a dancing school
I drove my daughters to. I watched them change
into shy swans, gifted to the teeth
with graceful napes and wrists—just as the mime
is graceful in his placement of the sailor
whose smile unwinds in the afternoon air

when all at once an air-
raid siren I haven't heard since public school
starts shrieking from some roof. The sailor
takes off with the pigeons, unsmiling for a change.
The schoolgirl puts fingers in her ears. The mime
pretends he's screaming, gritting his teeth.

It is like fingernails down chalkboards setting teeth
on edge, this siren slicing the air.
People scatter. Even the mime
slinks uptown, and the school-
girl disappears without her rose—as if she could change
my image of her with the sailor

at her feet, that skittery peacoated sailor,
both blushing red as the rose in her teeth,
posed statuelike without change. . . .
I leave the museum to escape the air-
raid siren. Up the street school
buses idle, doubleparked, and I notice the mime,

the chalkfaced mime, outside my daughters' school
in the three-o'clock air. He lists like a sailor,
whistles through his teeth, and begs for change.

—JAMES REISS

• •

ALL YOU CAN SEE 25¢
Levin

• •

"Talking of books," said Tom, pulling a heavy paperback called "Tycoon" from his pocket and giving it to Lionel, "I got this out of the library for us. I thought it was good and thick."

"It looks very gripping," said Lionel, turning the pages.

"I couldn't find much in it about storms, but I expect I missed the best bit, at sea. What *is* a tycoon, actually?"

"A big man in a business way," said Lionel carefully. "Sometimes, as you say, there's weather involved. You may be thinking of 'typhoon.' Would you like to be a sailor? Go into the Navy?"

"Not the Navy, but I'd like to work on a schooner. I'm studying rigging," said Tom. "I'd like to be a midshipman, up in the crow's nest. Jibbooms and bobstays! Somebody keeps saying that in another book I'm reading."

•

THERE was a fuss at the desk as they left.

"What was going on?" Tom asked Lionel outside the club.

"The man was being turned away in front of his girl. The girl thought it was her fault. She thought women weren't admitted. They are."

"Why *was* he being turned away, then?"

"I'm not sure."

"Was it because he wasn't a member?"

"No, I don't think so." Lionel sneezed. "I think it was because he was black, and because he hadn't got a tie on. Those two things together. It would have been all right with the tie. But he looked poor. Poor people can't afford to look poor, that's the trouble."

"I thought he looked nice. The lady looked beautiful. I like big hats."

"So do I."

"Do you know her?"

"Not to speak to, but she's quite a famous person on the island. She does cleaning for a friend of mine. She left school when she was nine, but she's gone on teaching herself things and now she teaches two old ladies to read and write."

"Teaches them like you do?"

"Much the same, except that she has a job as well."

"So've you."

"But she's younger, so she hasn't got as much time as me. People haven't got as much time when they're young."

Tom snorted.

"I didn't mean to be condescending," Lionel said.

"What's condescending?"

"Rotten."

"It's all right," said Tom.

•

THE island being in the state of racial and economic disorder that it was, some islanders, both black and white, were concerned to contain the danger. As Tom and Lionel were walking up the street, they saw a young white girl in an otherwise wholly black queue of people outside the unemployment office, arm in arm with a young black man.

"What's everybody queuing for?" asked Tom.

"A job," said Lionel.

"You look serious."

"It's a serious matter, not to have a job."

They saw a car draw up beside the queue with the engine running. A man—a white man—leaned out of the driver's window and shouted at the white girl that she should stay with the people she belonged to, trying to clutch her sleeve. She attended briefly, and then said, "No," and turned back to her black friend to look up into his face, laughing.

"She's doing well," said Lionel. "One doesn't have to say or do many things, but one has to be careful to say and do the right things. There are moments in history that may ask for a rejoinder, and in those cases one has to choose what one does, what one shows, with great heed."

•

ON the island there was a week of repose. Then the air thickened with disquiet; a row on a sugar plantation grew into a riot sparked by an inattentive boss's having mistaken something an employee had been trying to say. Anger flared in the queues for jobs. Things became troubled enough for Lionel to take Tom with him every day to the office. The boy listened to talk about the crisis, saying nothing. His shoulder blades seethed with the heat of his sunburn as he sat under the office's old fans. In some five minutes between telephone calls, Lionel showed him a scholarly paper on the money market which his father had written. "London, the hub of the financial world, the only place where a verbal agreement is trusted as binding," said the frontispiece, under an engraving of a Wren church. There was much about trust in the pound.

"What's trust in the pound? Why

does it keep the pound up?" Tom asked.

"It's the same as trust in God keeping God up."

"I've had to learn the Nicene *and* the Apostles' Creed. Crikey."

" 'Crikey' comes from 'Christ,' which is interesting."

"*Jesus!*"

"It's like pubs called 'The Goat and Compasses' coming from 'God encompasseth us.' "

"I like Harvest Festival and I like Christmas, but I'm not particularly keen on Easter because of the nails."

"People tell you that ghosts are nothing to be scared of, that they don't exist, but then they go on about fear of a Holy Ghost, you'll find."

"What's a virgin?"

"Someone who hasn't been in love, and so on."

"That's what I guessed. That the Virgin Mary didn't like God much, let alone the Ghost."

•

ON the page after the frontispiece of Tom's father's paper on the money market, there was a dedication in Gothic type: "To my friends."

"But my father hasn't got any friends. He's always moaning about it."

"He's got you, for instance."

"Why didn't he say me in the book, then? And you?"

Lionel took stock. "Harshness often has to do with fantasies about sadness, which is sentimentality. Sentimentality isn't charity. I'm speaking privately, you understand. Your father sometimes drives people away so as to test them. To see if they'll come back."

"There's only *one* thing that's stopping him from coming back to us," said Tom, looking up from his father's treatise, "and that's loot."

•

ALL week, there were telephone calls from Tom's father and mother, at odds about his safety. "Cant about your peace of mind, while they perturb each other," Lionel said in the office, giving Tom a dictionary to look up the word "cant." The exchange of currencies he was trying to conduct on Tom's behalf was less manic than it might have been, because there was only one gentle operator manning the telephone system on the whole island. He got through once to a London operator: to a West Indian who had been living in Brixton for nine years. They had a conversation about bus routes. The West Indian now had a Brixton accent.

"I swear I was never so tickled to hear a voice in my life," said Lionel when the call was over.

"It's Friday," Tom said.

"The day for your pocket money. I hadn't forgotten."

Tom said steadily, "Let me make out the check this time, not just sign it."

Lionel considered the point. If Tom wanted to make a gesture of independence, he had the right, Lionel thought. People should be allowed to leap into their life.

Tom went to the bank with one of his cronies, a black girl who collected office orders for coffee and Coke. She told him, laughing, that she often had to spend half her wages on the orders because thirty-odd people would be in conference some days and a lot of them wouldn't remember to pay her back for what she had bought them. For the first time, Tom himself made out a check for his pocket money—written to "Cash (month's pocket money)"—and signed it as usual. The teller counted out the coins, and, according to custom, weighed them in a brown paper bag.

Outside the bank, Tom took two coins from the bag and offered them to his friend. "Have these," he said.

"I couldn't."

"You need some money."

"So does everybody."

"*We* don't. It's what's the whole matter," said Tom.

"What are you going to do with all that? You've cashed your money for a month."

"It's my father's money, not mine really, and it's keeping him away. Lionel explained." Tom took out a beautiful linen handkerchief like Lionel's and sneezed in the way Lionel did. "Shall we have an ice cream?"

"I'll go and get two." She went to a newsagent's for a couple of choc bars on sticks and then stood in the street to watch over Tom, the ice cream melting in the warmth of the evening. A band of poorly dressed islanders collected around them. Tom let his ice cream fall and dipped his hand into the bag. He held out a fistful of silver coins. "Buy yourselves some ice cream!" he shouted. The watchers hesitated; one of the children was trying to clean the sand from the choc bar that had been thrown away. The girl from the office was trying to restrain Tom. "Have them!" Tom shouted, throwing the glittering coins into the air. "Have them! They're my father's, and he can't use them because of the tax!"

Some of the crowd, recognizing a highborn child, thought he had said "taxi." Few of them had heard of tax, because there was none on the island, though there were taxis for overseas travellers. Several who understood him were devout men who thought that "tax" was a sinful word in the mouth of a child. Some of the crowd went away; others merely watched; some picked up the coins, glad of a game.

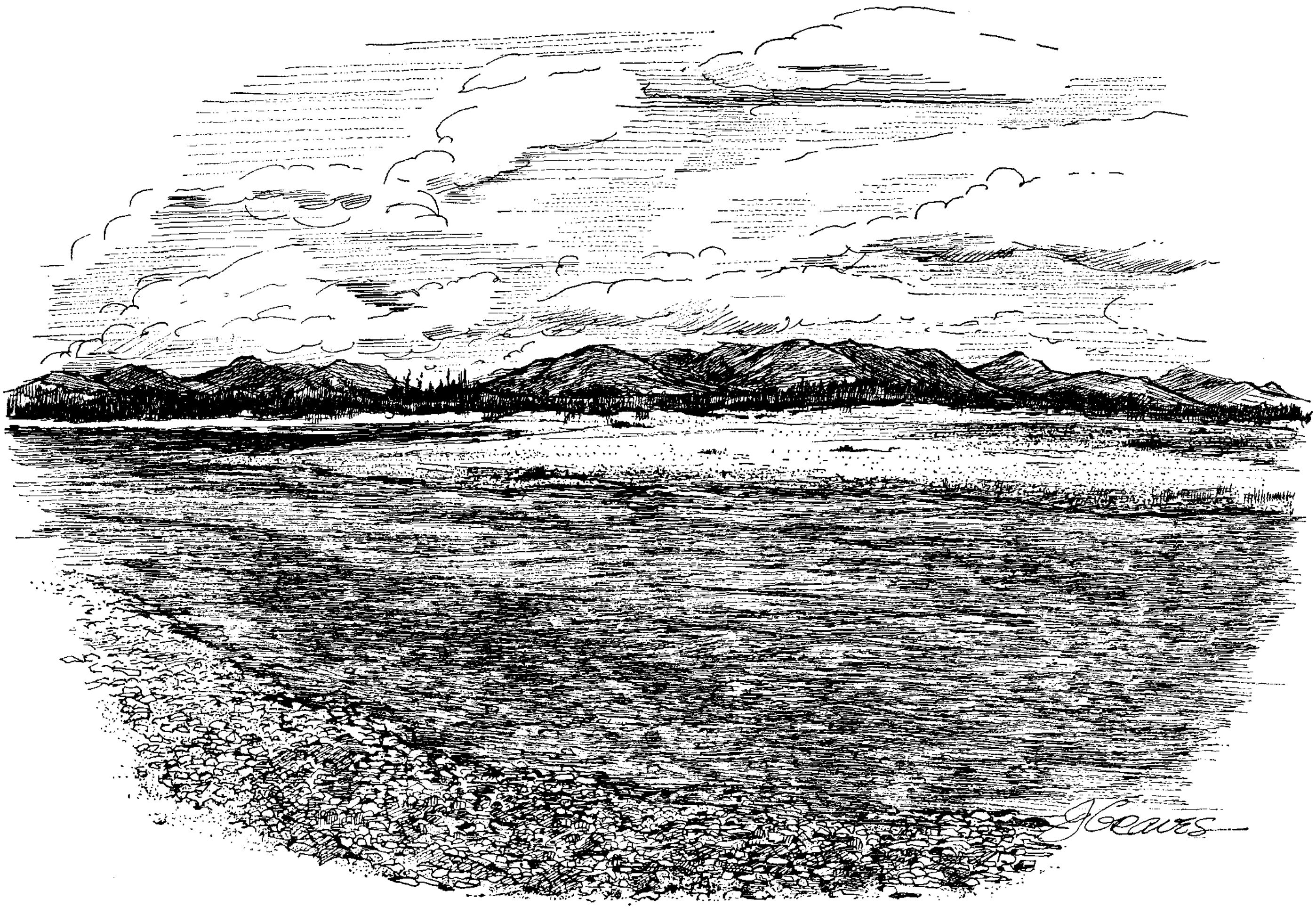
The moneyed patriarchs of the place, hearing of the event later, said that the boy had been made wanton by absence of a father.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

W. Steig

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ENCIRCLED RIVER—I



My bandanna is rolled on the diagonal and retains water fairly well. I keep it knotted around my head, and now and again dip it into the river. The water is forty-six degrees. Against the temples, it is refrigerant and relieving. This has done away with the headaches that the sun caused in days before. The Arctic sun—penetrating, intense—seems not so much to shine as to strike. Even the trickles of water that run down my T-shirt feel good. Meanwhile, the river—the clearest, purest water I have ever seen flowing over rocks—breaks the light into flashes and sends them upward into the eyes. The headaches have reminded me of the kind that are sometimes caused by altitude, but, for all the fact that we have come down through mountains, we have not been higher than a few hundred feet above the level of the sea. Drifting now—a canoe, two kayaks—and thanking God it is not my turn in either of the kayaks, I lift my fish rod from the tines of a caribou rack (lashed there in mid-canoe to the duffel) and send a line flying toward a wall of bedrock by the edge of the stream. A grayling comes up and, after some hesitation, takes the lure and runs with it for a time. I disengage the lure and let the grayling go, being mindful not to wipe my hands on my shirt. Several days in use, the shirt is approaching filthy, but here among grizzly bears I would prefer to stink of humanity than of fish.

Paddling again, we move down long pools separated by short white pitches, looking to see whatever might appear in the low hills, in the cottonwood, in the white and black spruce—and in the river, too. Its bed is as distinct as if the water were not there. Everywhere, in fleets, are the oval shapes of salmon. They have moved the gravel and made redds, spawning craters, feet in diameter. They ignore the boats, but at times, and without apparent reason, they turn and shoot downriver, as if they have felt panic and have lost their resolve to get on with their loving and their dying. Some, already dead, lie whitening, grotesque, on the bottom, their bodies disassembling in the current. In a short time, not much will be left but the hooking jaws. Through the surface, meanwhile, the living salmon broach, freshen—make long, dolphinesque flights through the air—then fall to slap the water, to resume formation in the river, noses north, into the current. Looking over the side of the canoe is like staring down into a sky full of zeppelins.

A cloud, all black and silver, crosses the sun. I put on a wool shirt. In Alaska, where waters flow in many places without the questionable benefit of names, there are nineteen streams called Salmon—thirteen Salmon Creeks, six Salmon Rivers—of which this one, the Salmon River of the Brooks Range, is the most northern, its watershed wholly above the Arctic Circle. Rising in treeless alpine tundra, it falls south into the fringes of the boreal forest, the taiga, the upper limit of the Great North Woods. Tree lines tend to be digital here, fingering into protected valleys. Plants and animals are living on margin, in cycles that are always vulnerable to change. It is five o'clock in the afternoon. The cloud, moving on, reveals the sun again, and I take off the wool shirt. The sun has been up fourteen hours, and has hours to go before it sets. It seems to be rolling slowly down a slightly inclined plane. A tributary, the Kitlik, comes in from the northwest. It has formed with the Salmon River a raised, flat sand-and-gravel mesopotamia—a good enough campsite, and, as a glance can tell, a fishing site to exaggerate the requirements of dinner.

There are five of us, four of whom are a state-federal study team. The subject of the study is the river. We pitch the tents side by side, two Alpine Draw-Tite tents, and gather and saw firewood: balsam poplar (more often called cottonwood); sticks of willow and alder; a whole young spruce, tip to root, dry now, torn free upriver by the ice of the breakup in spring. Tracks are numerous, coming, going, multidirectional, tracks wherever there is sand, and in gravel if it is fine enough to have taken an impression. Wolf tracks. The pointed pods of moose tracks. Tracks of the barren-ground grizzly. Some of the moose tracks are punctuated with dewclaws. The grizzlies' big toes are on the outside.

The Kitlik, narrow, and clear as the Salmon, rushes in white to the larger river, and at the confluence is a pool that could be measured in fathoms. Two, anyway. With that depth, the water is apple green, and no less transparent. Salmon and grayling, distinct and dark, move into, out of, around the pool. Many grayling rest at the bottom. There is a pair of intimate salmon, the male circling her, circling, an endless attention of rings. Leaning over, watching, we nearly fall in. The gravel is loose at the river's edge. In it is a large and recently gouged excavation, a fresh pit, close by the water. It was apparently made in a thrashing hurry. I imagine that a bear was watching the fish and got stirred up by the thought of grabbing one, but the water was too deep. Excited, lunging, the bear fell into the pool, and it flailed back at the soft gravel, gouging the pit while trying to get enough of a purchase to haul itself out. Who can say? Whatever the story may be, the pit is the sign that is trying to tell it.

It is our turn now to fish in the deep pool. We are having grayling for dinner—Arctic grayling of firm delicious flesh. On their skins are black flecks against a field of silvery iridescence. Their dorsal fins fan up to such height that grayling are scale-model sailfish. In the cycles of the years, and the millennia, not many people have fished this river. Forest Eskimos have long seined at its mouth, but only to the third bend upstream. Eskimo hunters and woodcutters, traversing the Salmon valley, feed themselves, in part, with grayling. In all, perhaps a dozen outsiders, so far as is known, have travelled, as we have, in boats down the length of the river. Hence the grayling here have hardly been, in the vernacular of angling, fished out. Over the centuries, they have scarcely been fished. The fire is high now and is rapidly making coals. Nineteen inches is about as long as a grayling will grow in north Alaska, so we agree to return to the river anything much smaller than that. As we do routinely, we take a count of the number needed—see who will share and who can manage on his own the two or three pounds of an entire fish. Dinner from our supplies will come in hot plastic water bags and be some form of desiccated mail-order stew—Mountain House Freeze Dried Caribou Cud—followed by Mountain House Freeze Dried fruit. Everyone wants a whole fish.

Five, then. Three of us pick up rods and address the river—Bob Fedeler, Stell Newman, and I. Pat Pourchot, of the federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, has not yet cast a line during the trip. As he puts it, he is phasing himself out of fishing. In his work, he makes many river trips. There will always be people along who want to fish, he reasons, and by removing himself he reduces the number. He has wearied of take-and-put fishing, of molesting the fish, of shocking the ones that, for one reason or another, go back. He says he wonders what kind of day a fish will have after spending some time on a hook. John Kauffmann has largely ignored the fishing, too. A National Park Service planner who has been working for five years in Arctic Alaska, he is a New England mastertouch dry-fly fisherman, and up here his bamboo ballet is regarded as effete. Others taunt him. He will not rise. But neither will the grayling to his Black Gnats, his Dark

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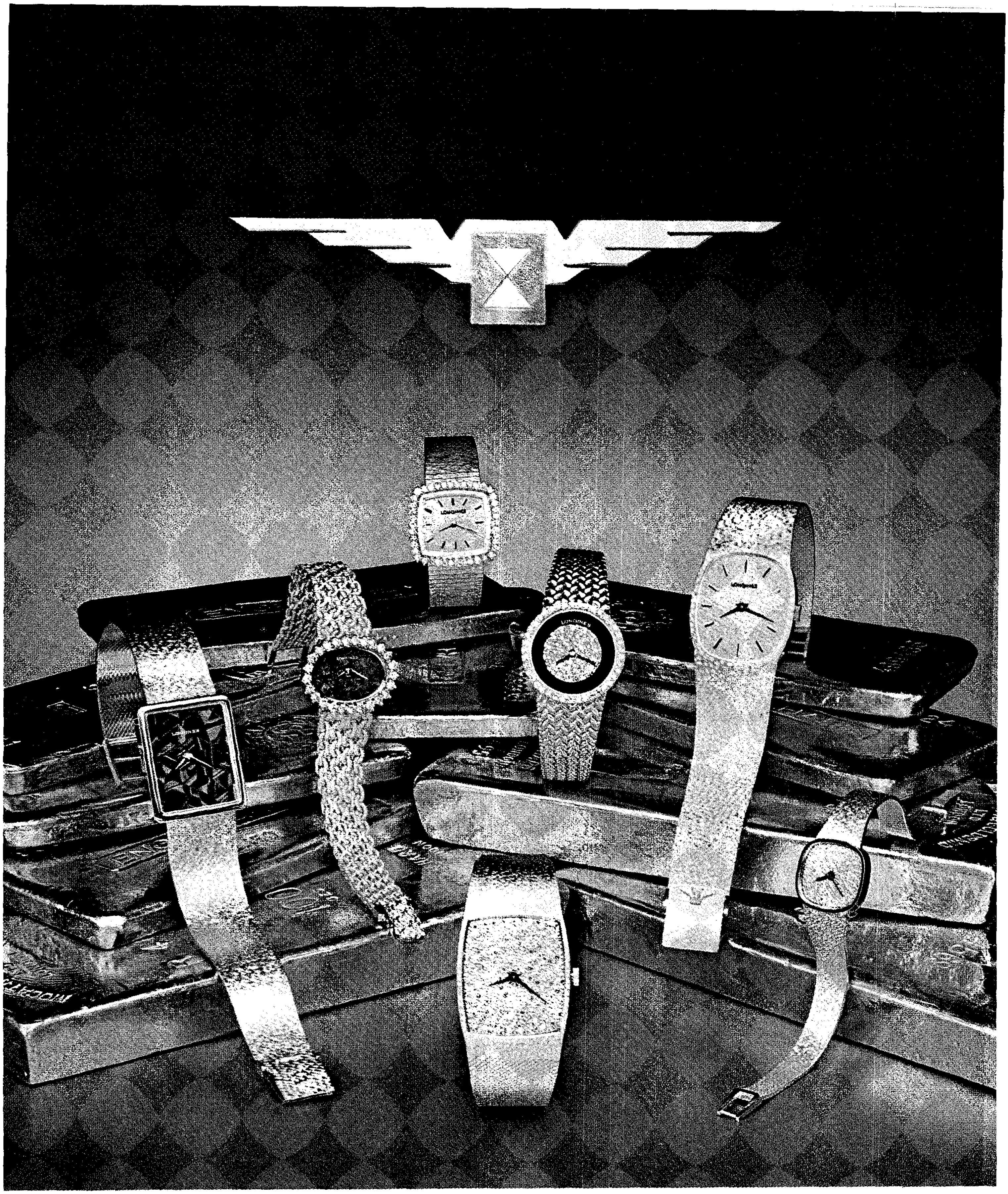

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Time can be beautiful

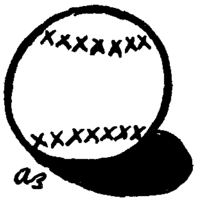
Cahills, his Quill Gordons. So—tall, angular—he sits and observes, and his short gray beard conceals his disgust. He does agree to time the event. He looks at his watch. Invisible lines, glittering lures go spinning to the river, sink in the pool. The rods bend. Grayling do not sulk, like the salmon. They hit and go. In nine minutes, we have our five. They are seventeen, eighteen inches long. We clean them in the Kitlik, with care that all the waste is taken by the stream. We have a grill with us, and our method with grayling is simply to set them, unscaled, fins intact, over the fire and broil them like steaks. In minutes, they are ready, and beneath their skins is a brown-streaked white flesh that is in no way inferior to the meat of trout. The sail, the dorsal fin, is an age-old remedy for toothache. Chew the fin and the pain subsides. No one has a toothache. The fins go into the fire.

When a lure falls into the water, it can become arrested at the bottom, and you tug and haul at the line and walk in an arc, whipping the rod, four-lettering the apparent snag that has spoiled the cast and is stealing your equipment. Tug some more. Possibly a small boulder or a sunken log has stopped the lure. Possibly not, too. You may have a pensive salmon. He contemplates. He is not yet ready to present his response. Not long before this river trip, I was fishing in lake-and-stream country northwest of Anchorage and the line became snagged in a way that to me suggested big things below. When I tugged, there was a slight movement at the other end, a gesture in my direction, the signal—obviously—of an irritated salmon getting ready to explode. I strained the line. It moved a bit more in my direction. A couple of minutes later, I landed a Safeway Stores Cragmont orange-soda can, full of silt and sand.

Over the fire now, I tell that story, and Bob Fedeler responds that that country near Anchorage, where many people have summer cottages, has long since been virtually fished out and is now supplied with stocked rainbows from a state hatchery. "That is the myth of Alaska," he says. "The myth is that in Alaska there's a fish on every cast, a moose behind every tree. But the fish and the moose aren't there. People go out with high expectations, and they're disappointed. To get to the headwaters of a river like this one takes a lot of money. The state needs to look to the budgets and desires of people who cannot afford to come to a place like this."

John Kauffmann, sitting on the ground and leaning against his duffel, shifts his weight uncomfortably. "You can charter a lot of aircraft time for the cost of summer cabins and Winnebagos," he says, and he bangs his pipe on a rock.

Fedeler shrugs. He scratches his cheek, which is under a mat of russet beard. He is compact, sturdy, not particularly tall, with a wide forehead and intelligent brown eyes. He would resemble Sigmund Freud, if Sigmund Freud had been a prospector. Fedeler says that he and his wife, Lyn, almost left Alaska during their first year, because they saw so little, and could afford so little, of the outdoors, of the wild—let alone of wildlife. In 1972, he took an advanced degree from South Dakota State and straightaway headed for Alaska. To support themselves, he and Lyn found jobs in Anchorage. He worked at McMahan's Furniture. He is a wildlife biologist. The state work he sought was given preferentially to people who had been resident in Alaska for at least a year. Meanwhile, in Anchorage—a city sealed away by water and mountains, a city that would be right at home at the west end of the George Washington Bridge—he had to go to the movies to see anything wild. He did not have the hundred dollars an hour needed for air charter. He did not have a hundred dollars. He knew the wilderness was out there—several hundred million acres of it—but he lacked the means to get to it, and his soul began to stale. Fortunately, he stuck out the wait, went on shoving McMahan's furniture around. At last, he got the work he wanted, his present job as a wildlife biologist with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, based in Fairbanks.



Pat Pourchot, of Anchorage, puts in that he finds plenty to do near home. He climbs cliffs. He kayaks on fast white rivers.

Stories emerge about others like Fedeler—for example, a young man I know from Arkansas, who came to Alaska a year and a half ago specifically to fish and hunt. Where he could afford to go he found no fish and nothing much to hunt. He drove a cab in Anchorage until he couldn't stand it anymore. Taking a two-month vacation, he went home to Mountain Home. Then he came back to Alaska and his taxi. "It was the prettiest spring I've ever seen," he reported. "The dogwoods and redbuds blossomed and they just stayed and stayed. I got all the fishing I wanted, in Arkansas. You need the bucks for the good hunting and fishing up here. Fishing is supposed to be, you know, so out of sight here. It really *is* out of sight for me. I haven't made the bucks."

People from outside write and say to friends in Alaska that they want to come stay with them and fish. "Fine," says the return letter, "but you'll have to charter. Air charter." "No," says the next letter. "We just want to stay at your place and fish from there." Urban Alaskans shake their heads at such foolishness and say, typically, "These people in the Lower Forty-eight, they don't understand."

Something in the general drift now has John Kauffmann on his feet and off to the river. He assembles his trout rod, threads its eyes. Six feet three, spare, he walks, in his determination, tilted forward, ten degrees from vertical, jaws clamped. He seems to be seeking reassurance from the river. He seems not so much to want to catch what may become the last grayling in Arctic Alaska as to certify that it is there. With his bamboo rod, his lofted line, he now describes long drape folds in the air above the river. His shirt is old and red. There are holes in his felt hat and strips of spare rawhide around its crown. He agitates the settled fly. Nothing. Again he waves the line. He drops its passenger on the edge of fast water at the far side of the pool. There is a vacuum-implosive sound, a touch of violence at the surface of the river. We cheer. For two minutes, we wait it out while Kauffmann plays his fish. Adroitly, gingerly, he brings it in. With care, he picks it up. He then looks at us as if he is about to throw his tin star in the dust at our feet. Shame—for our triple-hooked lures, our nylon hawsers, our consequent stories of fished-out streams. He looks at his grayling. It is a twenty-five-ounce midget, but it will grow. He seems to feel reassured. He removes the fly, which has scarcely nicked the fish's lips. He slips the grayling back to the stream.

Grayling are particularly fast swimmers. In Arctic Alaska, where small rivers like this one for the most part freeze solid, grayling can move big distances rapidly to seek out safe deep holes for winter. They are veterans of runs for life. They are indices, too, of the qualities of a stream. They seek out fast, cold, clear water. So do trout, of course, but grayling have higher standards. Trout will settle for subperfect waters in which grayling will refuse to live.

The sun, which two hours ago was

behind the apex of a spruce across the Kitlik, is now far to the right of that and somewhat closer to the ground. All day, while the sun describes a horseshoe around the margins of the sky, the light is of the rich kind that in more southern places comes at evening, heightening walls and shadowing eaves, bringing out of things the beauty of relief. It is ten-thirty, and about time for bed. Everything burnable—and more, too—has long since gone into the fire. We burn our plastic freeze-dry bags and we burn our Swiss Miss cocoa packets. If we have cans—devilled ham, Spam—we burn them, until all hint of their contents is gone. This is in part tidiness. Everything the fire does not consume is later put into bags that will go with us all the way through and out of these tens of thousands of square miles of wilderness. Nothing is buried. Also, the burning of the cans is an expression of regard for bears. The scent of the food is scorched away. It is not necessary for us to string up our meat high in the air. What meat we have is either dried or canned, and is presumably without odor. I can think of places where all these foil-lined packets and plastic containers might be an affront to the woods, but in Alaska their advantage is great. They are a way to move through bear country without drawing bears. More accurately, I should say "without in all likelihood drawing bears." Unopened cans of sardines have been found in the scat of grizzlies.

Bear stories, for a time, traverse the campfire. John Kauffmann remembers when Ave Thayer, the refuge manager of the Arctic National Wildlife Range, surprised a grizzly one day and when the bear charged stood his ground. In a low voice, Thayer said, "Shoo!" The grizzly stopped short. The two faced each other ten feet apart, neither making a move. Thayer cautiously stepped backward. The grizzly slowly advanced. Thayer said, "Shoo!" The grizzly stopped. Thayer walked backward, with no sudden starts. The grizzly followed. In such manner, Thayer walked backward about two hundred yards. Then the grizzly moved off a distance and walked parallel to him all the way—a mile or so—to his camp, where it lost interest and turned away.

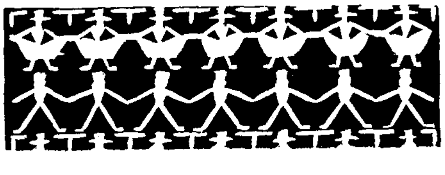
Fedeler makes the point that grizzlies in general will avoid people and people should avoid them, by not foolishly getting in their way—by not, for example, pitching a tent on a bear trail. Once, not long ago, a writer visiting Alaska pitched his tent on a bear trail. A bear removed the writer from the tent, ate him, and left nothing much but the pencil.

"All right, that's enough!" decrees Pat Pourchot, official leader of the trip. "No more bear stories. It is never a good idea to tell bear stories at night. I've known people to wake up screaming in their sleeping bags."

As it happens, there is behind the tents a dry channel, a braid of the river when the river is in flood, and now a kind of corridor that comes through the woods and past the tents to the river. Tracks suggest that it is something of a trail. I am mildly nervous about that, but then I am mildly nervous about a lot of things. We get into the tents and zip them up. Mosquitoes, while not overwhelming, are much around. We slap a few inside, and prepare for sleep. In moments, nearly everyone else is snoring. I look up through the mesh of the tent window past spruce boughs and into the sky. Twilight sky. The sun is down. It is falling nine minutes earlier per day. In three months, it will have ceased to rise. Now, though, in the dead of night, the sky is too bright for stars. I cannot quite read by the light at two.

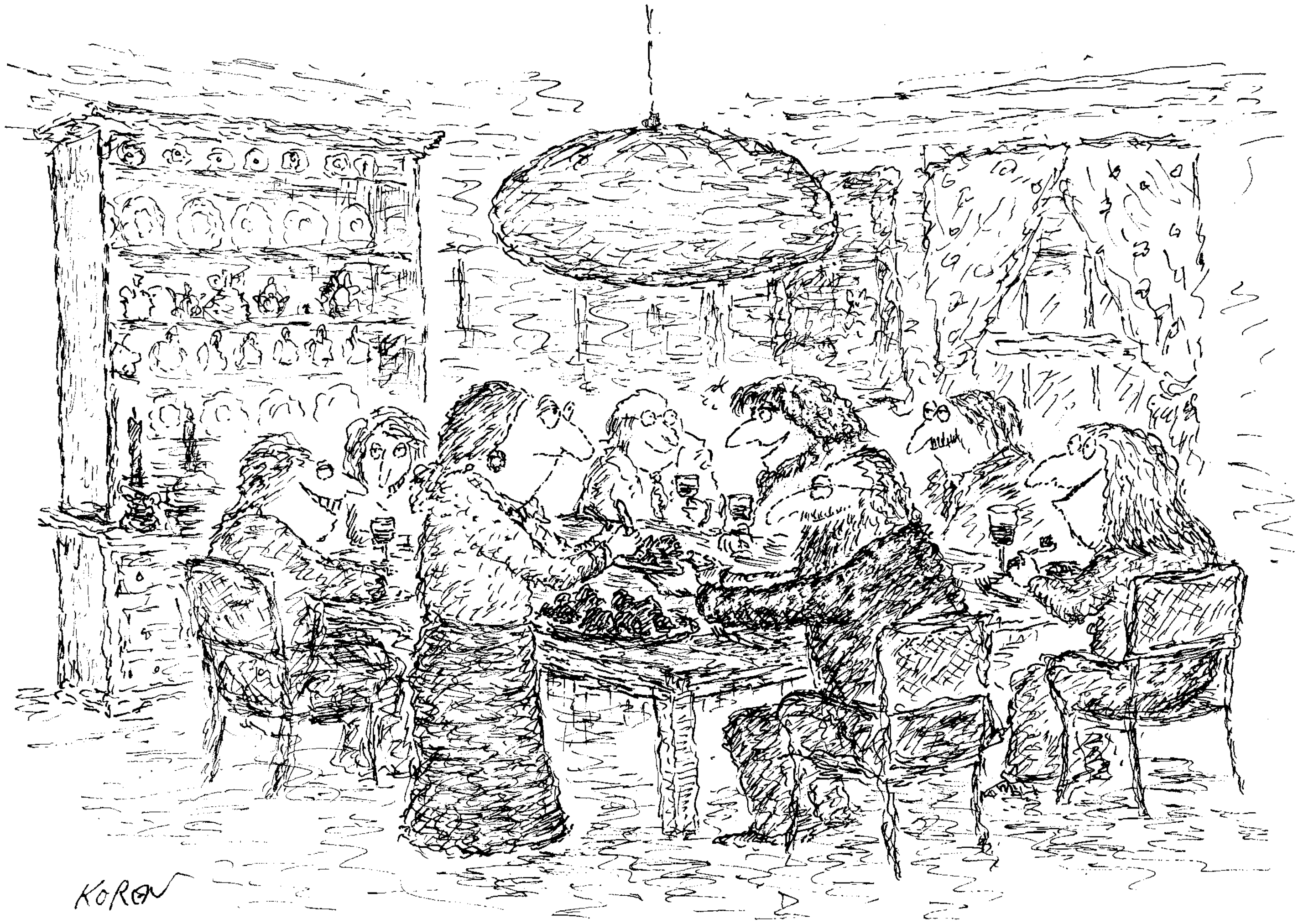
7 A.M., and the water temperature is forty-four, the air fifty-six, the sky blue and clear—an Indian-summer morning, August 18th. Pourchot, after breakfast, goes off to measure the largest of the spruce near the campsite. He finds a tree twenty-two inches in diameter, breast high. Most of the spruce in this country look like pipe cleaners. The better ones look like bottle washers. Tough they may be, but they are on the edge of their world, and their trunks can grow fifty years and be scarcely an inch through. Yet here is a stand of trees a foot thick. A specimen nearly two. Pourchot says he will write in his report that there is *one* tree of such girth. "Otherwise, the Forest Service might think there's timber here."

Two of our boats—the kayaks—are German. They can be taken apart and put back together. They were invented long ago by someone known as the Mad Tailor of Rosenheim. The Mad Tailor, at the turn of the century, was famous for his mountain-climbing knickers and loden capes. It was in 1907 that he went into naval architecture on a diminutive scale. Every major valley in Bavaria had a railroad running through it. The forests were laced with small white rivers. It was all but impossible to get boats to them, because boats were too bulky to accompany travellers on trains. Wouldn't it be *phantastisch*, thought the tailor, if a boat could fit into a handbag, if a suitcase could turn into a kayak? His name was Johann Klepper. He designed a collapsible kayak with a canvas skin and a frame of separable hardwood parts. In subsequent manufacture, the boat became an international success. Klepper might have stopped there. Not long after the First World War, he designed a larger version, its spray cover apertured with two holes. Where the original boat had been made for a single paddler, this one was intended for a team. We have with us a single and a double Klepper. The smaller one is prompt, responsive, feathery on the stream. The double one is somewhat less maneuverable than a three-ton log. Stell Newman, of the National Park Service, began calling it Snake Eyes, and everyone has picked up the name. Snake Eyes is our *bateau noir*, our Charonian ferry, our *Höllenfahrt*. Throughout the day, we heap opprobrium on Snake Eyes.



Pourchot and I have the double Klepper this morning. The ratio of expended energy to developed momentum is seventy-five to one. This is in part because the bottom of Snake Eyes at times intersects the bottom of the river, which is shallow at many of the riffles. The hull has become so abraded in places that it has developed leaks. The Grumman canoe is wider, longer, more heavily loaded. It carries at least half of all our gear. Nonetheless, it rides higher, draws less water, than Snake Eyes. Fortunately, the pools are extensive here in the lower river, and are generally a little deeper than a paddle will reach. Pockets are much deeper than that. Miles slide behind us. A salmon, sensing the inferiority of Snake Eyes, leaps into the air beside it, leaps again, leaps again, ten pounds of fish jumping five times high into the air—a bravado demonstration, a territorial declaration. This is, after all, the salmon's eponymous river. The jumper moves on, among its kind, ignoring the dying. These—their spawning done—idly, sleepily yield to the current, their gestures slow and quiet, a peaceful drifting away.

We have moved completely out of the hills now, and beyond the riverine fringes of spruce and cottonwood are boggy flatlands and thaw lakes. We see spruce that have been chewed by porcupines and cottonwood chewed by beavers. Moose tend to congregate down here on the tundra plain. In

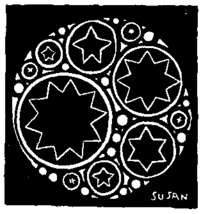


"You're right, Melissa, it does need salt. And also oregano, basil, thyme, and possibly a pinch of chervil."

• •

late fall, some of the caribou that migrate through the Salmon valley will stop here and make this their winter range. We see a pair of loons, and lesser Canada geese, and chick mergansers with their mother. Mink, marten, muskrat, otter—creatures that live here inhabit the North Woods across the world to Maine. We pass a small waterfall under a patterned bluff—folded striations of schist. In bends of the river now we come upon banks of flood-eroded soil—of mud. They imply an earth mantle of some depth going back who knows how far from the river. Brown and glistening, they are virtually identical with rural stream banks in the eastern half of the country, with the difference that the water flowing past these is clear. In the sixteenth century, the streams of eastern America ran clear (except in flood), but after people began taking the vegetation off the soil mantle and then leaving their fields fallow when crops were not there, rain carried the soil into the streams. The process continues, and when one looks at such streams today, in their seasonal varieties of chocolate, their distant past is—even to the imagination—completely lost. For this Alaskan river, on the other hand, the sixteenth century has not yet ended, nor the fifteenth, nor the fifth. The river flows, as it has since immemorial time, in balance with itself. The river and every rill that feeds it are in an unmodified natural state—opaque in flood, ordinarily clear, with levels that change within a closed cycle of the year and of the years. The river cycle is only one of many hundreds of cycles—biological, meteorological—that coincide and blend here in the absence of intruding artifice. Past to present, present reflecting past, the cycles compose this segment of the earth. It is not static, so it cannot be styled "pristine," except in the special sense that while human beings have hunted, fished, and gathered wild food in this valley in small groups for centuries, they have not yet begun to change it. Such a description will fit many rivers in Alaska. This one, though, with its considerable beauty and a geography that places it partly within and partly beyond the extreme reach of the boreal forest, has been thought of as sufficiently splendid to become a national wild river—to be set aside with its immediate environs as unalterable wild terrain. Kauffmann, Newman, Fedeler, and Pourchot are, in their various ways, studying that possibility. The wild-river proposal, which Congress is scheduled to act upon before the end of 1978, is something of a box within a box, for it is entirely incorporated within a proposed national monument that would include not only the entire Salmon River drainage but also a large segment of the valley of the Kobuk River, of which the Salmon is a tributary. (In the blue haze of Interior Department terminology, "national monument" often enough describes certain large bodies of preserved land that in all respects except name are national parks.) The Kobuk Valley National Monument proposal, which includes nearly two million acres, is, in area, relatively modest among ten other pieces of Alaska that are similarly projected for confirmation by Congress as new parks and monuments. In all, these lands constitute over thirty-two million acres, which is more than all the Yosemites, all the Yellowstones, all the Grand Canyons and Sequoias put together—a total that would more than double the present size of the National Park System. For cartographic perspective, thirty-two million acres slightly exceeds the area of the state of New York.

Impressive as that may seem, it is less than a tenth of Alaska, which consists of three hundred and seventy-five million acres. From the Alaska Purchase, in 1867, to the Alaska Statehood Act, of 1958, Alaskan land was almost wholly federal. It was open to homesteading and other forms of private acquisition, but—all communities included—less than half of one per cent actually passed to private hands. In the Statehood Act, the national government promised to transfer to state ownership a hundred and three million acres, or a little more than a quarter of Alaska. Such an area, size of California, was deemed sufficient for the needs of the population as it was then and as it might be throughout the guessable future. The generosity of this apportionment can be measured beside the fact that the 1958 population of Alaska—all natives included—was virtually the same as the population of Sacramento. Even now, after the influx of new people that followed statehood and has attended the building of the Trans-Alaska Pipeline and the supposed oil-based bonanza, there are fewer people in all Alaska than there are in San Jose. The central paradox of Alaska is that it is as small as it is large—an immense landscape with so few people in it that language is stretched to call it a frontier, let alone a state. There are four hundred thousand people in Alaska, roughly half of whom live in or around Anchorage. To the point of picayunity, the state's road system is limited. A sense of the contemporary appearance of Alaska virtually requires inspection, because the civilized imagination cannot cover such quantities of wild land. Imagine, anyway, going from New York to Chicago—or, more accurately, from the one position to the other—in the year 1500. Such journeys, no less wild, are possible, and then some, over mountains, through forests, down the streams of Alaska. Alaska is a fifth as large as the contiguous forty-eight states. The question now is, what is to be the fate of all this land? It is anything but a "frozen waste," being green nearly half the year. As never before, it has caught the attention of conflicting interests (developers, preservers, others), and events of the nineteen-seventies are accelerating the arrival of the answer to that question.



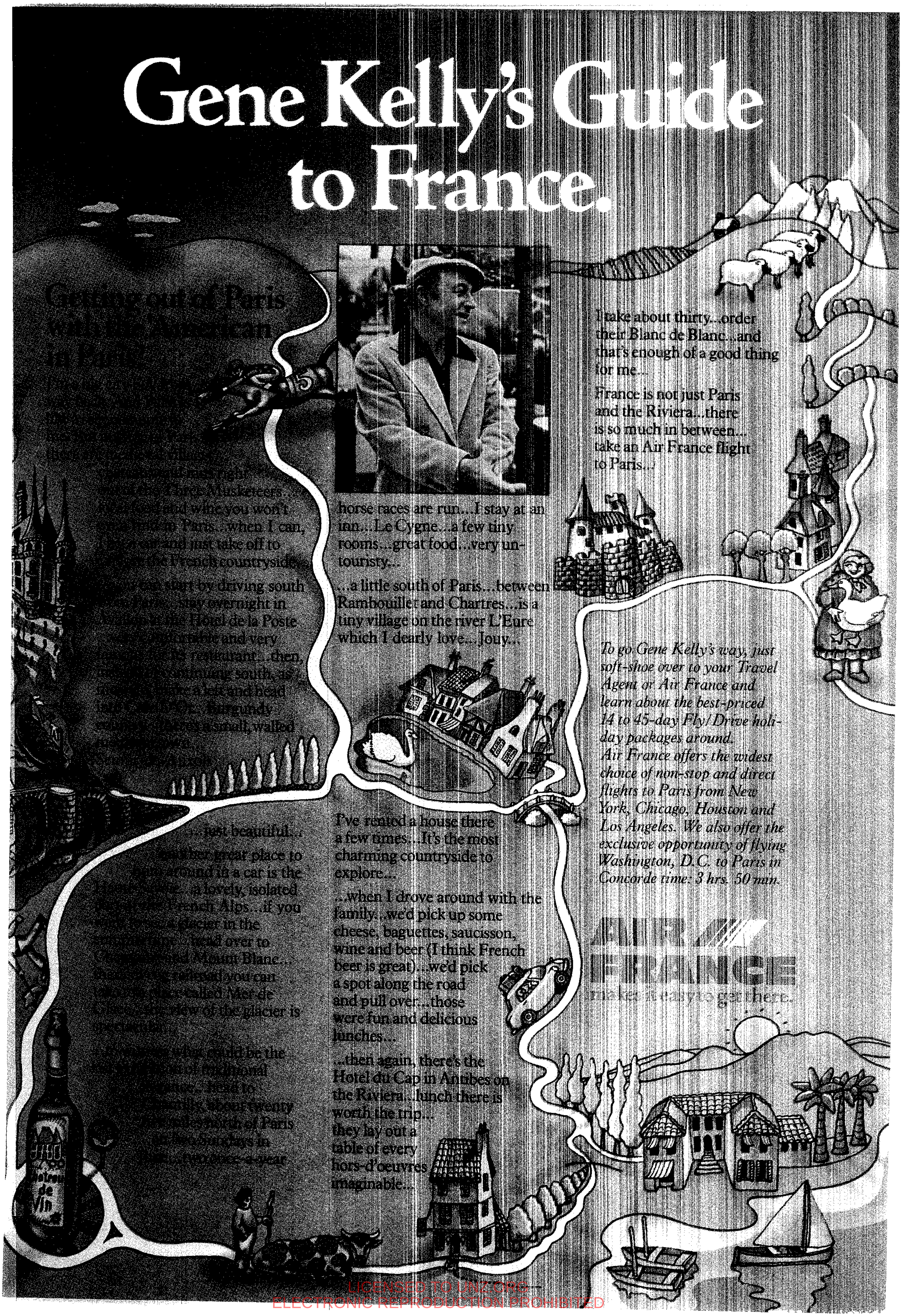
For a time, in the nineteen-sixties, the natives of Alaska succeeded in paralyzing the matter altogether. Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts, in coordination, pressed a claim that had been largely ignored when the Statehood Act was passed. Observing while a hundred and three million acres were legislatively prepared for a change of ownership, watching as exploration geologists came in and found the treasure of Arabia under the Arctic tundra, the natives proffered the point that their immemorial occupancy gave them special claim to Alaskan land. They engaged attorneys. They found sympathy in the federal courts and at the highest levels of the Department of the Interior. The result was that the construction of the pipeline, the state's selection of land, the sale of oil leases, and any number of other events in the progress of Alaska were relegated to a condition of total suspension pending resolution of the native petition. In the moral history of the United States, it was a few years too late to kill off the natives. Or, for that matter, to cheat them. So the government paid them. They were fortunate to be the last wild natives. The government paid them handsomely enough to suggest not only principal but interest as well on twenty decades of national guilt. Alaska has only about sixty thousand natives. They settled for a billion dollars and forty million acres of land. Their claims were thus extinguished.

The legislation that accomplished this (and a great deal more) was the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, of 1971. Among events of significance in the history of Alaska, this one probably stands even higher than the Statehood Act and the treaty of purchase, for it not only changed forever the status and much of the structure of native societies; it opened the way to the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, which is only the first of many big-scale projects envisioned by development-minded Alaskans, and, like a jewel cutter's chisel cleaving a rough diamond, it effected the wholesale division, subdivision, patenting, parcelling, and deeding out of physiographic Alaska.

Because conservationists were outraged by the prospective pipeline, Congress attempted to restore a balance by including in the Native Claims Settlement Act extensive conservation provisions. The most notable of these was a paragraph that instructed the Secretary of the Interior to choose land of sufficient interest to its national owners, the people of the United States, to be worthy of preservation not only as national parks and national wild rivers but also as national wildlife refuges and national forests—some eighty million acres in all. Choices would be difficult, since a high proportion of Alaska could answer the purpose. In the Department of the Interior, an Alaska Planning Group was formed, and various agencies began proposing the lands, lakes, and rivers they would like to have, everywhere—from the Malaspina Glacier to Cape Krusenstern, from the Porcupine drainage to the Aniakchak Caldera.

Congress gave the agencies—gave the Secretary of the Interior—up to seven years to study and to present the case for each selection among these national-interest lands. Personnel began moving north. Pat Pourchot, for example, just out of college, had taken the Civil Service examination and then had wandered around the Denver Federal Center looking for work. He had nothing much in mind and was ready for almost any kind of job that might be offered. He happened into the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. Before long, he was descending Alaskan rivers. He had almost no experience with canoes or kayaks or with backpacking or camping, but he learned swiftly. John Kauffmann (a friend of mine of many years) had been planning new Park System components, such as the C.&O. Canal National Historical Park and the Cape Cod National Seashore. Transferring to Alaska, he built a house in Anchorage, and soon cornered as his special province eight and a third million acres of the central Brooks Range. When confirmed by Congress, the area will become Gates of the Arctic National Park. It is a couple of hundred miles wide, and is east of the Salmon River. For five years, he has walked it, flown it, canoed its rivers—camped in many weathers below its adze-like rising peaks. Before he came up here, he was much in the wild (he has been a ranger in various places and is the author of a book on eastern American rivers), but nonetheless he was a blue-blazer sort of man, who could blend into the tussocks at the Metropolitan Club. Unimaginable, looking at him now. If he were to take off his shirt and shake it, the dismembered corpses of vintage mosquitoes would fall to the ground. Tall and slim in the first place, he is now spare. After staring so long at the sharp, flinty peaks of the central Brooks Range, he has come to look much like

Gene Kelly's Guide to France.



Getting out of Paris with the American in Paris...

[illegible] the [illegible] Paris [illegible] their [illegible] village [illegible] right [illegible] Three Musketeers... food and wine you won't find in Paris...when I can, I [illegible] and just take off to [illegible] the French countryside...

[illegible] can start by driving south [illegible] Paris...stay overnight in [illegible] at the Hotel de la Poste [illegible] comfortable and very [illegible] for its restaurant...then [illegible] continuing south, as [illegible] make a left and head into [illegible] Burgundy [illegible] is a small, walled [illegible] town [illegible] Auxois [illegible]

[illegible] just beautiful...

Another great place to [illegible] around in a car is the Haute-Savoie...a lovely, isolated [illegible] the French Alps...if you [illegible] a glacier in the summertime...head over to Chamonix and Mount Blanc... [illegible] refreshed you can [illegible] place called Mer de Glace...the view of the glacier is spectacular...

[illegible] what could be the [illegible] of traditional [illegible] France...head to [illegible] Chantilly, about twenty [illegible] miles north of Paris [illegible] two Sundays in [illegible] June...two races-a-year horse races are run...I stay at an inn...Le Cygne...a few tiny rooms...great food...very untouristy...

...a little south of Paris...between Rambouillet and Chartres...is a tiny village on the river L'Eure which I dearly love...Jouy...

I've rented a house there a few times...It's the most charming countryside to explore...

...when I drove around with the family...we'd pick up some cheese, baguettes, saucisson, wine and beer (I think French beer is great)...we'd pick a spot along the road and pull over...those were fun and delicious lunches...

...then again, there's the Hotel du Cap in Antibes on the Riviera...lunch there is worth the trip...they lay out a table of every hors-d'oeuvres imaginable...

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them. His physiognomy, in sun and wind, has become, more or less, grizzly. Any bear that took a bite of John Kauffmann would be most unlikely to complete the meal.

Now, resting on a gravel island not far from the confluence of the Salmon and the Kobuk, he says he surely hopes Congress will not forget its promises about the national-interest lands. Some conservationists, remaining bitter about the pipeline, tend to see the park and refuge proposals as a sop written into the Native Claims Settlement Act to hush the noisome ecomorphs. Those who would develop the state for its economic worth got something they much wanted with their eight hundred miles of pipe. In return, the environmentalists were given a hundred and thirty words on paper. All the paragraph provided, however, was that eighty million acres could be temporarily set aside and studied. There was no guarantee of preservation to follow. The Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club, the National Audubon Society, and other conservation organizations have formed the Alaska Coalition to remind Congress of its promise, of its moral obligation, lest the proposed park and refuge boundaries slowly fade from the map.

The temperature is in the low seventies. Lunch is spread out on the ground. We have our usual Sailor Boy Pilot Bread (heavy biscuits, baked in Tacoma), peanut butter, jam, and a processed cheese that comes out of a tube—artifacts of the greater society, trekked above the Arctic Circle. Other, larger artifacts may be coming soon. The road that has been cut beside the Trans-Alaska Pipeline will eventually be opened to the public. Then, for the first time in human history, it will be possible to drive a Winnebago—or, for that matter, a Fleetwood Cadillac—from Miami Beach to the Arctic Ocean. Inevitably, the new north road will develop branches. One projected branch will run westward from the pipeline to Kotzebue and Kivalina, on the Chukchi Sea. The road alignment, which Congress could deflect in the name of the national-interest lands, happens to cross the Salmon River right here, where we are having lunch. We are two hundred and fifty miles from the pipeline. We are three hundred and fifty miles from the nearest highway. Yet here in the tundra plain, and embedded in this transparent river, will stand perhaps, before long, the piers of a considerable bridge. I squeeze out the last of the cheese. It emerges from the tube like fluted icing.

There is little left of the river, and

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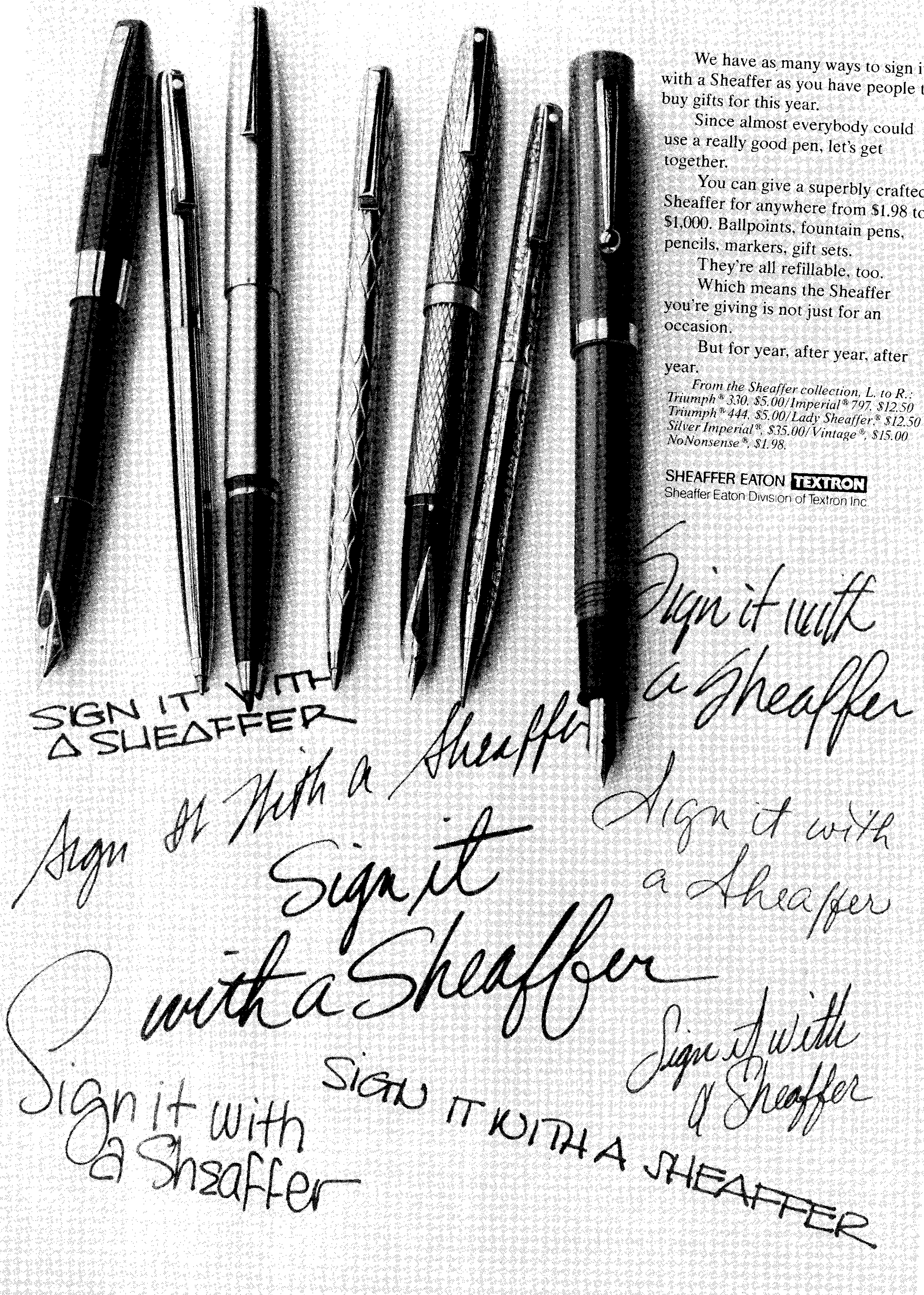
we cover it quickly—the canoe and the single kayak bobbing lightly, Snake Eyes riding low, its deck almost at water level. The meanders expand and the country begins to open. At the wide mouth of the Salmon, the gravel bottom is so shallow that we get out and drag Snake Eyes. We have come down through mountains, and we have more recently been immured between incised stream banks in the lower plain, and now we walk out onto a wide pebble beach on the edge of a tremendous river. Gulfs of space reach to horizon mountains. We can now see, far to the northeast, the higher, more central Brooks Range, blurred and blue and soft brown under white compiled flat-bottomed clouds. There are mountains south of us, mountains, of course, behind us. The river, running two full miles to the nearest upstream bend, appears to be a lake. Mergansers are cruising it. The Kobuk is, in places, wide, like the Yukon, but its current is slower and has nothing of the Yukon's impelling, sucking rush. The Yukon, like any number of Alaskan rivers, is opaque with pulverized rock, glacial powder. In a canoe in such a river, you can hear the grains of mountains like sandpaper on the hull. Glaciers are where the precipitation is sufficient to feed them. Two hundred inches will fall in parts of southern Alaska, and that is where the big Alaskan glaciers are. Up here, annual precipitation can be as low as fifteen inches. Many deserts get more water from the sky. The Arctic ground conserves its precipitation, however—holds it frozen half the year. So this is not a desert. Bob Fedeler, whose work with Alaska Fish and Game has taken him to rivers in much of the state, is surprised by the appearance of the Kobuk. "It is amazing to see so much clear water," he says. "In a system as vast as this one, there is usually a glacial tributary or two, and that mucks up the river."

Standing on the shore, Fedeler snaps his wrist and sends a big enamelled spoon lure, striped like a barber pole, flying over the water. Not long after it splashes, he becomes involved in a struggle with something more than a grayling. The fish sulks a little. For the most part, though, it moves. It makes runs upriver, downriver. It dashes suddenly in the direction of the tension on the line. His arms now oscillating, now steady, Fedeler keeps the line taut, keeps an equilibrium between himself and the fish, until eventually it flops on the dry gravel at his feet. It is a nine-pound salmon, the beginnings of dinner. Stell Newman catches another salmon, of about the same size. I catch one, a seven-pound adolescent, and let it go. Pat Pourchot, whose philosophical abstinence from fishing has until now been consistent, is suddenly aflush with temptation. Something like a hundred thousand salmon will come up the Kobuk in a summer. (They are counted by techniques of aerial survey.) The Kobuk is three hundred miles long and has at least fifty considerable tributaries—fifty branching streams to which salmon could be returning to spawn—and yet when they have come up the Kobuk to this point, to the mouth of the Salmon River, thirty thousand salmon turn left. As school after school arrives here, they pause, hover, reconnoitre—prepare for the run in the home stream. The riffles we see offshore are not rapids but salmon. Pourchot can stand it no longer. He may have phased himself out of fishing, but he is about to phase himself back in. Atavistic instincts take him over. His noble resolve collapses in the presence of this surge of fish.

He borrows Fedeler's rod and sends the lure on its way. He reels. Nothing. He casts again. He reels. Nothing. Out in the river, there may be less water than salmon, but that is no guarantee that one will strike. Salmon do not feed on the spawning run. They apparently bite only by instinctive reflex if something flashes close before them. Pourchot casts again. Nothing. He casts again. The lure this time stops in the river as if it were encased in cement. Could be a boulder. Could be a submerged log. The lure seems irretrievably snagged—until the river erupts. Pourchot is a big man with a flowing red beard. He is well over six feet. Blond hair tumbles across his shoulders. The muscles in his arms are strong from many hundreds of miles of paddling. This salmon, nonetheless, is dragging him up the beach. The fish leaps into the air, thrashes at the river surface, and makes charging runs of such thrust that Pourchot has no choice but to follow or break the line. He follows—fifty, seventy-five yards down the river with the salmon. The fish now changes plan and goes upstream. Pourchot follows. The struggle lasts thirty minutes, and the energy drawn away is almost half Pourchot's. He wins, though, because he is bigger. The fish is scarcely larger than his leg. When, finally, it moves out of the water and onto the gravel, it has no hook in its mouth. It has been snagged, inadvertently, in the dorsal fin. Alaska law forbids keeping any sport fish caught in that way. The salmon must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take the lure in its mouth. Pourchot extracts the hook, gently lifts the big fish in his arms, and walks into the river. He will hold the salmon right side up in the water until he is certain that its shock has passed and that it has regained its faculties. Otherwise, it might turn bottom up and drown.

If that were my fish, I would be inclined to keep it, but such a thought would never cross Pourchot's mind. Moreover, one can hardly borrow the rod of a representative of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, snag a salmon while he watches, and stuff it in a bag. Fedeler, for his part, says he guesses that ninety-five per cent of salmon caught that way are kept. Pourchot removes his hands. The salmon swims away.

Forest Eskimos, who live in five small villages on the Kobuk, do not tend to think in landscape terms that are large. They see a river not as an entity but as a pageant of parts, and every bend and eddy has a name. This place, for example—this junction of rivers—is Qalugruich paanga, which, tightly translated, means "salmon mouth." For thousands of years, to extents that have varied with cycles of plenty, the woodland Eskimos have fished here. The wall tent of an Eskimo fish camp—apparently, for the time being, empty—stands a mile or so downstream. We find .30-'06 cartridge cases sprinkled all over the beach, and a G.I. can opener of the type that comes with C rations. With the exception of some old stumps—of trees that were felled, we imagined, by a hunting party cutting firewood—we saw along the Salmon River no evidence whatever of the existence of the human race. Now we have crossed into the outermost band of civilization—suggested by a tent, by some cartridge cases, by a can opener. In the five Kobuk River villages—Noorvik, Kiana, Ambler, Shungnak, and Kobuk—live an aggregate of scarcely a thousand people. Kiana, the nearest village to us, is forty miles downstream. In recent years, caribou and salmon have been plentiful nearer home, and the people of Kiana have not needed to come this far to fish, else we might have found the broad gravel beach here covered with drying racks—salmon, split and splayed, hanging from the drying racks—and people seining for the fish going by.

We get back into the boats, shove off, and begin the run down the Kobuk. Paddling on a big lake is much the same. You fix your eye on a point two miles away and watch it until it puts you to sleep. The river bottom, nearly as distinct as the Salmon's, is no less absorbing. It is gravelled, and lightly covered with silt. In shallow places, salmon leave trails in the silt, like lines made by fingers in dust. Eskimos know that one school of salmon will follow the trails of another. In shallow bends of the river, fishing camps are set up beside the trails. "We must have fish to live," the people say; and they use every part of the salmon. They eat the eggs with bearberries. They roast, smoke, fry, boil, or dry the flesh. They bury the heads in leaf-lined pits and leave them for weeks. The result is a delicacy reminiscent of cheese. Fevers and colds are sometimes treated by placing fermented salmon on the skin of the neck and nose. A family might use as many as a thousand salmon a year. To feed dogs, many salmon are needed. Dogs eat whole fish, and they clean up the fins, intestines, and bones of the fish eaten by people. Dog teams have largely been replaced by snowmobiles (or snow machines, as they are almost universally called in Alaska), and, as a result, the salmon harvest at first declined. Snow machines, however—for all their breathtaking ability to go as fast as fifty miles an hour over roadless terrain—break down now and again, and are thus perilous. A stranded traveller cannot eat a snow machine. Dog teams in the region are increasing in number, and the take of salmon is growing as well.

Now, for the first time in days of river travel, we hear the sound of an engine. A boat rounds a bend from the west and comes into view—a plywood skiff, two women and a man, no doubt on their way from Kiana to Ambler. A thirty-five-horsepower Evinrude shoves them upcurrent. They wave and go by. There are a few kayaks in the villages, small ones for use in stream and lake hunting, but the only kayaks we are at all likely to see are the one-man Klepper and Snake Eyes.

Four miles from Qalugruich paanga, it is five in the day and time to quit. We are, after all, officially an extension of bureaucracy. Walking far back from the water, Kauffmann picks tent sites on beds of sedge. A big cottonwood log, half buried in sand, will be a bench by the fire. Mosquitoes swarm. They are not particularly bad. In this part of Alaska, nearer the coast, they sometimes fly in dense, whirling vertical columns, dark as the trunks of trees. But we have not seen such concentrations. Kauffmann talks of killing forty at a slap in the Gates of the Arctic, but the season is late now and their numbers are low. I slap my arm and kill seven.

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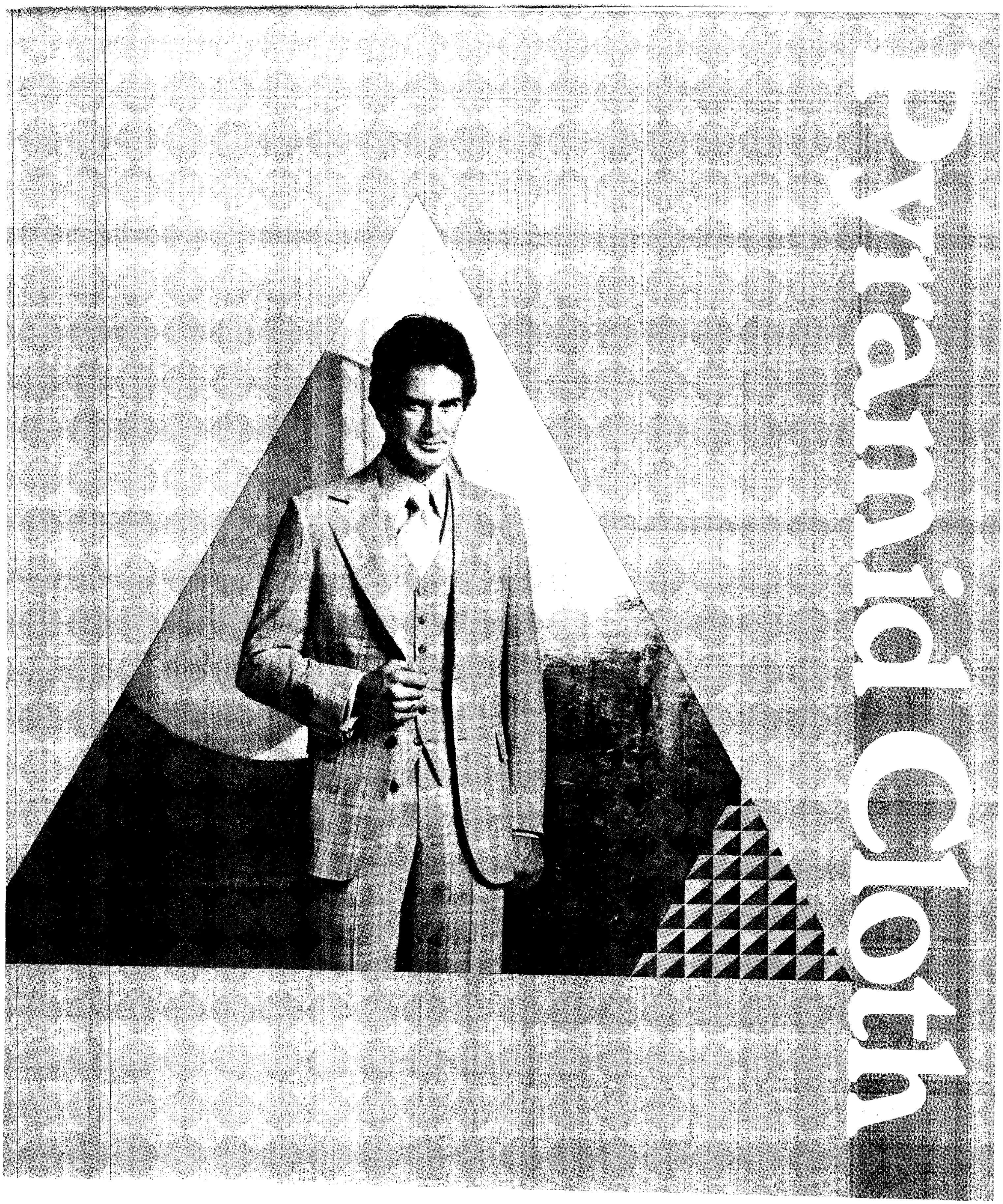

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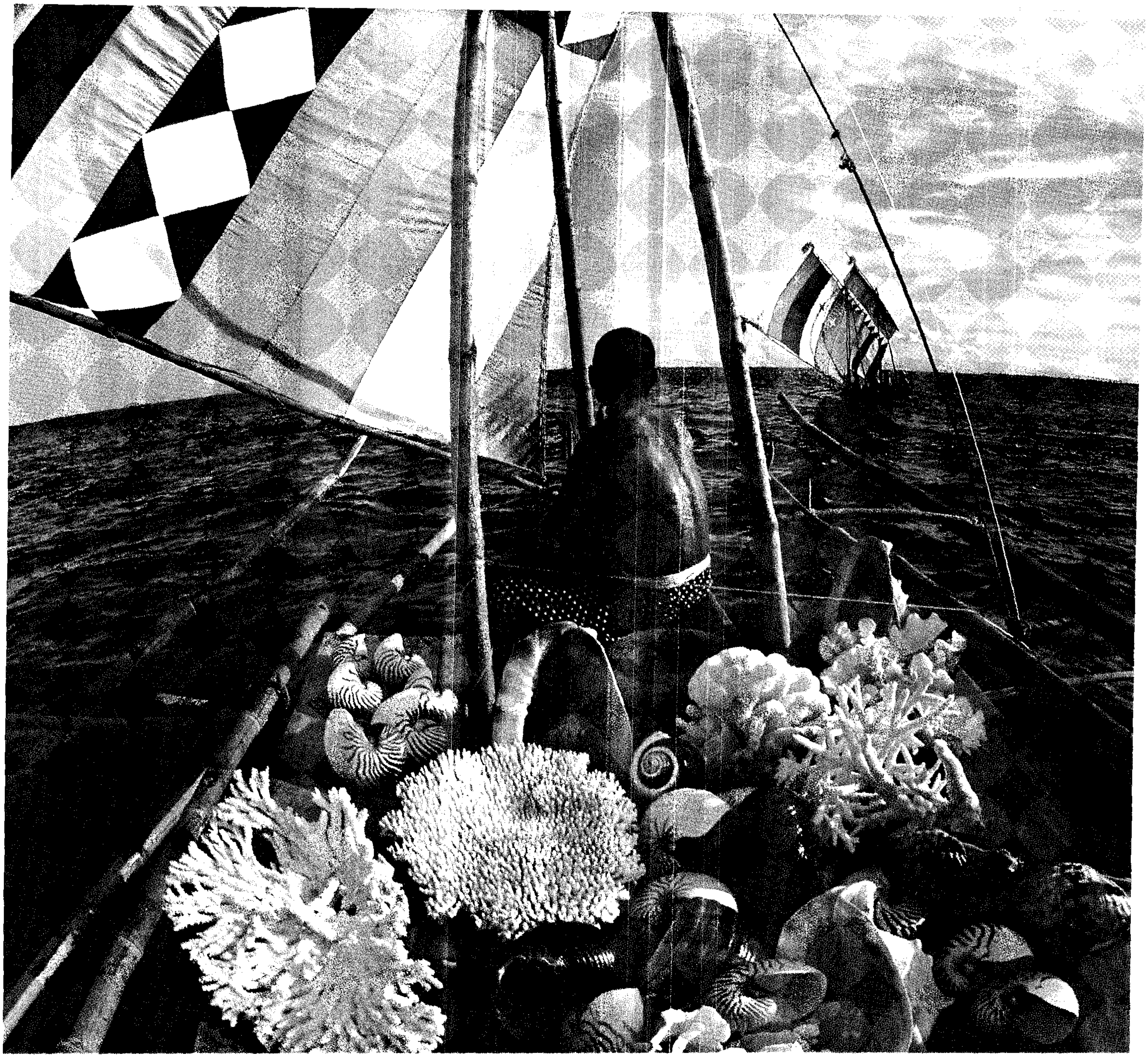

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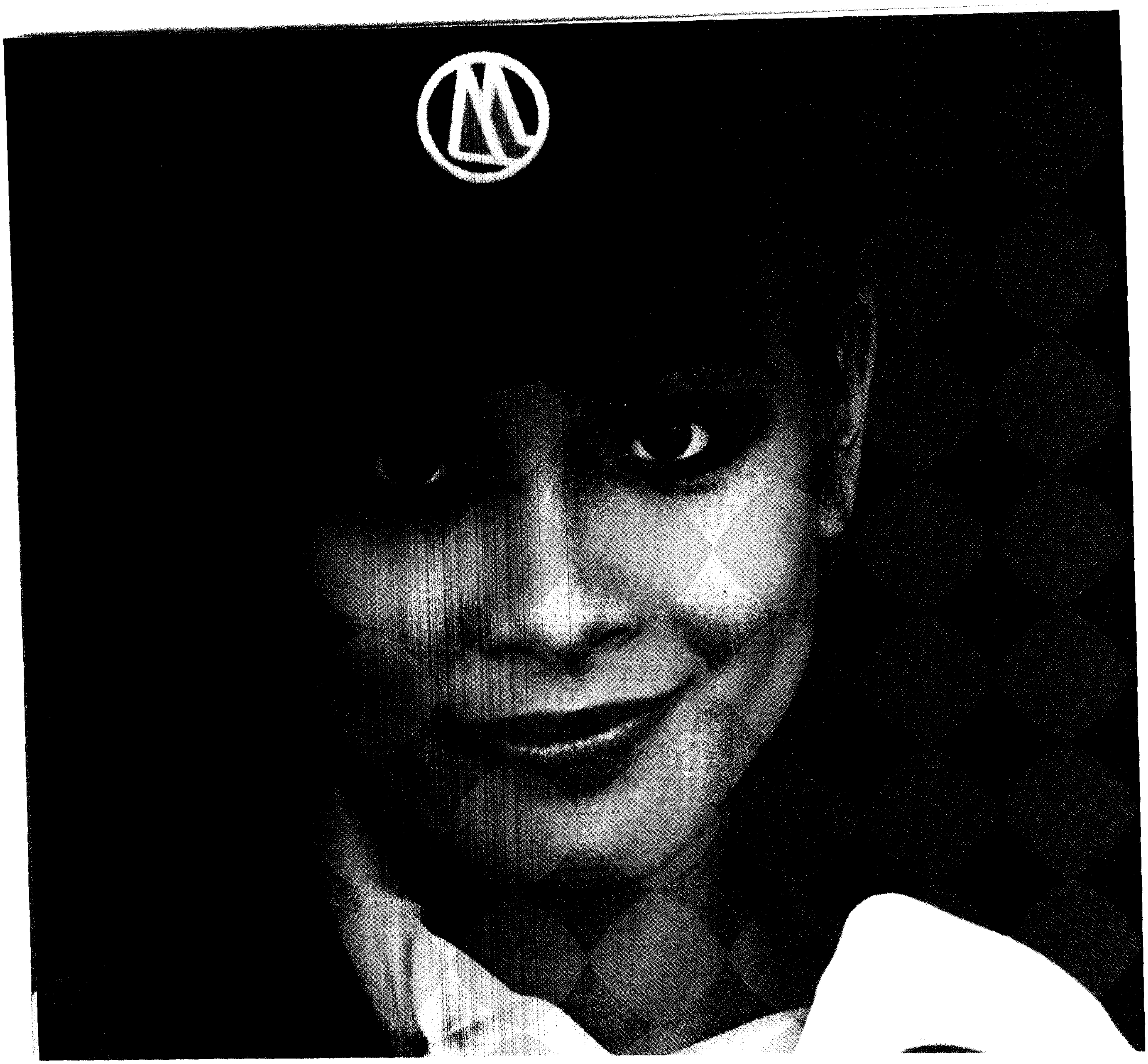

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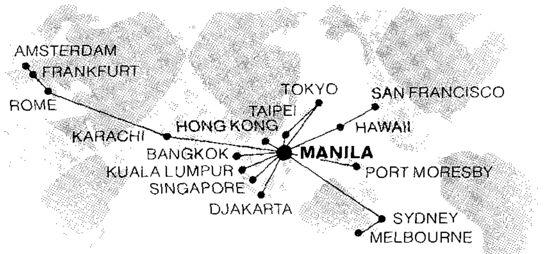
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warm after the river in the mountains that we peel off our clothes and run into the water with soap. However, by no possible illusion is this the Limpopo, and we shout and yell at the cold water, take short, thrashing swims, and shiver in the bright evening sun. The Kobuk, after all, has about the same temperature—at this time of year—as the coastal waters of Maine, for which the term most often heard is "freezing." Wool feels good after the river; and the fire, high with driftwood, even better; and a dose of Arctic snakebite medicine even better than that. In a memo to all of us written many weeks ago, Pourchot listed, under "optional personal equipment," "Arctic snakebite medicine." There are no snakes in Alaska. But what if a snake should unexpectedly appear? The serum in my pack is from Lynchburg, Tennessee.

The salmon—filleted, rolled in flour, and sautéed on our pancake grill—is superb among fishes and fair among salmon. With few exceptions, the Pacific salmon that run in these Arctic rivers are of the variety known as chum. Their flesh lacks the high pink color of the silver, the sockeye, the king salmon. Given a choice among those, a person with a lure would not go for chum, and they are rarely fished for sport. After sockeyes and humpbacks, though, they are third in the commercial salmon fishery. Many millions of dollars' worth are packed each year. Athapaskan Indians, harvesting from the Yukon, put king salmon on their own tables and feed chum salmon to their dogs. Hence, they call chum "dog salmon." Eskimos up here in the Arctic Northwest, who rarely see another kind, are piqued when they hear this Indian term.

We look two hundred yards across the Kobuk to spruce that are reflected in the quiet surface. The expanded dimensions of our surroundings are still novel. Last night, in forest, we were close by the sound of rushing water. Sound now has become inverse to the space around us, for we sit in the middle of an immense and almost perfect stillness. We hear the fire and, from time to time, insects, birds. The sound of an airplane crosses the edge of hearing and goes out again. It is the first aircraft we have heard.

Kauffmann says he is worried, from the point of view of park planning, about the aircraft access that would probably be developed for the Salmon River. "It's not a big world up there. I'm not sure how much use it could take."

This reminds Fedeler of the cost of travel to wilderness, and makes him contemplate again who can pay to get there. "The Salmon is a nice enough river," he says. "But it is unavailable to ninety-nine point nine per cent of the people. I wouldn't go back to Fairbanks and tell everybody that they absolutely *have* to go and see the Salmon River."

"It's a fine experience."

"If you happen to have an extra six hundred bucks. Is the Park Service going to provide helicopter access or Super Cub access to some gravel bar near the headwaters?"

"Why does there have to be access?" Pourchot puts in.

"Why do there have to be wild and scenic rivers?" Fedeler wants to know. "And why this one—so far up here? Because of the cost of getting to it, the Salmon Wild River for most people would be just a thing on a map—an occasional trip for people from the Park Service, the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, and the Alaska Department of Fish and Game. Meanwhile, with pressures what they are farther south, the sportsman in Alaska is in for some tough times."

"His numbers are increasing."

"And his opportunities are decreasing, while these federal proposals would set aside lands and rivers that only the rich can afford."

"The proposals, up here, are for the future," Kauffmann says, and he adds, after a moment, "As Yellowstone was. Throughout the history of this country, it's been possible to go to a place where no one has camped before, and now that kind of opportunity is running out. We must protect it, even if artificially. The day will come when people will want to visit such a wilderness—saving everything they have in order to see it, at whatever cost. We're talking fifty and more years hence, when there may be nowhere else to go to a place that is wild and unexplored."

I have a net over my head and cannot concentrate on this discussion, because something worse, and smaller, than mosquitoes—clouds of little flying prickers that cut you up—are in the air around us now and are coming through the mesh of the head net. They follow us into the tents, ignoring the netting there. They cut rashes in our faces all through the night.

FOR two days, we stare at the hypnotizing vistas of the Kobuk, while its spacious novelty wears off. Uncannily, the river comes in almost precise two-mile segments, bend to bend. We move downstream a little more than

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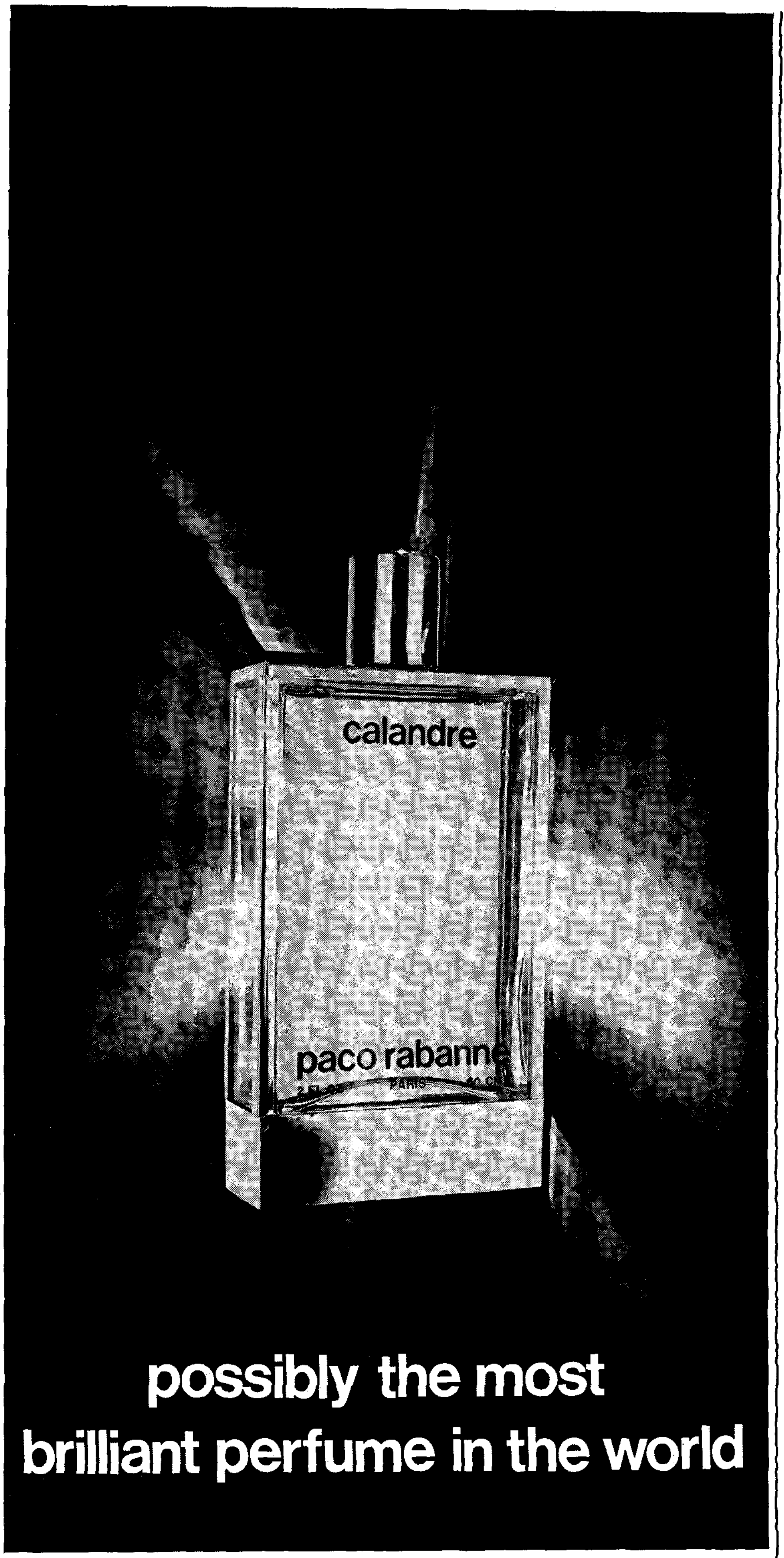
twenty miles one day, only sixteen the next, in part because of stiff western headwinds. Having had one bad night with insects, we next choose to pitch our tents far out on a gravel point, on a dry part of the riverbed, two hundred yards from the nearest blade of vegetation, confident that the water will not rise, and preferring anyway to be drowned outright than consumed piecemeal. The instant the bows touch shore, mosquitoes in grosses try to settle upon us. As we finish putting up the tents, a light rain begins to spit. The sky is slate gray in the east. We are camped on an island, and we fish the slough that goes behind it. Nothing there but six-inch grayling. Kauffmann and I try to walk around the island, but it is bigger than we imagined. Moreover, the beach runs out some distance down the slough. Plowing on through dense willow and alder, soaking wet, we give up the circumambulation and traverse the island to return to camp. We see wolf tracks seven inches long—amazing size, but there is a tape measure in my pocket and that is what it says. Less than a yard separates one set of prints from another—the tracks of a slow loper. Earlier in the day, fishing by the mouth of the Kallarichuk tributary, we saw wolf tracks intricately intertwined with the tracks of a running moose. There were changes of direction, overlapping circles. No other sign. The calligraphy seemed to report some unresolved encounter—unless two extremely odd animals had been through there at different times. Now, after dinner, in light rain, we look upriver and see a cow moose walk out of willows. She drinks from the river. She stands, for a while, immobile, and stares across the water. Slowly, she retreats into the thicket. Moose are so numerous now in this part of northwest Alaska that it is difficult to imagine them absent, but they have been here scarcely fifty years. The patterns of other creatures—the bear, the fish, the caribou—run in long cycles over time, cycles of waxing, cycles of waning; but they have been in the region for ten thousand years, and when they have locally been gone for a time they have always returned. In the case of the moose, though, there is no evidence that they were ever here before the early part of this century, and now they are established in the milieu and in the native economy.

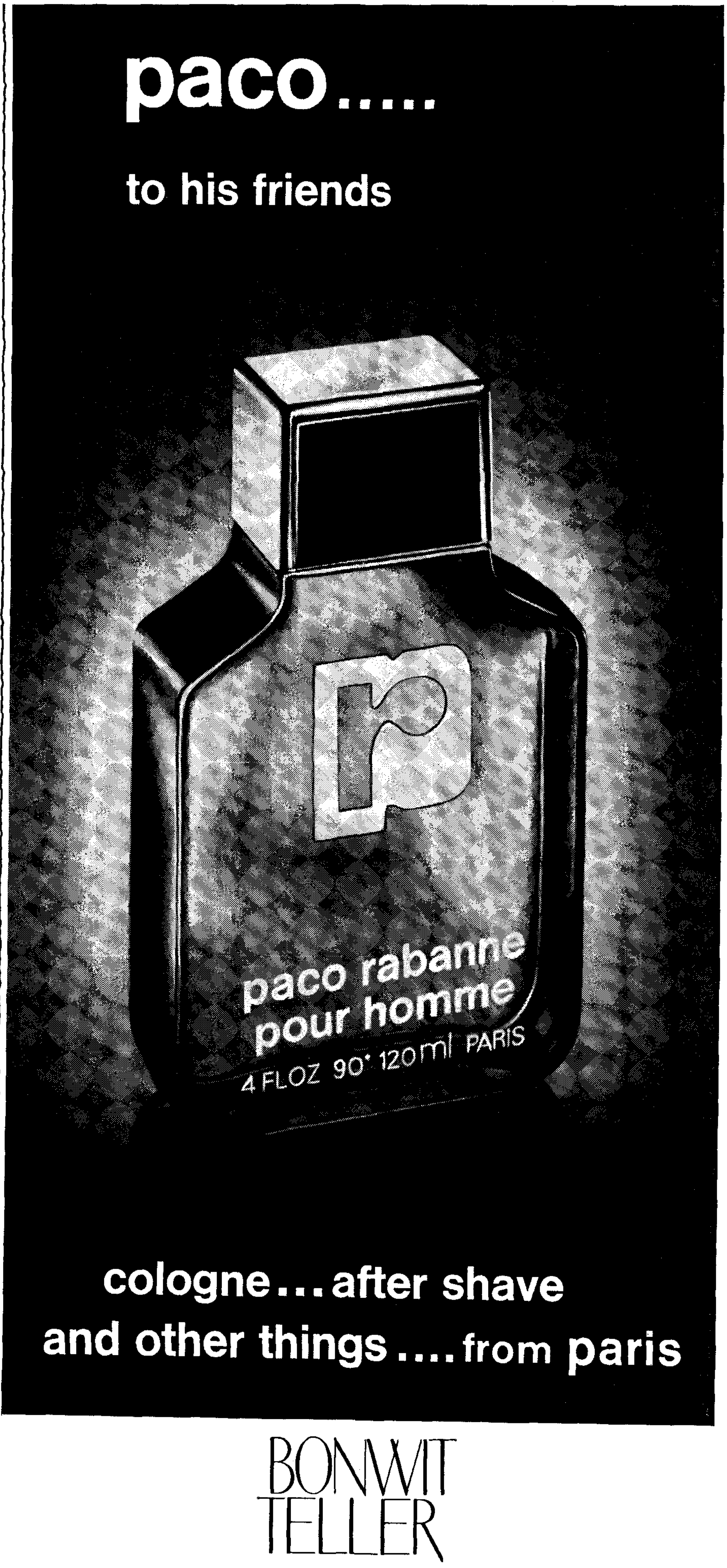
Eight boats, outboard-powered, going upriver, passed us in the course of the day—all with at least three people in them, some with children. Four have come back, and passed us again, during

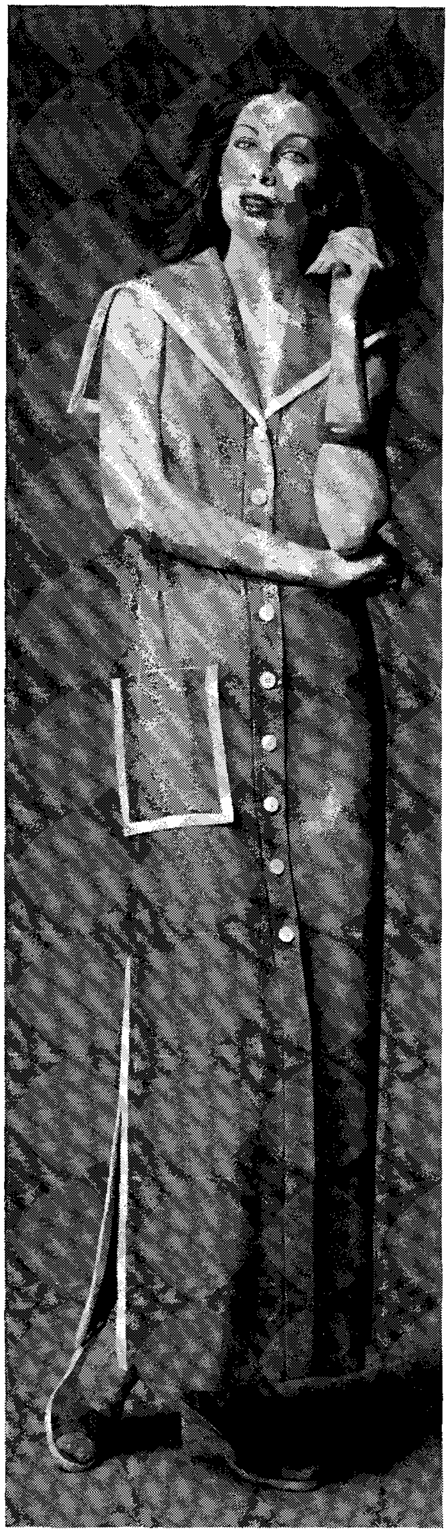


BONWIT TELLER

the evening. It seems to be the rhythm of the Kobuk that Eskimos go by about once an hour—at least on this part of the river, many miles from the nearest village. I remember Bob Waldrop saying how he counts on random Eskimos to pick him up near the finish of certain trips he makes. Waldrop is a Brooks Range guide, who leads long journeys, mainly on foot, on both sides of the Arctic Divide. Much of the time, he does not know exactly where he is. Maps lack detail, he explains; many mountains are unnamed. He generally has a fair idea of his position, within eight miles or so, but he finds it impossible to plan things more precisely than that, and people who expect to know just where they are and to follow an exact schedule, who are (in his words) "set in their ways," are likely to be unhappy on such trips, and unenjoyable company. Waldrop, like Kauffmann, does not want his Brooks Range any other way. He wants it imprecise. He wants to preserve its surprises. When he goes up nameless mountains and finds on their summits containers identifying someone or other as the first visiting conqueror, he puts the containers in his pack and hauls them out. If you say to him, "You're altering history," Waldrop says, "The people were altering history who put the registers there." When Waldrop comes out of, say, the Sadlerochit Mountains, and makes his way across the wet tundra toward the Arctic Ocean, he has no idea when or where he will come to the water; nevertheless, he relies on "flagging the nearest Eskimo" for a ride to Barter Island, where mail planes land. An hour here, a day there, he waits with patience until one comes along.

The Eskimos on the Kobuk never seem surprised when they come upon us, as if nothing could be less extraordinary than the Grumman canoe, the small blue single kayak, and Snake Eyes—all afloat under five white faces. And now, as we watch from our campsite, another skiff approaches, coming downriver. It passes the sandspit where the moose was standing. A couple of hundred yards from us, a heavyset man in the stern cuts the motor. There are three people—two men and a woman. They drift and observe us. The woman is wearing a long calico dress, fringed at the bottom, rubber boots. The men are wearing short parkas with fur ruffs. There is an exchange of waves. At length, the man in the stern picks up an oar and sculls the boat toward the edge of the river. The boat is plywood, about eighteen feet long, apparently home-





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made, with a flat bottom, a square stern, and a thirty-five-horse Evinrude. The woman jumps out, into a couple of feet of water, where she firms the skiff against the current. She acts as an anchor while the heavyset man—her husband—talks with us. His name is Clarence Jackson, and he is from Noorvik. The other man is his uncle. In the boat is a full cartridge belt and a .45-calibre pistol. This is their annual trip upriver, he says, to visit his great-grandmother's grave. We ask about fish, and he says the runs have been mediocre this season. He says the caribou were plentiful near Kiana. He smiles amiably, somewhat diffidently, as he speaks. He wonders if we happen to know anything about a party of white people, far down the Kobuk, who had no boats, and who summoned a young Eskimo to shore and when he got out of his boat were extremely rough with him. We are surprised, and as dismayed as Clarence Jackson. He says, grinning, that if he had not seen our boats he would not have come so close. Up in the country where we have been no one much goes in summer, but Kobuk people sometimes hunt there in winter, he says, his friendly tone unaltered. His wife gets back into the boat. With toothy smiles, they say goodbye and move on down the river.

The people of the Kobuk are among the few Eskimos in Alaska whose villages are well within the tree line. They have a culture that reflects their cousinship to Eskimos of the coast and that borrows also from the Indians of the Alaskan interior. The combination is unique. At first glance—plywood boats, Evinrudes—they may seem to be even more a part of the world at large than they are of this Arctic valley. Much of their clothing is manufactured. They use rifles. They ride on snow machines. They seine whitefish and salmon with nylon nets that cost upward of four hundred dollars. Now and again, they leave the valley in search of jobs. They work on the pipeline. Without the river and the riverine land, though, they would be bereft of most of what sustains them. Their mail-order likeness to the rest of us does not go very deep. They may use Eagle Claw fishhooks from Wright & McGill, in Denver, but they still know how to make them from the teeth of wolves. They may give their children windup toys, but they also make little blowguns for them from the hollow leg bones of the sandhill crane. To snare ptarmigan, they no longer use spruce roots—they use picture wire—but they still snare ptarmigan. They eat what they call "white-man food," mainly from cans, but they also eat owl soup, sour dock, wild rhubarb, and the tuber *Hedysarum alpinum*—the Eskimo potato. Some of them believe that Eskimo food keeps them healthy and brown, and that too much white-man food will turn them white. Roughly half their carbohydrates come from wild food—and fully four-fifths of their protein. They eat—and, more to the point, depend on—small creatures of the forest. Rabbit. Beaver. Muskrat. Thousands of frozen whitefish will be piled beside a single house. At thirty below, whitefish break like glass. The people dip the frozen bits in seal oil and chew them. From fresh whitefish, as they squeeze, they directly suck roe. They trade mud-shark livers for seal oil from the coast. Mud sharks are freshwater, river fish, and for maritime Eskimos the liver of the mud shark is an exotic and delicious import. The forest Eskimo has a reciprocal yen for seal oil. When a Kobuk woman goes "fishing for seal oil," mud sharks are what she is after. Loon oil is sometimes substituted for seal oil, there being a great deal of oil in a loon. Sheefish, rare in the world and looking like fifteen-pound tarpon, make annual runs up the Kobuk. They are prized by the people.

On nothing, though, do the forest Eskimos depend so much as on caribou. They use the whole animal. They eat the meat raw and in roasts and stews. They eat greens from the stomach, muscles from the jaw, fat from behind the eyes. The hide goes into certain winter clothing that nothing manufactured can equal. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the number of available caribou gradually declined in the Kobuk valley. Why the herd avoided the region perhaps had to do with climatic cycles and their effect on vegetation, but nobody knows. From the turn of the century until about 1940, people of the Kobuk had to go into the Brooks Range to find caribou, making prodigious journeys in winter, and feeding much of the kill to their dogs, on which they depended for the trip home with essential skins and sinew. In the nineteen-forties, the herd began to return—in numbers that increased each year. The caribou cycle—dearth to plenty and back again—seems to close itself in sixty to a hundred years. The Arctic herd numbered two hundred and forty thousand a few years ago, and has been fast decreasing. Some fifty thousand come over the mountains now.

With the rise and fall of such cycles, the people of the Kobuk from earliest

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times expanded and contracted over the riverine lands. Whenever caribou were plentiful, people were able to congregate in relatively large winter villages. Where caribou were scarce, people had to spread out—up and down the river in small family groups—for hunting small game and for fishing through the ice. Pursuit of furs for trading purposes tended to disseminate them as well. The arrival—seventy, eighty years ago—of white missionaries, schools, and trading posts tended to force the Eskimos together in places like Noorvik and Kiana, but Kobuk River people have not traditionally thought of their homes as permanent in location. Through much of their history, they built new houses—on sites shiftingly appropriate—each fall. With their Evinrudes and their Arctic Cat snowmobiles, their range has been extended—they can cover more miles from a fixed base—but cycles of climate, of salmon, of caribou cannot be levelled by gasoline. In order to continue existence as they have known it, the forest Eskimos must follow where the cycles may lead. So they are worried. It is difficult to see how the essential *flexibility of their history is going to* be advanced by the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act and the so-called national-interest lands. By the terms of the law, the Eskimos must choose specific land—to become theirs according to the settlement—and the land must, by and large, be contiguous to the villages. When a boundary is established around native land, what if the caribou go somewhere else? Suppose the caribou concentrate for a time in the Kobuk Valley National Monument? Hunting is not permitted in national parks. Oh, but exceptions will be made in Alaska, where people can hunt on their traditional grounds. A tradition of 1920 may not be a tradition now, but will be again, in all likelihood, some decades in the future. The government understands that. The government may understand that today, but officials change, regulations change. Will the government understand in 1990? The Eskimos undeniably got a good deal in the Native Claims Settlement Act, but it was good only insofar as they agreed to behave like whites—cherishing money, adopting the concept (for centuries unknown to them) of private property. "No Trespassing" signs have begun to appear up here, around villages where those words would once have not been understood. Boundaries now have to be adjusted, adjudicated, where boundaries never existed. Kobuk societies once functioned like the clans of Scotland.

Terrain was common to all. Kinship patterned things; ownership did not. Use determined use. If you had been using a place—say, a fishing spot—it was respected as yours while you used it. Now the enforced drawing of lines on the land has created tensions among the Kobuk villages that did not exist before. Under the ingratiating Eskimo surface is a sense of grave disturbance.

There is, as well, an added complication. In 1906, the Native Allotment Act provided that any Alaskan native could file a claim for a hundred and sixty acres of Alaska. This meant next to nothing to the people of the Kobuk valley, since they were not attracted to private ownership, and, in any case, could make little use of such a minuscule amount of land. Few people bothered to file. When the Native Claims Settlement Act came along, however, a final deadline was set for native allotments, and many people, thus pressed, decided to register claims after all. They took the allotments in violation of their own customary principles. Bad feeling inevitably followed and to some extent soured their society.

The sense of private property that has been jacketed upon them is uncomfortable, incompatible with subsistence harvesting and its changeful cycles. It is ironic that while the land-claim settlement is being effected relative plenty has been close to the villages. In 1900, the people could easily have shown that they needed a vast area in which to subsist. Of late, they have needed less. They will need more again. It is impossible to draw lines around a situation like this one, but the lines are being drawn.

The people of the National Park Service, for their part, seem to be amply sensitive to the effects their efforts might have. They intend to adjust their own traditions so that Alaskan national-park land will not abridge but will in fact preserve native customs. Under the direction of Douglas Anderson, of the Department of Anthropology at Brown University, an anthropological team commissioned by the Park Service has recently described and voluminously catalogued what must be every habit, tic, and mannerism, every tale and taboo—let alone custom—of the Kobuk River natives. The anthropologists make a convincing case for helping the people preserve their modus vivendi, but the most vivid words in the document occur when the quoted Eskimos are speaking for themselves:

> Eskimos should make laws for those people outside. That would be just the same as what they try to do to us. We

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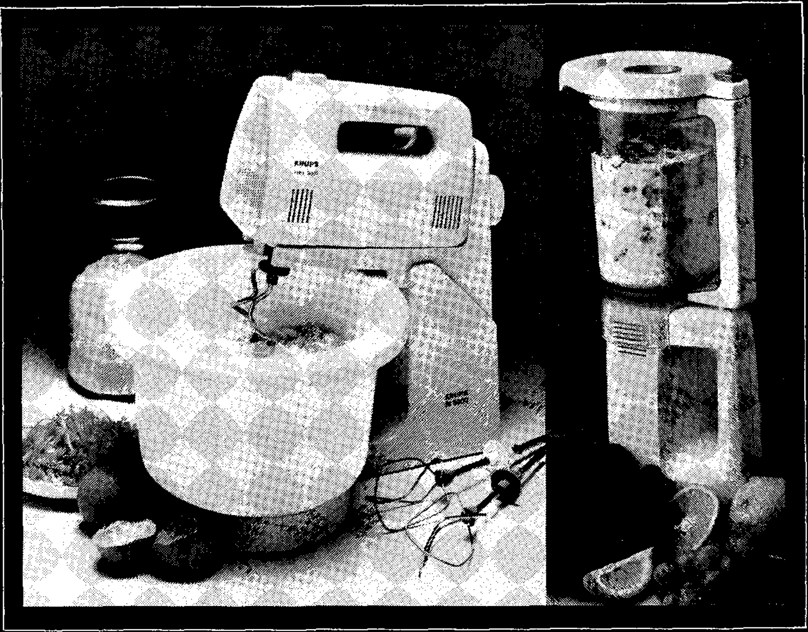

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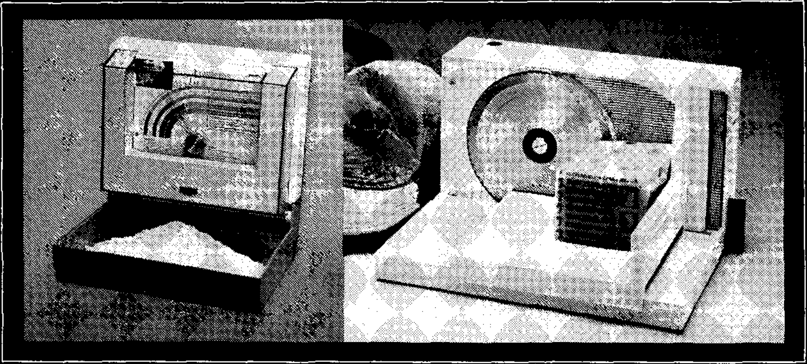

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> know nothing about how they live, and they know nothing about how we live. It should be up to us to decide things for ourselves. You see the land out there? *We never have spoiled it.*
>
> Too much is happening to the people. Too many outside pressures are forcing in on us. Changes are coming too fast, and we are being pushed in all different directions by forces that come from someplace outside. People thought that the land-claims settlement was the end of our problems, that it meant the future was secure; but it was only the beginning. Even before the lands were all selected the government wanted pipeline easements and road corridors right through our territory. These would take away strips miles wide, cutting right across our land. And instead of open access to the land, the Eskimos might be surrounded by huge pieces of country that are declared national resources for all the people. Land that has always belonged to the natives is being parcelled up and divided among the takers.

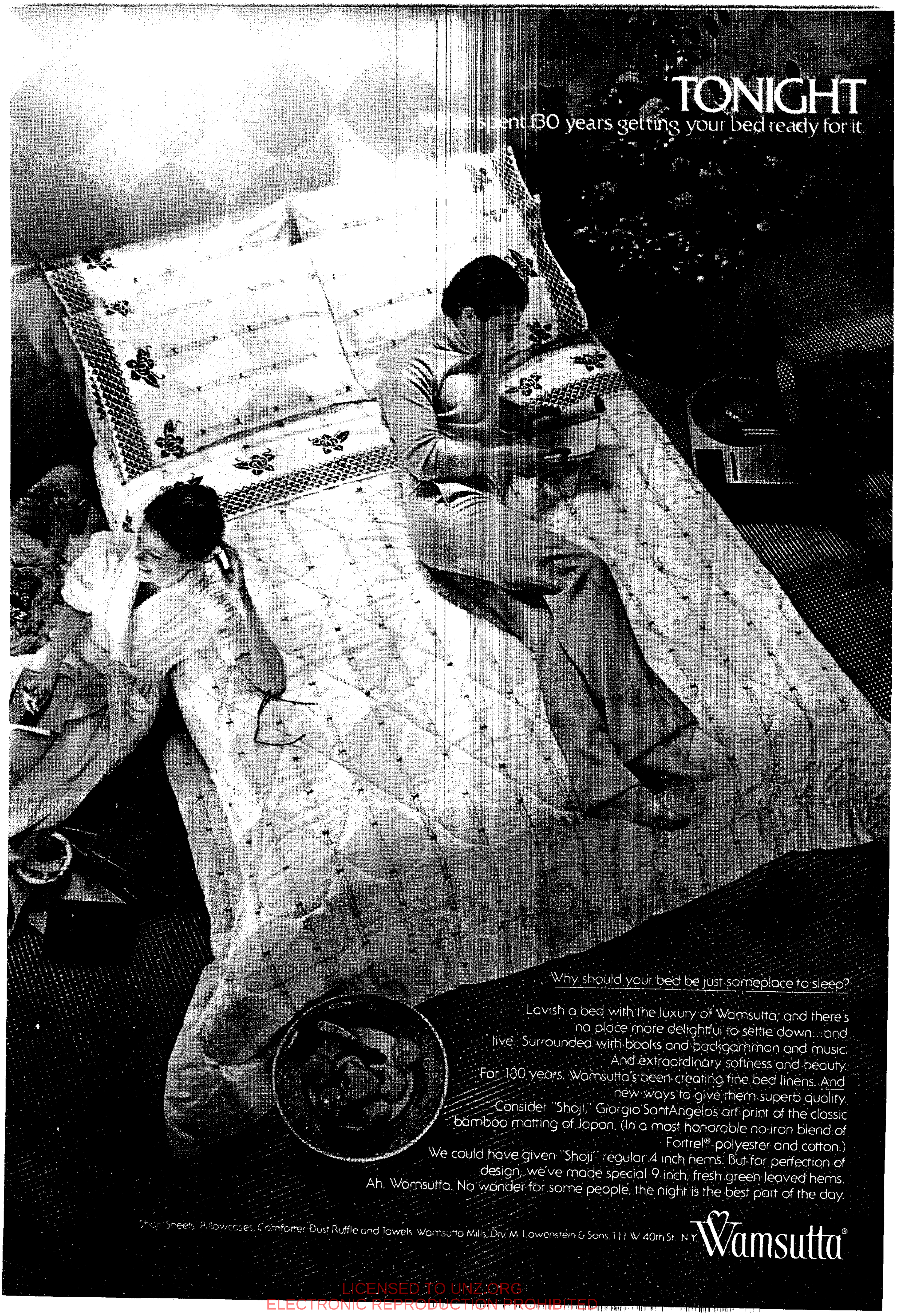
The forest Eskimos' relationship with whites has made them dependent on goods that need to be paid for: nylon netting, boat materials, rifles, ammunition, motors, gasoline. Hence, part of the year some Eskimo men leave the river to find jobs. These pilgrimages to the wage economy are not a repudiation of the subsistence way of life. They make money so they can come back home, where they prefer to be, and live the way they prefer to live—foraging the wild country with gasoline and bullets. If subsistence living were to be, through regulation, denied to them, the probable result would be that the government would have to support them even more than at present—more aid to dependent children, more food stamps—for they would not be able to find sufficient work, at home or on seasonal trips outside, to support their families.

> As long as I have the land and nobody tries to stop me from using it, then I'm a rich man. I can always go out there and make my living, no matter what happens. Everything I need—my food, clothes, house, heat—it's all out there.

> And another thing, too. If we have nothing of our Eskimo food—only whiteman food to live on—we can't live. We eat and eat and eat, but we never get filled up. Just like starvation.

Breakfast in the frying pan—freeze-dried eggs. If we were Kobuk people, one of us might go off into the watery tundra and find fresh eggs. Someone else might peel the bark from a birch. The bark would be soaked and formed into a tube with the eggs inside, and the tube would be placed in the fire. But this is not a group of forest Eskimos. These are legionaries from another world, talking "scenic values" and "interpretation." These are Romans inspecting Transalpine Gaul. Nobody's skin is going to turn brown on these eggs—or on cinnamon-apple-flavored Instant Quaker Oatmeal, or Tang, or Swiss Miss, or on cold pink-icinged Pop-Tarts with raspberry filling. For those who do not believe what they have just read, allow me to confirm it: in Pourchot's breakfast bag are pink-icinged Pop-Tarts with raspberry filling. Lacking a toaster, and not caring much anyway, we eat them cold. They invite a question. To a palate without bias—the palate of an open-minded Berber, the palate of a travelling Martian—which would be the more acceptable, a pink-icinged Pop-Tart with raspberry filling (cold) or the fat gob from behind a caribou's eye?

It is raining. A wind is rising and pushing back a morning fog. The air—fifty-four—is cooler than the Kobuk. We have twenty miles to cover, downriver to Kiana. Each of us has put in identical time in the various boats, so now we draw lots to see who goes where, and Fedeler and I are the losers. We draw Snake Eyes. Even before we shove off, whitecaps have formed on the river, and waves two feet high. They are coming from the west, and that is where we are going. As we pack up, Fedeler and I are subjected to intense gratuitous ridicule because we are condemned to Snake Eyes; and, indeed, a chill wet day on a half-sunk log is about all we can expect. So we plow westward, into the waves, and the wind is so strong it brings tears to the eyes. They mix with the rain and the spray of the river. The length of a mile varies. These are three-league miles. The current flows west, the wind and waves come east, and they more than cancel the force of the river. To stop paddling is to move backward. The waves are so big they wash over the bow of the Grumman. Light and bobbing in its ride down the Salmon, the canoe here is too much up in the wind. John Kauffmann and Stell Newman have to bend their paddles on every stroke. The single Klepper, with Pourchot in it, is better off, but not much. It is so light that he has to strain to drive it. Snake Eyes, however, is thirty per cent submerged in its own leakings, another third by the natural depth of its draft. Snake Eyes is in and of the river. The wind cannot get to Snake Eyes, because the wind can't swim. The waves that wash over us roll over the deck, asserting an upstream thrust of zero. Snake Eyes, property of the United States government, is today straight out of Groton, Connecticut—a nuclear-powered submarine. Fedeler and I, the nuclei, begin to suffer in a



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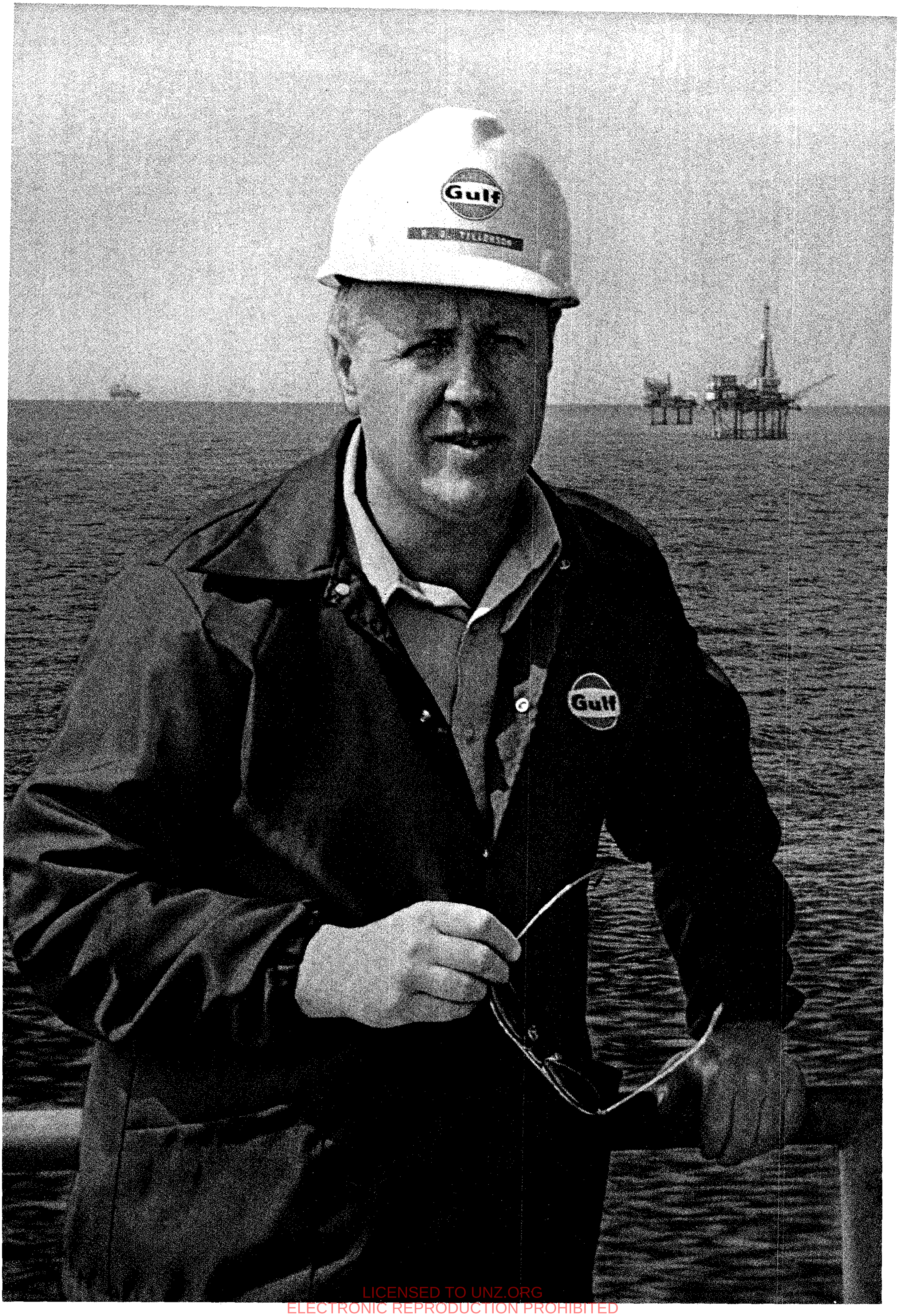
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Gulf

"Friends ask me if we cap natural gas wells instead of sending the gas someplace useful."

"I get questions like that every day," says Gulf Offshore Operations Manager Roy Tillerson.

"People say, 'Is it true there are capped natural gas wells when people need gas so badly?'

"I have to say yes, because there are. But it's not that simple.

One well isn't a field

"When a company thinks there's natural gas down there, it drills an exploratory well. But one gas well doesn't make a gas field. If you find gas with the first well, you have to cap it and drill maybe a dozen more, to see how much gas there is.

"People say, 'If you know there's gas, why not just build a pipeline to where it can be used?'

"And I say, a gas field could cover anywhere from one square mile to a thousand. Until you know how big the field is, you don't know how big a pipeline to build. In many cases, federal law doesn't allow pipeline construction until it can be proved there's enough gas in the field to justify it.

"Even if you were allowed to build unlimited pipelines, the cost of the pipelines would send the price of gas out of sight. For instance, Gulf just finished a 60-mile gathering pipeline that cost $25 million. It was built to serve as many as 36 wells. You can see that a separate pipeline for each of those wells would be astronomically expensive.

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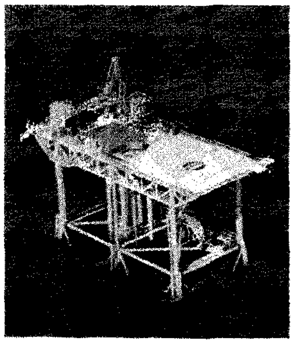
"Gulf has hundreds of gas wells in the Gulf of Mexico, working at full capacity."

"This is a capped well. But one well is a long way from bringing in enough gas to make a pipeline practical."

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way unimaginable before. We become chilly, and a little stiff, waiting for the others—idling at the river bends, scanning the gray river through its flying spray to see where the others might be. After six or eight miles, we are so cold we stop. We build a bonfire of drifted cottonwood, and stand downwind of it at the edge of the flames.

The wind gradually subsides through the afternoon, and the low gray sky begins to pull itself apart. The weather here is like the weather in Scotland. It can change so abruptly—closing in, lifting, closing in again—that all in an hour, let alone a day, wind-driven rain may be followed by calm and hazy sunshine, which may then be lost in heavy mists that soon disappear into open skies. We pass under a high bluff and go around a final bend; then the water spreads open before us in a three-mile reach to Kiana. The village is quite lovely from this perspective, lifted on its own high bluff above a confluence of rivers—the Squirrel and the Kobuk—and with a European compactness of buildings that contributes emphasis and irony to the immense wilderness in which it is a dot. We stop three miles away and camp on a flat gravel bar. The sky over supper is shot with color—with washes of salmon light on accumulating clouds. Their edges are gray to black, growing heavy. To the north, we hear thunder and see lightning. Such storms are rare in much of Alaska, but they are common here. This one rolls on into the Brooks Range and leaves us bright and dry. The talk over the campfire is entirely about Alaska. We are at the end of this trip now, and from the moment it began no one has once mentioned anything that did not have to do with Alaska.

IN the morning—cool in the forties and the river calm—we strike the tents, pack the gear, and move on down toward Kiana. Gradually, the village spreads out in perspective. Its most prominent structure is the sheet-metal high school on the edge of town. Dirt-and-gravel streets climb the hill above the bluff. Houses are low, frame. Some are made of logs. Behind the town, a navigational beacon flashes. Drawing closer, we can see caribou antlers over doorways—testimony of need and respect. There are basketball backboards. We are closing a circuit, a hundred water miles from the upper Salmon, where a helicopter took us, from Kiana, at the start. Under the bluff, we touch the shore. Kiana is now high above us, and mostly out of sight.

The barge is here that brings up supplies from Kotzebue. The river's edge for the moment is all but unpopulated. Fish racks up and down the beach are covered with split drying salmon—ruddy and pink. We disassemble the Kleppers, removing their prefabricated bones, folding their skins, making them disappear into canvas bags. I go up the hill for a carton, and return to the beach. Into envelopes of cardboard I tape the tines of the caribou antler that I have carried from the mountains. Protecting the antler takes longer than the dismantling and packing of the kayaks, but there is enough time before the flight to Kotzebue at midday. In the sky, there has as yet been no sound of the airplane—a Twin Otter, of Wien Air Alaska, the plane that brought us here to meet the chopper. Stell Newman has gone up the beach and found some people at work around their fish racks. He now has with him a slab of dried salmon, and we share it like candy.

Children were fishing when we were here before. They yanked whitefish out of the river and then pelted one another with the living fish as if they were snowballs. Women with tubs were gutting salmon. It was a warmer day then. The sun was so fierce you looked away; you looked north. Up at the airstrip behind the town—a gravel strip, where we go now with our gear—was the Grumman canoe. It had been flown in, and cached there, long before. The helicopter, chartered by the government and coming in from who knows where, was a new five-seat twin-engine Messerschmitt with a bubble front. On its shining fuselage, yellow-and-black heraldry identified it as the property of Petroleum Helicopters, Inc. The pilot removed a couple of Fiberglas cargo doors, took out a seat, and we shoved the canoe into an opening at the rear of the cabin. It went in halfway. The Grumman was too much for the Messerschmitt. The canoe was cantilevered, protruding to the rear. We tied it in place. It was right side up, and we filled it with gear. Leaving the rest of us to wait for a second trip, Pourchot and the pilot took off for the Salmon River. With so much canoe coming out of its body, the helicopter, even in flight, seemed to be nearing the final moment of an amazing pregnancy. It went over the mountains northeast.

There was a wooden sign beside the airstrip: "WELCOME TO THE CITY OF KIANA. 2nd Class City. Population 300 . . . Establish 1902 . . . Main Sources: Bear, Caribou, Moose, Geese,

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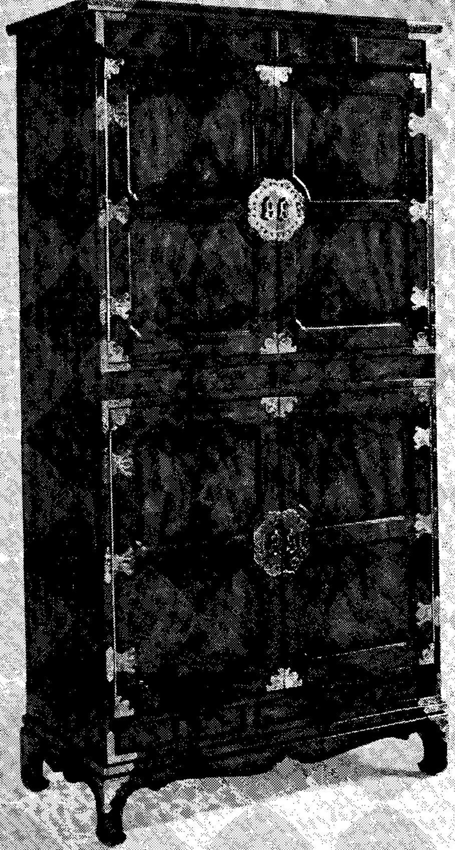

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Salmon, Shee, Whitefish, Trout." The burning sun was uncomfortable. I walked behind the sign. In its shadow, the air was chill. I dragged the helicopter seat out of the sun and into the shade of a storage hut, sat down, leaned back, and went to sleep. When I woke up, I was shivering. The temperature a few feet away, in the sunlight, was above seventy degrees.

What awakened me were the voices of children. Three small girls had followed us up from the Kobuk, where we had watched them fish. They had crossed the runway and picked blueberries, and now were offering them from their hands. The berries were intensely sweet, having grown in the long northern light. The little girls also held out pieces of hard candy. Wouldn't we like some? They asked for nothing. They were not shy. They were totally unself-conscious. I showed them an imitating game, wherein you clear your throat—hrrrum—and then draw with a stick a figure on the ground. "Here. Try to do that." They drew the figure but did not clear their throats. "No. That's not quite right. Hrrrum. Here now. Try it again." They tried twice more. They didn't get it. I sat down again on the chopper seat. Stell Newman let them take pictures with his camera. When they noticed my monocular, on a lanyard around my neck, they got down beside me, picked it off my chest, and spied on the town. They leaned over, one at a time, and put their noses down against mine, draping around my head their soft black hair. They stared into my eyes. Their eyes were dark and northern, in beautiful almond faces, aripple with smiles. Amy. Katherine. Rose Ann. Ages nine and eleven. Eskimo girls. They looked up. They had heard the helicopter, and before long it appeared.

I sat in the co-pilot's seat, others in the seat I had been napping on. We lifted off, and headed out to join Pourchot, who was waiting on a gravel bar in the upper Salmon. The rotor noise was above conversation, but the pilot handed me a pair of earphones and a microphone. He showed me on a panel between us the mechanics of communicating. I couldn't think of much to say. I was awed, I suppose, in the presence of a bush pilot (mustache akimbo) and in the presence of the bush itself—the land and the approaching mountains. I didn't want to distract him, or myself. He kept urging me to talk, though. He seemed to want the company. His name was Gene Parrish, and he was a big man who had eaten well.

He smoked a cigar, and on the intercom was garrulous and friendly.

Before us now was the first ridgeline. Flying close to ground, close to the mountainside, we climbed rapidly toward the crest, and then—crossing over it—seemed to plunge into a void of air. The ground ahead, which had been so near, was suddenly far below. We soon reached another mountainside, and again we climbed closely above its slope, skimmed the outcropping rocks at the top, and jumped into a gulf of sky.

Parrish said, "Y'all ever seen these mountains before?"

I said I had not.

"Me, neither," he said. "Aren't they fabulous? Alaska is amazing, isn't it? Wherever you go, everything is different. These mountains sure are fabulous."

Indeed they were something like it—engaging, upsweeping tundra fells. They were not sharp and knife-edged like the peaks of the central Brooks. They were less dramatic but more inviting. They looked negotiable. They were, as it happened, the last mountains of the range, the end of the line, the end of a cordillera. They were, after four thousand miles, the last statement of the Rocky Mountains before they disappeared into the Chukchi Sea.

Parrish went up the side of a still higher mountain and skimmed the ridge, to reveal, suddenly, a drainage system far below.

"Is that the Salmon River?" I said.

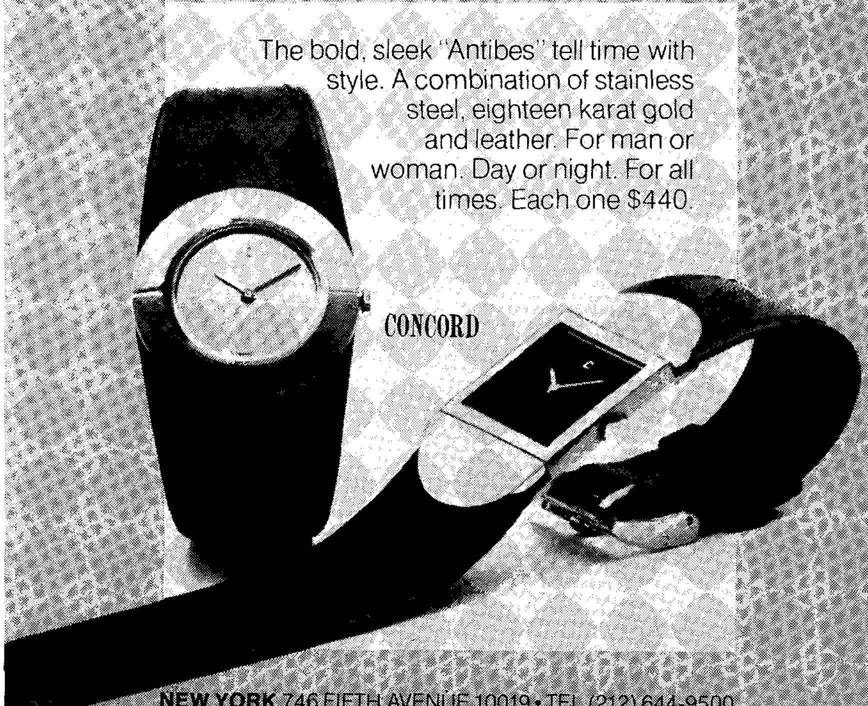
"Oh, my, no," he said. "It's a ways yet. Where y'all from?"

"New Jersey. And you?"

"Louisiana."

He said he had come to Alaska on a kind of working vacation. At home, where his job was to fly back and forth between the Louisiana mainland and oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico, he seldom flew over anything much higher than a wave. Because the Messerschmitt had two engines, he said, he would not have to autorotate down if one were to fail. In fact, he could even climb on one engine. So it was safe to fly this way, low and close—and more interesting.

We flew up the sides of mountain after mountain, raked the ridges, fluttered high over valleys. In each new valley was a stream, large or small. With distance, they looked much alike. Parrish checked his airspeed, the time, the heading; finally, he made a sharp southward turn and began to follow a stream course in the direction of its current, looking for a gravel bar, a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man, a canoe. Confidently, he gave up altitude and searched the bending river. He found a great deal of gravel. For thirty, forty miles, he kept searching, until the hills around the river began to diminish in anticipation of—as we could see ahead—the wet-tundra Kobuk plain. If the river was the Salmon, Pourchot was not there. If Pourchot was on the Salmon, Parrish was somewhere else.

The Salmon had to be farther east, he guessed, shaking his head in surprise and wonder. We roller-coasted the sides of additional mountains and came upon another significant drainage. It appeared to Parrish to be the right one. This time, we flew north, low over the river, upstream, looking for the glint of the canoe. We had as much luck as before. The river narrowed as we went farther and farther, until it became a brook and then a rill, with steep-rising mountains to either side. "I don't believe it. I just *can't* believe it," Parrish said. There was nothing much below us now but the kind of streak a tear might make crossing a pilot's face. "This just isn't right," he said. "This is not working out. I was sure of the heading. I was sure this was the river. But nothing ever is guaranteed. Nothing—nothing—is guarandamnteed."

He turned one-eighty and headed downstream. Spread over his knees was a Nome Sectional Aeronautical Chart, and he puzzled over it for a while, then handed it to me. Maybe I could help figure out where we were. The map was quite wonderful at drawing straight lines between distant airstrips, but its picture of the mountains looked like calves' brains over bone china, and the scale was such that the whole of the Salmon River was only six inches long. The chopper plowed on to the south. I held the map a little closer to my eyes, studying the blue veiny lines among the mountains. The ludicrousness of the situation washed over me. I looked back at Kauffmann and the others, who seemed somewhat confused. And small wonder. A map was being handed back and forth between a man from New Jersey and a pilot from Louisiana who were amiss in—of all places—the Brooks Range. In a sense—in the technical sense that we had next to no idea where we were—we were lost.

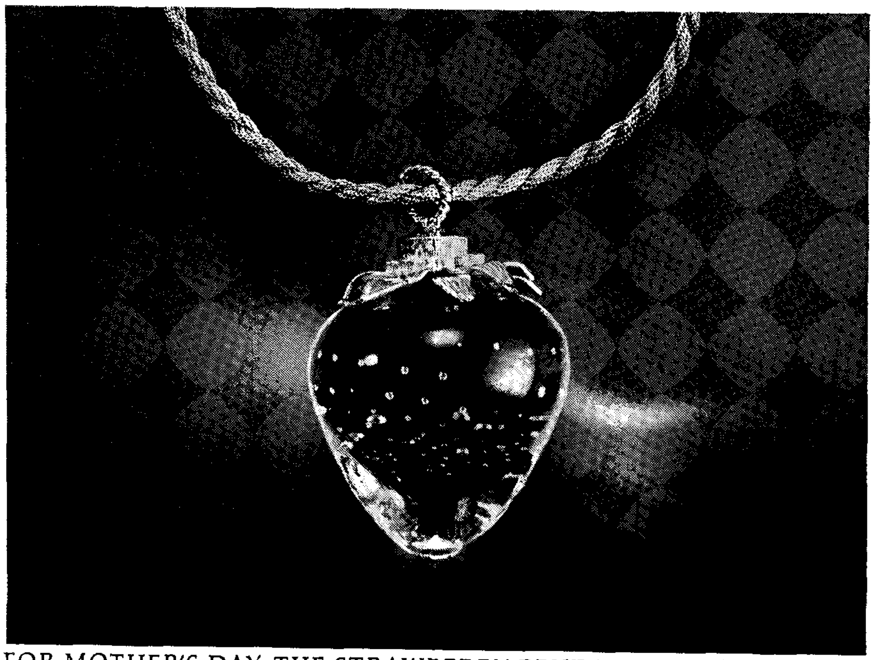
There are no geographical requirements for pilots in the United States. Anyone who is certified as a pilot can fly anywhere, and that, of course, includes anywhere in Alaska. New pilots arrive steadily from all over the Lower Forty-eight. Some are attracted by the romance of Alaska, some by the money around the pipeline. The Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, soon after it began its construction operations, set up its own standards for charter pilots who would fly its personnel—standards somewhat stiffer than those of the Federal Aviation Administration. Among other things, Alyeska insisted that applicants without flying experience in Alaska had to have fifty hours of documented training there, including a line check above the terrain they would be flying.

One effect of the pipeline charters has been to siphon off pilots from elsewhere in the Alaskan bush. These pilots are often replaced by pilots inexperienced in Alaska. Say a mail pilot quits and goes off to fly the pipeline. His replacement might be three days out of Teterboro. The mail must go through. Passengers in such planes (passengers ride with bush mail) sometimes intuit that they and the pilot are each seeing the landscape in a novel way. Once, for example, in the eastern-Alaska interior, I rode in a mail plane that took off from Fairbanks to fly a couple of hundred miles across mountains to Eagle, a village on the upper Yukon. It was a blustery, wet morning, and clouds were lower by far than summits. As rain whipped against the windshield, visibility forward was zero. Looking down to the side, the pilot watched the ground below—trying to identify various drainages and pick his way through the mountains. He frequently referred to a map. The plane was a single-engine Cessna 207 Skywagon, bumping hard on the wind. We went up a small tributary and over a pass, where we picked up another river and followed it downstream. After a time, the pilot turned around and went many miles back in the direction from which he had come. He explored another tributary. Then, abruptly, he turned again. The weather was not improving. Soon his confidence in his reading of the land seemed to run out altogether. He asked in what direction the stream below was flowing. He could not tell by the set of the rapids. He handed the map to a passenger who had apparently visited the region once or twice before. The passenger read the map for a while and then counselled the pilot to stay with the principal stream in sight. He indicated to the pilot which direction was downhill. At length, the Yukon came into view. I, who love rivers, have never felt such affection for a river. One would not have to be Marco Polo to figure out now which way to go. I had been chewing gum so vigorously that the hinges of my jaws would ache for two days. We flew up the Yukon to Eagle. When we landed, a young woman with a pickup was waiting to collect the mail. As the pilot stepped out, she came up to him and said, "Hello. You're new, aren't you? My name is Anna."

That was a scheduled flight on an American domestic airline. The company was Air North, which serves many bush communities, and its advertising slogan was "Experience Counts." Another Air North pilot told me once that he liked being a bush pilot in Alaska—where he had come, from New York, several months before—but he was having a hard time living on his pay. He said there was better money to be made operating bulldozers on the pipeline than operating planes for Air North. As a result, experienced, able pilots had not only been drawn away to fly pipeline charters; experienced, able pilots were also flying bulldozers on the tundra.

Some people I know in the National Park Service who were studying a region near the upper Yukon chartered a helicopter in an attempt to find the headwaters of a certain tributary stream. When they had been in flight for some time and had not seen anything remotely resembling the terrain they were looking for, they grew uneasy. When they looked ahead and saw the bright-white high-rising Wrangells, mountain peaks two hundred miles from where they were going, they realized they were lost. The pilot, new in Alaska, was from Alabama. "This is different, unique, tough country," a pilot from Sitka once told me. "A guy has to know what he's doing. Flying is a way of life up here, and you have to get used to it. You can't drive. You can't walk. You can't swim."

In Anchorage, John Kauffmann had introduced me to his friend Charlie Allen, a general free-lance bush pilot with a wide reputation for having no betters and few peers. From the Southeastern Archipelago to Arctic Alaska, Allen had been flying for twenty-five years. He was dismayed by the incompetence of some people in his profession, and was not at all shy to say so. "Alaska is the land of the bush pilot," he said. "You have to think highly of this bush pilot, because he's dirty, he has a ratty airplane, and he's alive. It's a myth, the bush-pilot thing. It's 'Smilin' Jack.' The myth affects pilots. Some of them, in this magic



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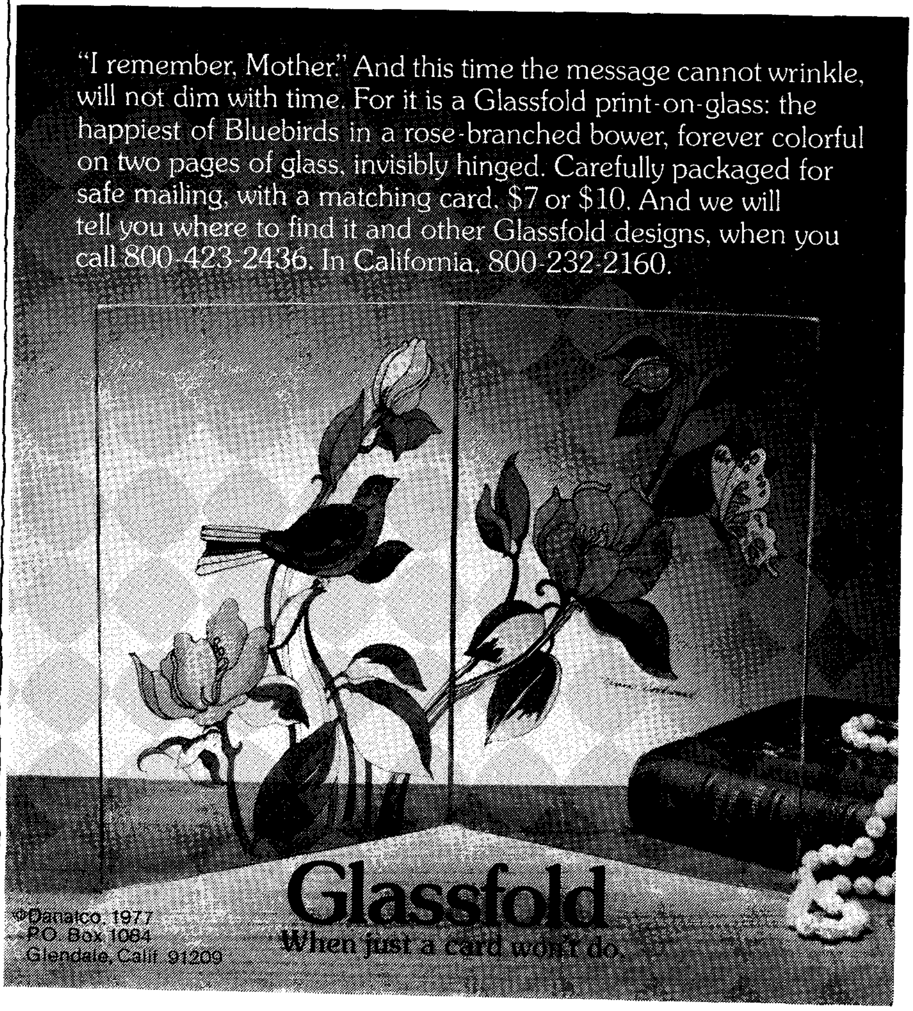

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"Aircraft-salvage operators have a backlog of planes waiting to be salvaged in Alaska. Helicopters go out for them. In the past year and a half, I have helped salvage six planes that have been wrecked by *one* pilot. Don't identify him. Just call him 'a government employee.' Why do passengers *go* with such pilots? Would they go to the moon with an astronaut who did not have round-trip fuel? If you were in San Francisco and the boat to Maui was leaking and the rats were leaving, even if you had a ticket you *would not go*. Safety in the air is where you find it. Proper navigation helps, but proper judgment takes care of all conditions. You say to yourself, 'I ain't going to go today. The situation is too much for me.' And you resist all pressure to the contrary."

Allen paused a moment. Then he said, "You don't have to run into a mountain. Only a pilot is needed to wreck an airplane."

Of reported accidents, there have lately been something like two hundred a year in Alaska. Upwards of twenty-five a year produce fatal injuries, killing various numbers of people. Another fifteen crashes or so produce injuries rated "serious." The figures seem to compliment the fliers in a state where a higher percentage of people fly—and fly more often—than they do anywhere else in the United States. Merrill Field, a light-plane airfield in Anchorage, handles fifty-four thousand more flights per year than Newark International. On the other hand, if you get into an airplane in

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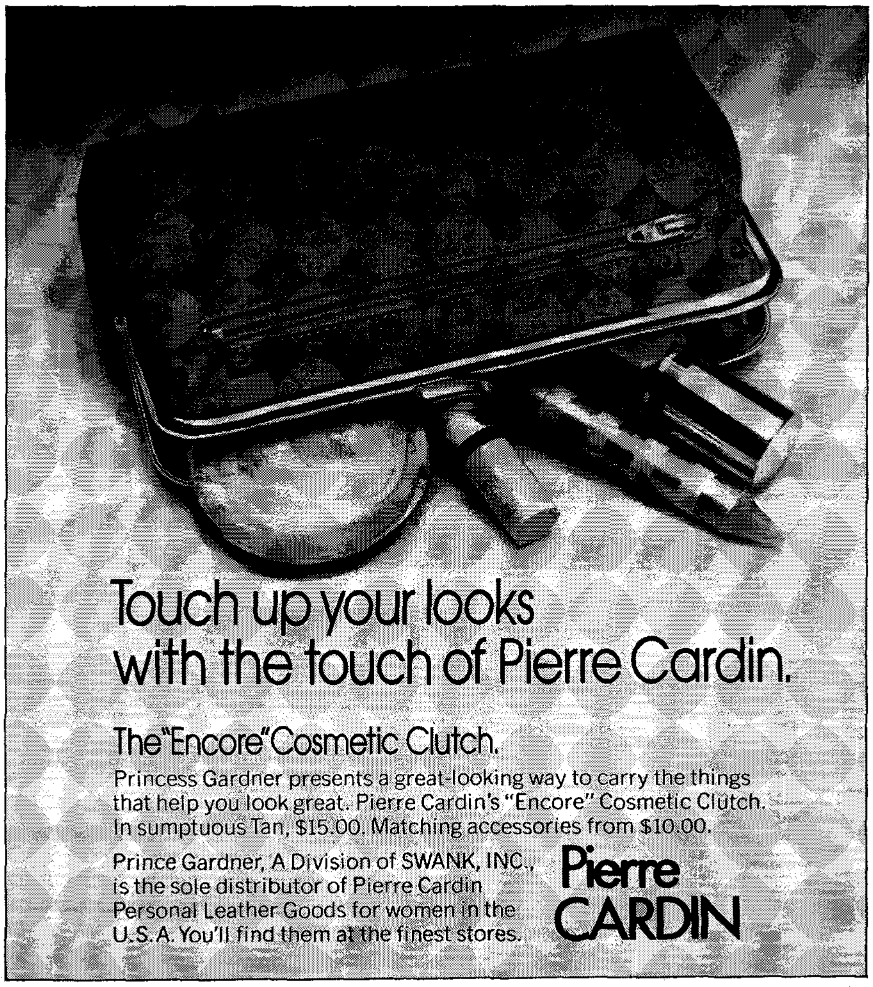
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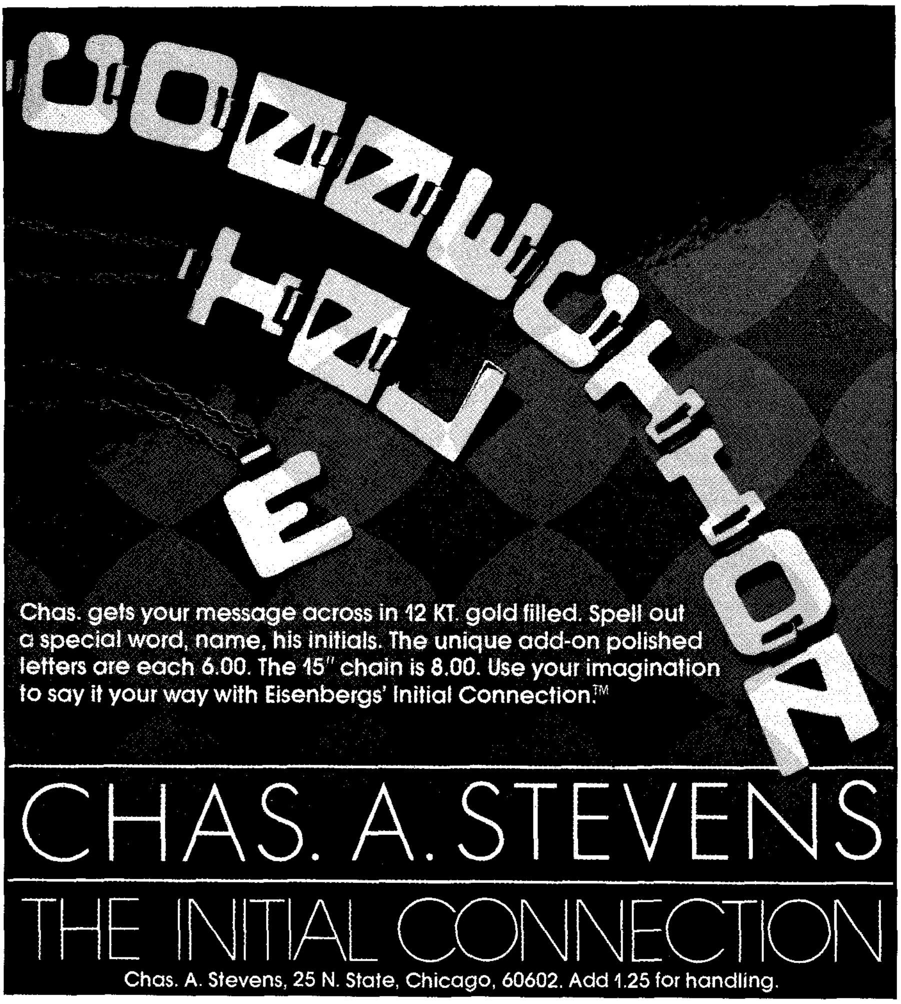
Alaska your chances of not coming back are greater by far than they would be in any other part of the country. Only Texas and California, with their vastly larger populations, consistently exceed Alaska in aircraft accidents. Government employees in Alaska speak of colleagues who have been lost "in line of duty." In air accidents during the past two years, the Bureau of Land Management has lost four, Alaska Fish and Game has lost one, U.S. Fish and Wildlife has lost three, the U.S. Forest Service has lost five, and the National Park Service has lost seven (in a single crash). A gallery of thirteen of the great bush pilots in the history of Alaska was presented in an Alaska newspaper not long ago. Of the thirteen, ten—among them Carl Eielson, Russ Merrill, Haakon Christensen, Big Money Monsen—died flying. I dropped in at a bar one day, in a small Alaskan town, where a bush pilot had one end of a plastic swizzlestick clamped between his teeth and was attempting to stretch it by pulling the other end. He had apparently been there some time, and he was challenging all comers to see who could stretch a swizzlestick the farthest. Jay Hammond, governor of Alaska, was himself a bush pilot for twenty-eight years, and a conspicuously good one. In an interview with him, I mentioned the sorts of things that cause disgust in pilots like Charlie Allen, and Hammond said, "There is nothing you can do by statute to assure competence." I wondered if that was altogether true—if, at the very least, regulations such as Alyeska's regarding pilots who come in from outside could not be extended to the state at large.

All this applies, of course, only to bush pilots and not to the big jet-flying commercial carriers, whose accidents are extremely rare and are not outstanding in national statistics. As we flew from Fairbanks to Kotzebue to begin the trip to the Salmon River, we were in a Boeing 737 of Wien Air Alaska. One Captain Clayton came on the horn and said he would be pleased to play the harmonica for us as soon as he had finished a Fig Newton. A while later, he announced that his mouth was now solvent—and, above clouds, he began to play. He played beautifully. The speaker system in that particular aircraft seemed to have been wired especially to meet his talent. He played three selections, and he found Kotzebue.

"This is not right. This just is *not* right," Gene Parrish said again, giving up on still another river and moving (west this time) to try again. Appar-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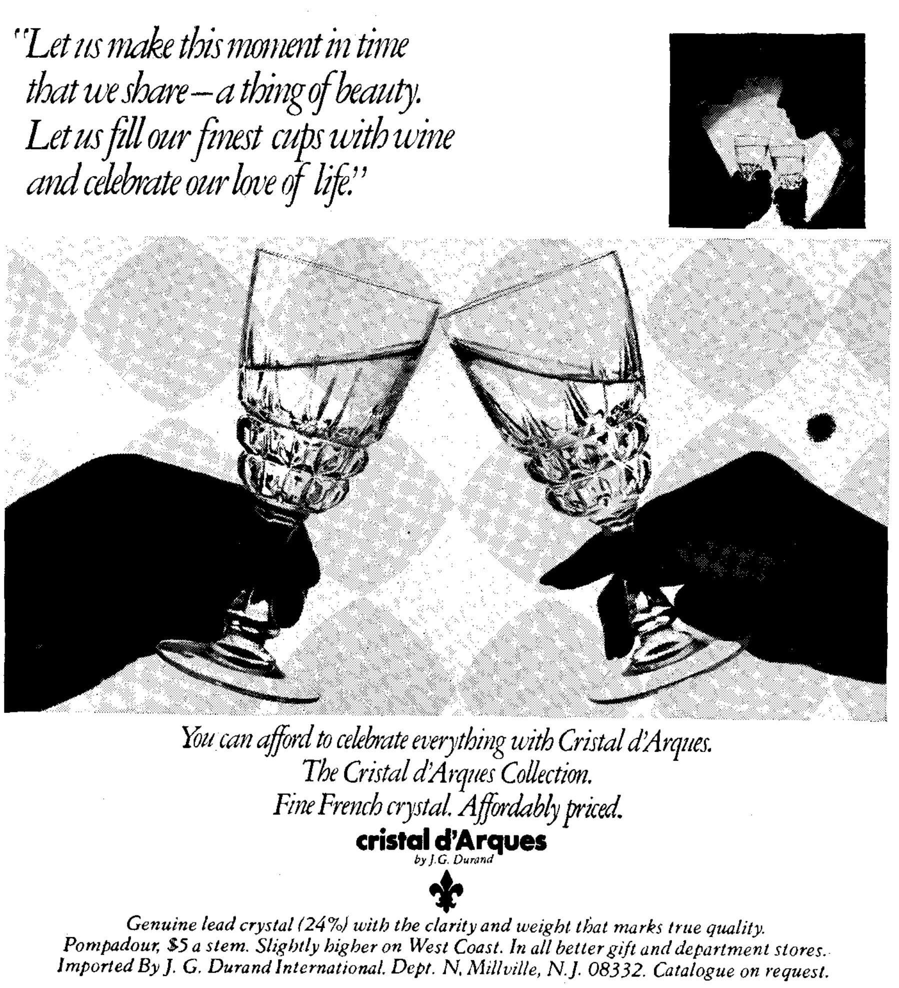
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ently, one of the streams he had passed over was, in fact, the Salmon. "I do my best," he said. "I do my best. I had the right heading—I'm certain of that. I do my best, but there ain't no guarangoddamntee." Of the next river he looked over perhaps twenty miles, without success. Then he began to mention fuel. He thought we should go back to Kiana and tap a drum. So he continued west, and crossed another mountain. Now he flew above a stream with a tributary coming into it that had a pair of sharp right-angled bends that formed the shape of a staple. Pictured on the Nome Sectional Aeronautical Chart was a staple-shaped pair of bends in a tributary of the Salmon River. The stream on the map and the stream on the earth appeared to be the same, but there was no guarangoddamntee. Forgetting Kiana for the time being, Parrish headed up the river. Down near the spruce, swinging around the bends, we hunted the gravel bars, looking for the shine of metal. There was much gravel but no aluminum. He turned once more for Kiana. There had been a hill on our left, and according to the map there should have been another tributary coming in on the far side of the hill. If the smaller stream was there, this was surely—so it seemed—the Salmon. Parrish could not resist having a look. He turned again, and flew north of the hill, which sloped down to the right bank of a tributary stream. We went on up the river. "This *must* be the Salmon, but it sure don't look right," Parrish said, and in the same instant Pourchot and the Grumman came into view. The chopper set down so near Pourchot it almost blew him over. We pulled out our gear, and wished Parrish well in his continuing tour of Alaska. In a whirling dust storm, the Messerschmitt took off, spattering us with sand and flying bits of dry debris. The dust would take a lot longer to settle than the laws of physics would suggest. Now we were alone between fringes of spruce by a clear stream where tundra went up the sides of mountains. This was, in all likelihood, the most isolated wilderness I would ever see, and that is how we got there. —JOHN McPHEE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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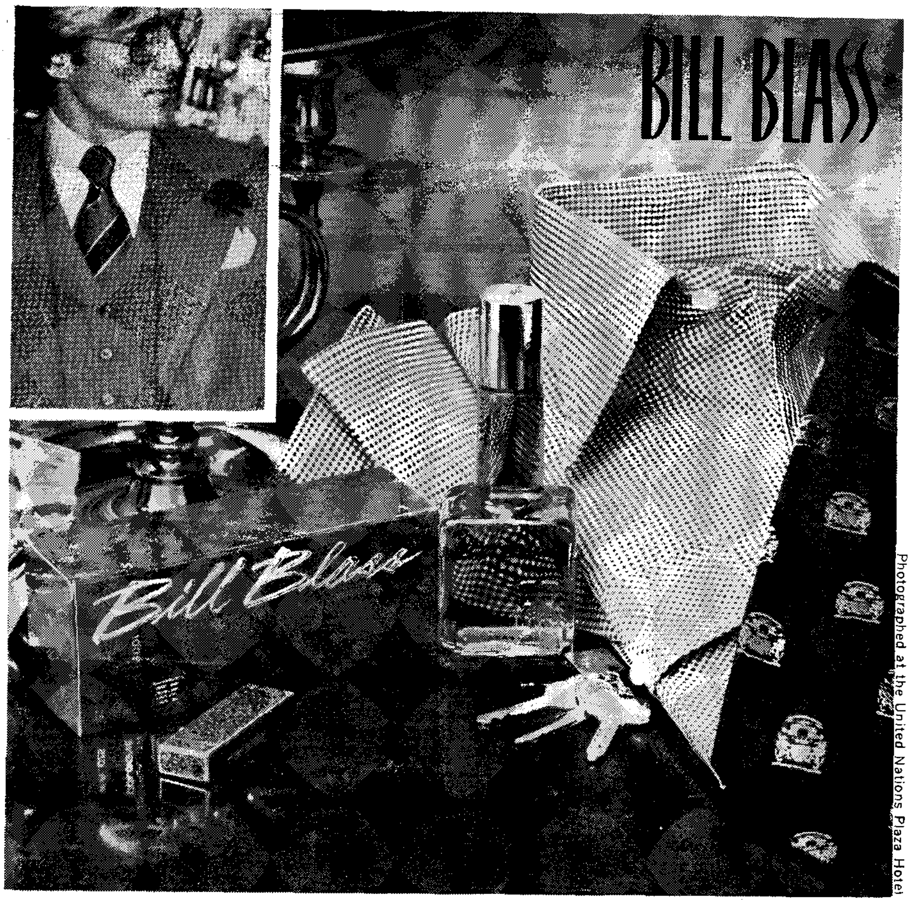

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A last word about Captain Kidd.

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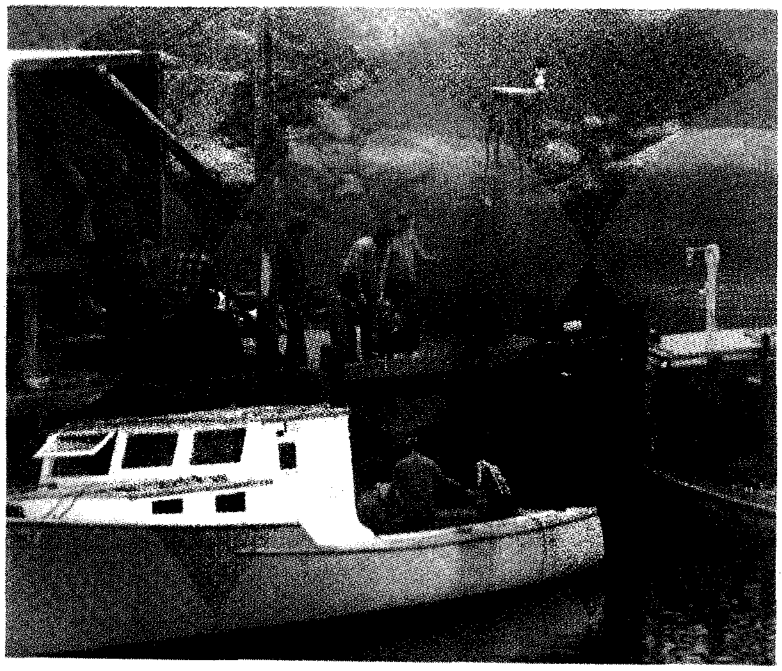
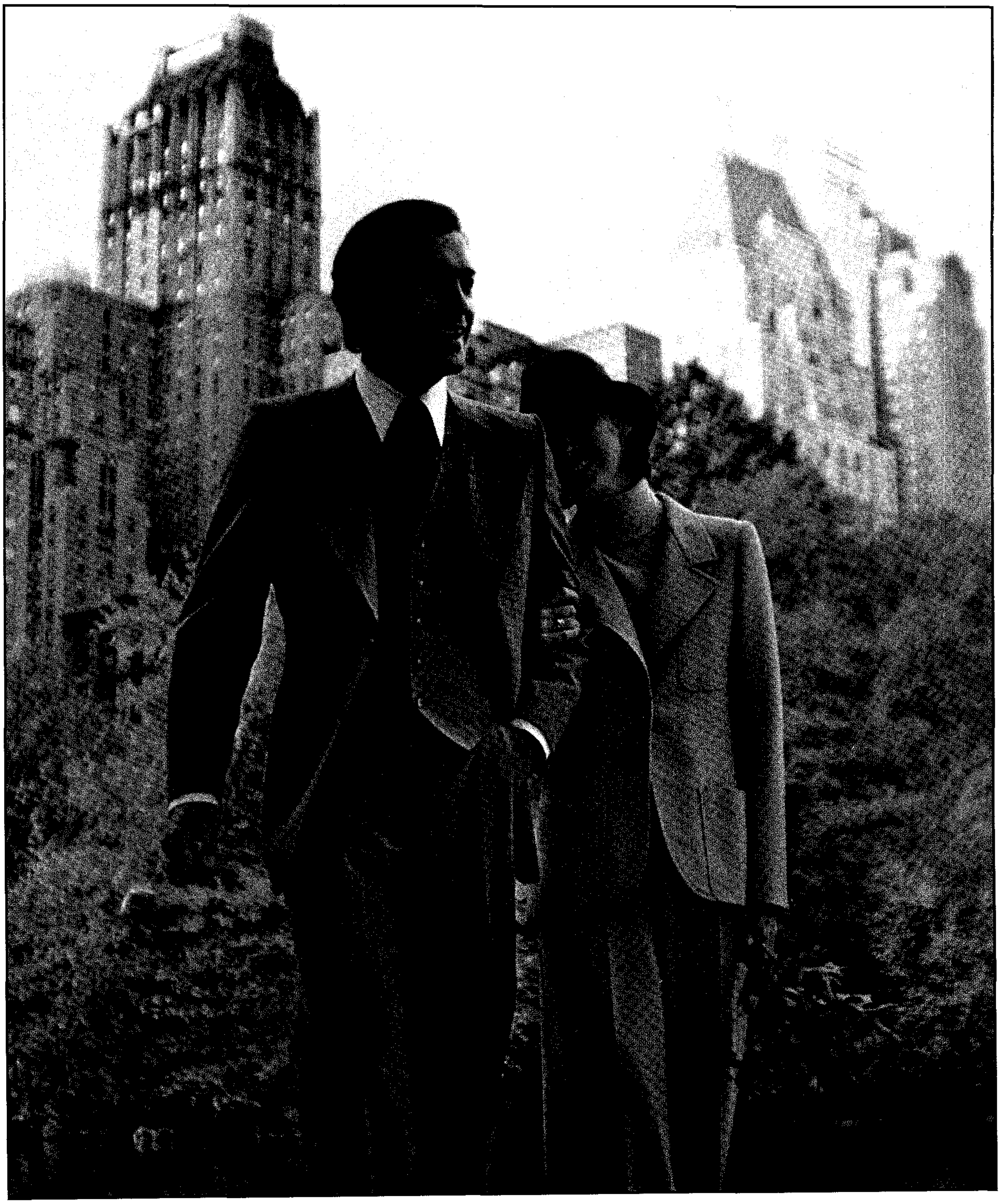


NOVA SCOTIA

Ocean playground of Atlantic Canada

Autumn in New York



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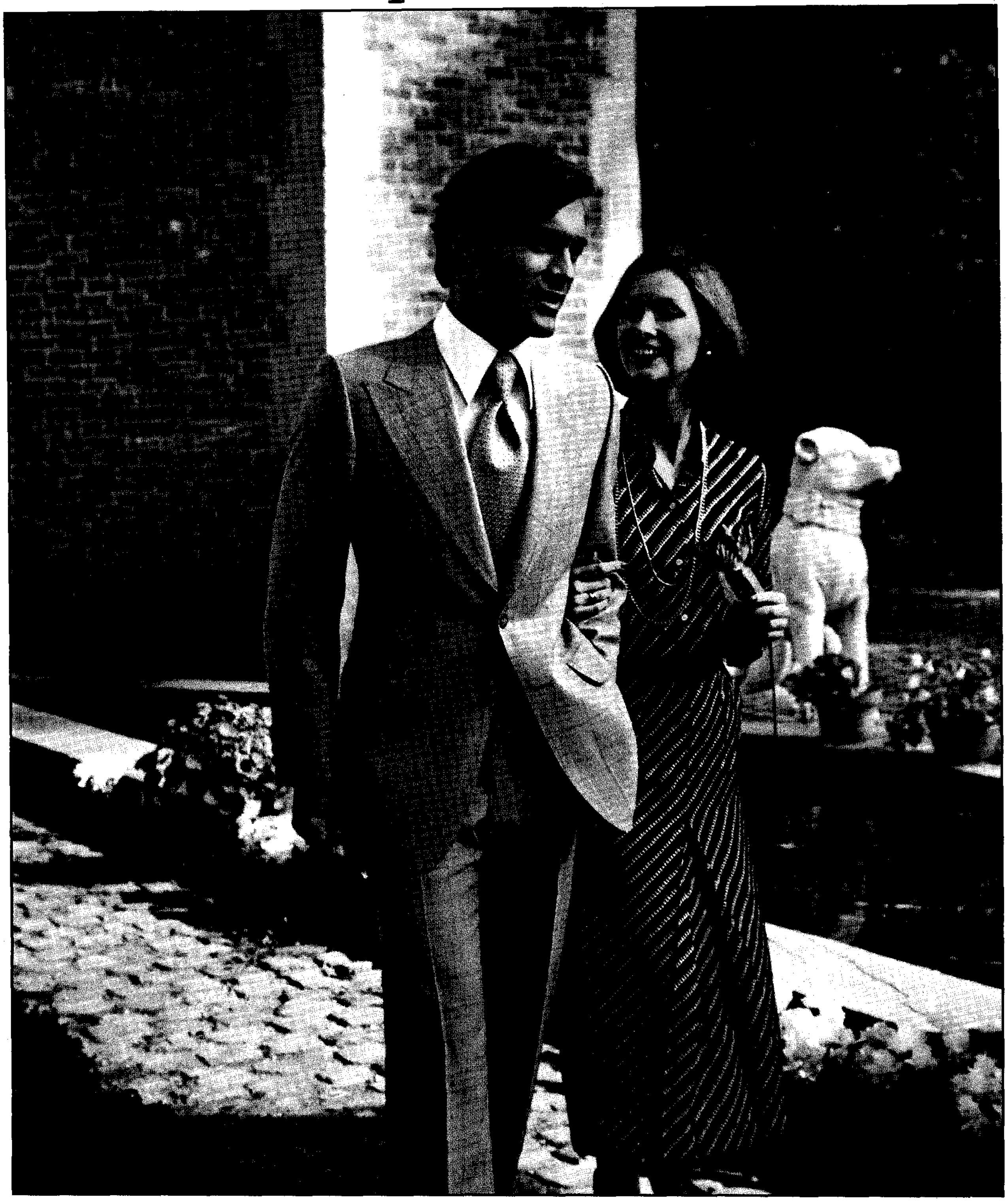

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BUICK

If you're thinking about a mid-size, and you're not thinking about a Regal, maybe you'd better think again.

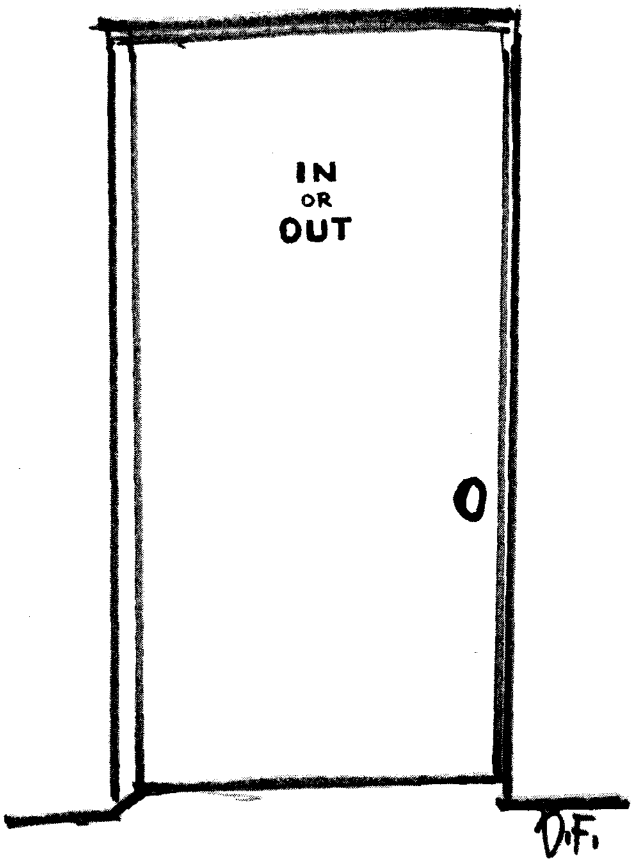
THE THEATRE

IN PRAISE OF SONG

THE apotheosis of Stephen Sondheim proceeds apace, and I am eager to do my bit. At forty-seven, Mr. Sondheim may feel that he is a trifle young to be hoisted up onto a plinth as the Good Gray Tunesmith of Turtle Bay, but the body of his work is already impressively large, and his admirers are as numerous as they are importunate; besides, it is an ineradicable defect of homage that it must be accepted when it is offered, and not when it is convenient. “Side by Side by Sondheim,” at the Music Box, turns out to be an altogether delightful tribute; it consists of the performing of some thirty songs, most of them with words and music by Sondheim and the rest with words by Sondheim and music by such not uncelebrated composers as Richard Rodgers, Mary Rodgers, Leonard Bernstein, and Jule Styne. The songs are sung for us by three visitors from Mother England—Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and David Kernan—and are given brisk little historical settings by still another Englishman, Ned Sherrin, who, as master of ceremonies, also risks telling a few topical jokes, not with complete success. The singers are accompanied by two gifted pianists, Daniel Troob and Albin Konopka, for whom room has been found onstage, and who by their casual presence there add to the impression that we are all sharing in a pleasant family reunion.

At first, it is odd to hear Sondheim’s songs being rendered with English accents and from an English point of view. Few composers are more intensely of a particular time and place than Sondheim: the wry, lonesome, wisecracking, touch-me-or-on-second-thought-better-touch-me-not note of his lyrics is at once highly personal and highly suggestive of contemporary New York. Nevertheless, his work travels well; “Side by Side by Sondheim” had its début in London and was as big a hit there as it promises to be upon the composer’s native soil. (Or, rather, native concrete, for there is very little of the natural world in Sondheim; his songs are often narratives of adversary relationships taking place indoors, among surroundings that matter not a straw.) “Marry Me a Little,” “Anyone Can Whistle,” “Send In the Clowns,” “Barcelona”—you have only to take my advice: go to the Music Box, and wait a moment or two, and one or another of your favorite Sondheim songs will be sure to greet you. “Ah, did you once see Sondheim plain, and did he stop and speak to you?” To which, given Sondheim’s well-known shyness, the answer would probably have to be “Well, no. But he sort of waved, moving away.” And this is what his tunes, in their guarded range, contrive to do, leaving us, to our astonishment, sometimes on the brink of tears.

The charming, modest setting of “Side by Side by Sondheim” is by Peter Docherty, the costumes are by Florence Klotz, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the musical direction is by Ray Cook. Good for them!



AN enterprise known as “Broadway in Concert at Town Hall” does everything its portmanteau title implies, which is to say that it puts on, for limited engagements, concert versions of musical comedies that have already made a name for themselves on Broadway. The word “concert” warns us that there is to be almost nothing in the way of costumes, scenery, or choreography, and that there will have been substantial cuts in the book. Now, the trouble is that we lose thereby many of those aspects of musical comedy that make it a great theatrical form; what we are left with is a handful of songs linked by a thin thread of continuity. Few of our musicals can afford such a radical feat of surgical excision; the uneasy patient currently on view at Town Hall is “Knickerbocker Holiday,” with book and lyrics by Maxwell Anderson and music by Kurt Weill. Anderson’s original book is so thoroughly silly that it seems no sillier in snippets; Weill’s score is lovely and contains two classics—“September Song” and “The Scars.” The star of the show is Richard Kiley, assisted by Maureen Brennan, Edward Evanko, and Kurt Peterson. Mr. Kiley is one of the most accomplished performers alive, and he doesn’t fail us with his rendition of “September Song.” The lines “I have a little money and I have a little fame, and I haven’t got time for the waiting game” are coinage of gold for any man between forty and ninety; as long as he has the strength to utter them, he can feel hope.

SPEAKING of money, I found myself last week exposed to the not very powerful charms of Daddy Warbucks and Little Orphan Annie, to say nothing of her faithful dog, Sandy. (The comic strip of which Annie was the heroine was one of the most popular in the country during my childhood, but I always had certain profound reservations about it; for example, I considered Sandy’s endlessly reiterated “Arf!” an unsatisfactory phonetic equivalent for the sound a dog makes.) It is often the case with musicals that one praises the music and lyrics and then deplores the book. In this respect,

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"Annie" is an exception. Thomas Meehan's book is a sunny parody of a Victorian melodrama, in which wicked folk are pitted against kindly folk and the kindly folk eventually win. Mr. Meehan has taken care to fill his text with small, pleasing inventions, but invention is precisely what Charles Strouse's music and Martin Charnin's lyrics lack. They are the standard Broadway product, and to my ear could have been written twenty years ago. One song, sung in a shanty setting under the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, is an accurate pastiche of Brecht-Weill and so could have been written forty years ago, in the very period with which "Annie" is concerned. Intentional pastiches of this kind are acceptable; unintentional pastiches are not.

"Annie" is unquestionably the hit of the season. Some of my colleagues have congratulated the makers of it on their originality in not breaking new ground; other colleagues see it as a sign of changed attitudes in the optimistic "born again" Carter era. Myself, I could discover little to smile at in the very long first act except when Dorothy Loudon, as the raddled keeper of a municipal orphanage (a character descended in the female line from Captain Hook), launched bitter verbal attacks on her tiny charges. The second act proved more amusing; again and again, if with some embarrassment, I laughed aloud at Raymond Thorne, who plays the part of the newly elected President Roosevelt. It is an irony not to be ignored that Harold Gray, who drew the comic strip of "Little Orphan Annie," was an arch-conservative, with a venomous dislike of Roosevelt. Gray has avenged himself on his old enemy from beyond the grave, for the Roosevelt depicted in "Annie" is a dithering blockhead, incapable of resolving any of the enormous problems confronting the country until, at a Cabinet meeting held in the White House, Annie leaps up onto the table and belts out a stirring song entitled "Tomorrow!" Roosevelt thereupon pulls himself together, and the country is saved.

Annie is played by a stocky little redhead named Andrea McArdle. Because the show, like all Broadway shows, is damnably overmiked, it is hard to tell what the quality of her voice may be; her acting is admirably forthright. Daddy Warbucks, a billionaire even in the depths of the Depression, is played by Reid Shelton, who sings well, and who conveys an affecting distress when it looks as if his plan to adopt Annie will be thwarted by the sudden appearance of her supposed

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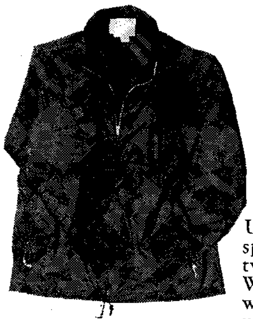

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parents. Robert Fitch is a smiling villain of a con man, well deserving of our hisses, and Sandy Faison plays Daddy Warbucks' personal secretary. The ingenious settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Judy Rasmuson, and the musical numbers have been choreographed by Peter Gennaro. Mr. Charnin has directed the production, which is billed as being "presented" by Mike Nichols. (I wonder if I detected Mr. Nichols' hand in the clever arrangement of the curtain calls.) You will have been wondering all this while what I think of Sandy. Sandy is O.K. and his arfs are blissfully few in number.

THE Theatre Company of Boston has brought to the Longacre a dazzling production of David Rabe's first play, "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel." It is a passionate work, and in the view it takes of the war in Vietnam (which was still in progress when the play was written, and of which Mr. Rabe is a veteran) it is an indignant one. Neither the passion nor the indignation seems a whit less compelling today than in 1971, when the play had its début at the Public Theatre here. Hummel is an exceptionally interesting character—a born loser, readily mocked by others, who perceives his doom and pursues it with a pertinacity that gives him an unexpected dignity. In his days as a civilian, his life was base enough; in his days as a member of the armed forces, it is baser still. He can pluck from his duties and his surroundings nothing of value, and he fears that within his own nature there may be found nothing of value; and so he stumbles toward the certainty of his death without a word of consolation.

Al Pacino gives a superb performance as Hummel, ably supported by a large and capable cast. The director, David Wheeler, has filled the play with illuminating touches and has coached his players well in the art of moving about gracefully in Robert Mitchell's setting, which boasts a stage as steeply raked as an Alp. The lighting has been designed by David F. Segal, and the costumes are by Domingo Rodriguez. A classic production of what is beginning to seem one of our classic plays.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Hartzell says the fire was possibly caused by a discarded cigarette, although faulty writing is being investigated.—*Boca Raton (Fla.) News.*

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U.S. JOURNAL: SAN ANTONIO

SOME ELEMENTS OF POWER

MEXICAN-AMERICANS in San Antonio have traditionally been discussed in terms of how much they enhance the ambience and lower the per-capita income. San Antonio is just about the only city in Texas that anybody has ever accused of being charming, and its charm is customarily attributed to its sense of history and its Latin majority. The extraordinarily pleasant walkway that was constructed in W.P.A. days along the San Antonio River, just below the streets of downtown San Antonio, is called the Paseo del Rio, and the sort of river traffic a stroller is most likely to observe is a bargeful of tourists being entertained by a Mexican dinner and mariachi music. The presence of charm in San Antonio is not completely unrelated to the absence of wealth. San Antonio lacks the desperate pace and the hard edges of Texas boom cities. Its economy is based not on oil but on the presence of a remarkable number of federal military installations. Its rich—not seriously rich by Texas standards—are not people who own vast fields of oil wells or huge industries but people who own real estate. Its poor—seriously poor by the standards of any state—are mostly Mexican-Americans.

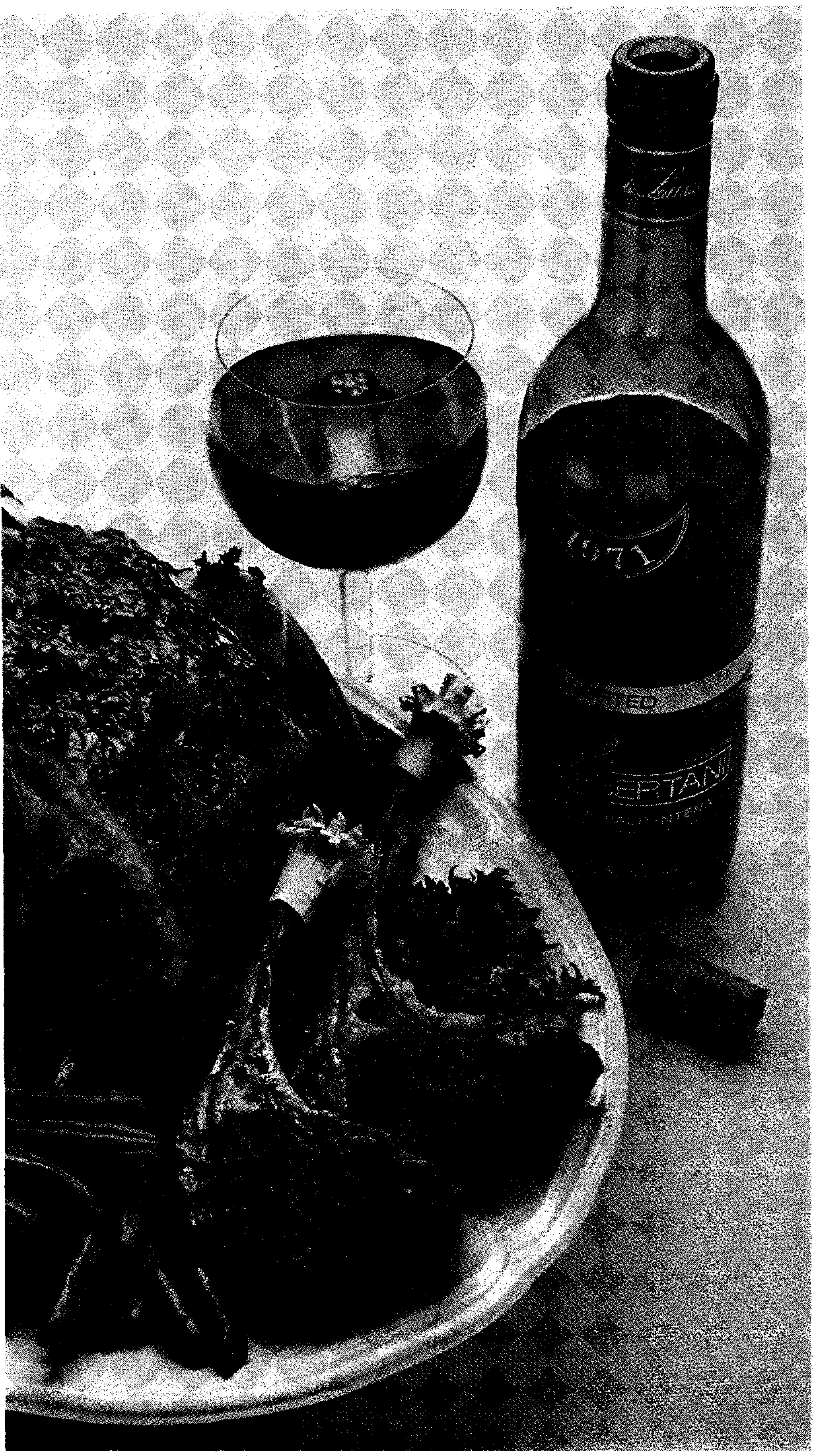
Traditionally, Mexican-Americans in San Antonio have been politically disorganized—dominated by a group of Anglos who have more often been criticized for paternalism or insensitivity than for viciousness. For twenty years, virtually the entire city council of San Antonio was selected, from out of the same north-side Anglo neighborhoods, by a group called the Good Government League—the outgrowth of a reform movement that had been founded by the business community on the principle that a city could best be managed by putting honest and responsible and compatible citizens in charge and then avoiding the sort of questioning that might be considered divisive. A list of people who exerted considerable political power in San Antonio would have been virtually identical to a list of people who exerted considerable economic power. The Good Government League, having become rather elderly as reform movements go, started to fall apart several years ago, and at about the same time, a nearly indefatigable organizer named Ernesto Cortes, Jr., began to knock on doors in the Mexican-American neighborhoods in the south and west sides of town and ask people about their problems. Working with some young Roman Catholic priests, Cortes eventually put together a federation of organizations, mostly Roman Catholic parishes, to form Communities Organized for Public Service, or COPS. Now, three years or so after Cortes started his rounds, any list that local newspapers compile of the most powerful people in San Antonio includes, among the bankers and real-estate developers customarily on such lists, one name of an organization rather than an individual—COPS. The idea of a large group of Mexican-Americans holding any serious power is so astonishing in San Antonio that local political observers have spent a lot of time analyzing how such a phenomenon could come to pass. At first, COPS members were rather astonished themselves, but not because they were ever in any doubt about their goals. At the first annual COPS convention, in the fall of 1974, the president, Andres Sarabia, said, "We are a power organization."

THERE are certain changes that ordinary citizens have the power to effect merely by asking. A few dozen mothers who demand a stop sign at a dangerous intersection are likely to get it. COPS was formed in 1974 around just such issues. Cortes had been trained in the tac-

"Mr. Styvelson is a very private person."

tics of the late Saul Alinsky, the radical community organizer from Chicago, and those tactics include building confidence by concentrating at first on problems that can probably be solved merely by a willingness to bring the matter to the attention of the proper authorities. Among Mexican-Americans in San Antonio, that turned out to be a rather long list of problems, partly because so little had been asked for in the past. Even those people in San Antonio public life who have become bitter opponents of COPS tend to acknowledge that the problems COPS brought up in its formative days were legitimate grievances in need of attention. COPS's most important early victory was winning the city's agreement to begin construction on a drainage project that had been authorized for the southwest side of San Antonio—in a neighborhood with no curbs or storm drains, where the residents, like the residents of most Mexican-American neighborhoods in San Antonio, found themselves ankle-deep in water after just about any heavy rain. It is widely believed that the victory was won largely because the mayor was genuinely astonished to hear that a project affecting a hundred thousand citizens had not moved past the planning stage since it was first put on the books, in 1945. Nobody had exactly asked. Certainly nobody had asked in the style used by COPS—showing up at a city-council meeting in a force of a hundred and twenty-five people to ask in a loud voice.

There is, of course, growing power in success—even success with virtually uncontested issues. As a matter of policy, COPS is constantly reminding its membership and the general public of its accomplishments. At a COPS Accountability Night for some city-council candidates recently—a program during which candidates are asked, rather brusquely, to commit themselves publicly and in writing on certain issues of interest to the organization—the current president, Beatrice Gallego, said, "I would like to remind the candidates that it is COPS that has gotten more than one hundred million dollars in capital improvements for our communities." COPS is powerful now partly because of its reputation for power. "I tried to get people to come down here," a witness who opposed a zoning change favored by COPS said at a recent city-council meeting. "But they said, 'You can't beat COPS.' " In "Rules for Radicals," a paperback that Rosengren's bookstore, just behind the Alamo, is having trouble keeping in stock these



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days, Alinsky wrote, "Always remember the first rule of power tactics: Power is not only what you have but what the enemy thinks you have."

KNOWLEDGE is power, particularly when the knowledge is of city-water-board procedures. In many American cities, the policies of institutions like the city water board or the public-service commission, or even the planning and zoning commission, have routinely been accepted without question partly because it is assumed that the duly constituted authorities are the only people in town who know enough about the tedious and complicated matters under their jurisdiction to make decisions. Citizens who go to the trouble of becoming conversant with, say, water-main-extension procedures or comparative utility rates are, merely by their knowledge, in a position to have some impact on public policy. "COPS people often know more about the matter under discussion than the public official they're talking to," a San Antonio councilman said recently. COPS people knew whether the city council's plan to purchase a golf course with Community Development Act funds was consistent with federal guidelines, and they knew whether the city's policies on the upkeep of vacant lots were consistent with its own ordinances. ("Make the enemy live up to their own book of rules," Alinsky wrote in "Rules for Radicals.") When Beatrice Gallego gives a speech warning politicians of COPS's power, she is likely to say—and say in a tone that sounds like a battle cry—"We do our homework!"

Mrs. Gallego is among those COPS leaders who have had the heady experience of realizing that they knew more about an issue than the expert supposedly in charge. It is the sort of experience that tends to change one's views on authority; people who have had it are no longer likely to accept uncritically the opinion of a high-school guidance counsellor on the future of their children or the opinion of a banker on the future of their neighborhood. Mrs. Gallego, whose previous experience as an officeholder was in her local P.-T.A., says she used to be quiet and reserved, and she still seems that way when she is off the platform. "The first time I talked to the city manager and the city council, I used to say 'sir' this and 'sir' that," she said not long ago. "I held them on a pedestal because I thought they knew what they were doing. Now I *know* revenue sharing and C.D.A.—all of that. And I know

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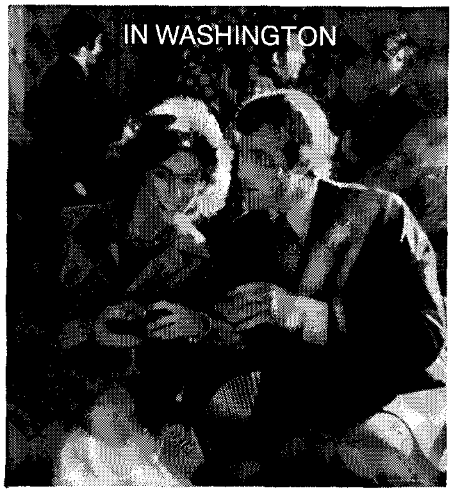

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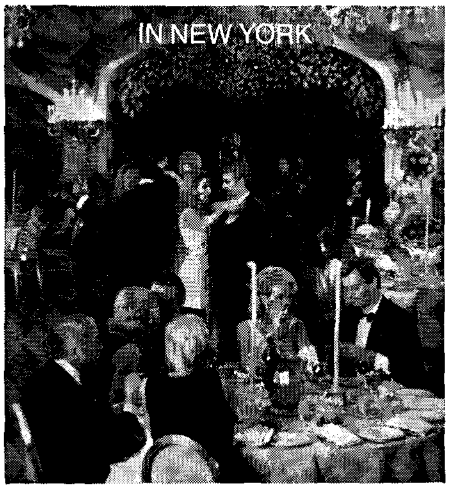

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that what they're doing is ripping us off."

COPS has drawn some of its strength from the imposing presence in San Antonio of two institutions that have not traditionally been thought of as allies of radical community organizers—the Roman Catholic Church and the federal bureaucracy. One of the principal speakers at the last COPS convention was Francis J. Furey, the Archbishop of San Antonio, who has given COPS financial and moral support almost from the start. COPS rarely appears at a public meeting without a sprinkling of priests or nuns, and the established parish network is used to maintain contact with the neighborhoods. Many of the people who are now leaders in COPS have been leaders in their parishes; someone who helps organize a voter-registration drive for COPS is likely to have picked up organizational experience by running a church rummage sale or a charity picnic. People in San Antonio who strongly disapprove of the Church's support of COPS tend to blame it on what one businessman has called "an overdose of social conscience," but the Alinsky interpretation would be that, effective alliances always being the product of mutual self-interest, the archdiocese profits by the success of any organization that engages its most energetic laymen and works to preserve the neighborhoods that are vital to the health of its parish churches.

A remarkable number of COPS leaders work as civil servants at Kelly Air Force Base. They have secure jobs—and they do not have the dread of economic retaliation which often prevents people from becoming involved in protest movements. Some of them even have a passing familiarity with government paperwork. The Mexican-American community in San Antonio had been relatively powerless at City Hall not because it had no resources but because nobody had harnessed its resources. The poorest Mexican-Americans in San Antonio could be said to be represented by COPS in the sense that they are members of the parishes involved and residents of the neighborhoods being helped and maybe even participants in a trip to a city-council meeting, but most of the leaders are middle-class. Although COPS is often called "radical," or at least "militant," its leaders tend to be rather conservative personally—respectable, churchgoing, job-holding homeowners. COPS built its constituency not by appeals to racial pride or racial bitterness—it in-

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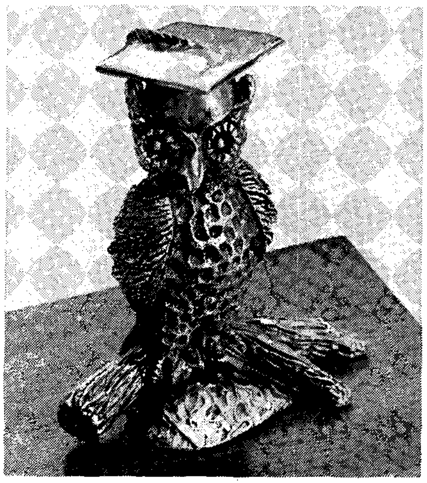

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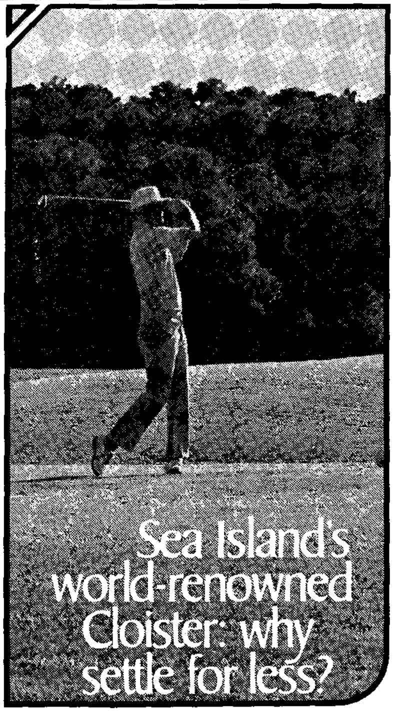
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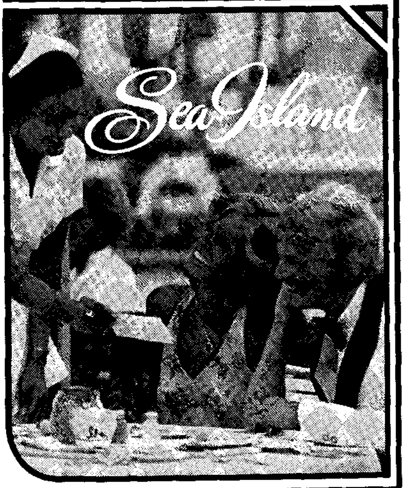

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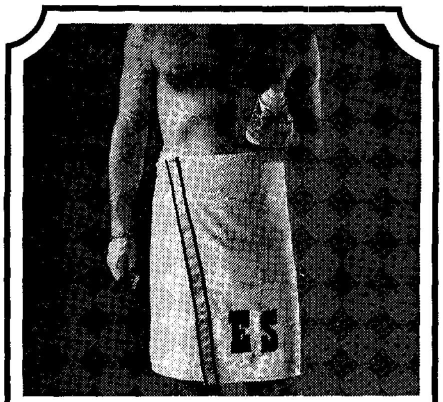
cludes a few non-Mexican-Americans, and *la raza* is virtually never mentioned—but on the practical argument that people in the south and west sides of San Antonio had a right to their fair share of government funds and their fair share of their own tax money. COPS meetings still begin with a prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. "The second rule," Alinsky wrote, "is never go outside the experience of your people."

COPS says it has the power of people; its opponents usually refer to that as intimidation. "They want to overpower you," a city councilman who has often disagreed with COPS said not long ago. "They want to physically surround you." A COPS spokesman tends to be consciously belligerent in public debate; his supporters may cheer anything he says and boo anything said in opposition. The total effect is partly a way to draw a reaction ("The real action is the enemy's reaction," Alinsky wrote) and partly a device for breaking through the deference to authority which is common among Mexican-Americans in south Texas—and partly, of course, a method of intimidation. By chance, the first "actions" COPS held at the various boards and commissions of San Antonio came at a time when the power held so confidently for twenty years by the Good Government League had become fragmented, and those who were more or less in charge of the city had no idea how to react to the appearance of a hundred rude and insistent citizens who refused to accept the customary assurances that the matter would be looked into at the earliest possible time. The idea of citizens appearing in force at, say, a water-board hearing is, after all, almost the antithesis of the way city government in America has traditionally operated. ("The third rule is: Wherever possible, go outside of the experience of the enemy.") Before COPS started showing up at water-board meetings regularly in forces of a hundred, the meetings were sufficiently private to be held in the chairman's office; before COPS started applying pressure that eventually forced the board to scale a proposed thirty-per-cent increase in the cost of water down to nineteen per cent, the recommendations of the board had never been challenged by anybody.

When Jesse Muñoz, executive vice-president of COPS, was asked recently about accusations of intimidation, he said, "What's the difference between us intimidating by taking one hundred



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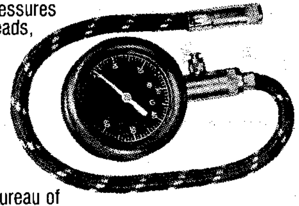

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people to City Hall and a businessman intimidating with money?" An organization interested in power, Muñoz says, uses whatever resources are at its disposal, and in the case of COPS those resources amount mostly to people. At the third annual COPS convention last fall, Andres Sarabia said that the struggle in San Antonio comes down to "power of money or power of people." A hundred people at a meeting may have the power to intimidate, but they also have the power to confer a form of legitimacy on people who are not on their own influential: One person denouncing the city's proposed purchase of a golf course can be thought of as a sorehead or a crank, but one person making that same protest to the cheers of a hundred supporters is a spokesman.

The money power that COPS has focussed on as the enemy is usually expressed in the term "developers." COPS has gradually concentrated a good deal of its energy on opposing what it sees as unplanned suburban sprawl to the north at the expense of the central city—the policy, for instance, of subsidizing water mains installed in new subdivisions instead of replacing the miles of ancient two-inch water mains that in some neighborhoods make taking a shower and washing the dishes activities that cannot go on in the same house at the same time. As people like Jesse Muñoz and Andres Sarabia see it, what COPS can accomplish only by hauling a hundred people to commission meetings for weeks on end a developer can accomplish over a drink with the commission chairman. The sort of power a community-action group has to contend with in a city like San Antonio is the power of chumminess. At one point, the chairman of the city water board was himself a developer, and the chairman of the planning and zoning commission was president of the Greater San Antonio Builders' Association.

Although COPS does not formally endorse political candidates, there is obviously an implied voting power in the presence of a hundred people at a water-board hearing—any experienced politician being capable of concocting some sort of algebraic formula that translates a hundred people at a meeting at two in the afternoon into quite a few more than that at the polls. COPS's power to influence an election was present only by implication until the fall of 1975, when it joined with a coalition of environmentalists to campaign for reversing a zoning decision that would have permitted the largest shopping mall in the Southwest to be

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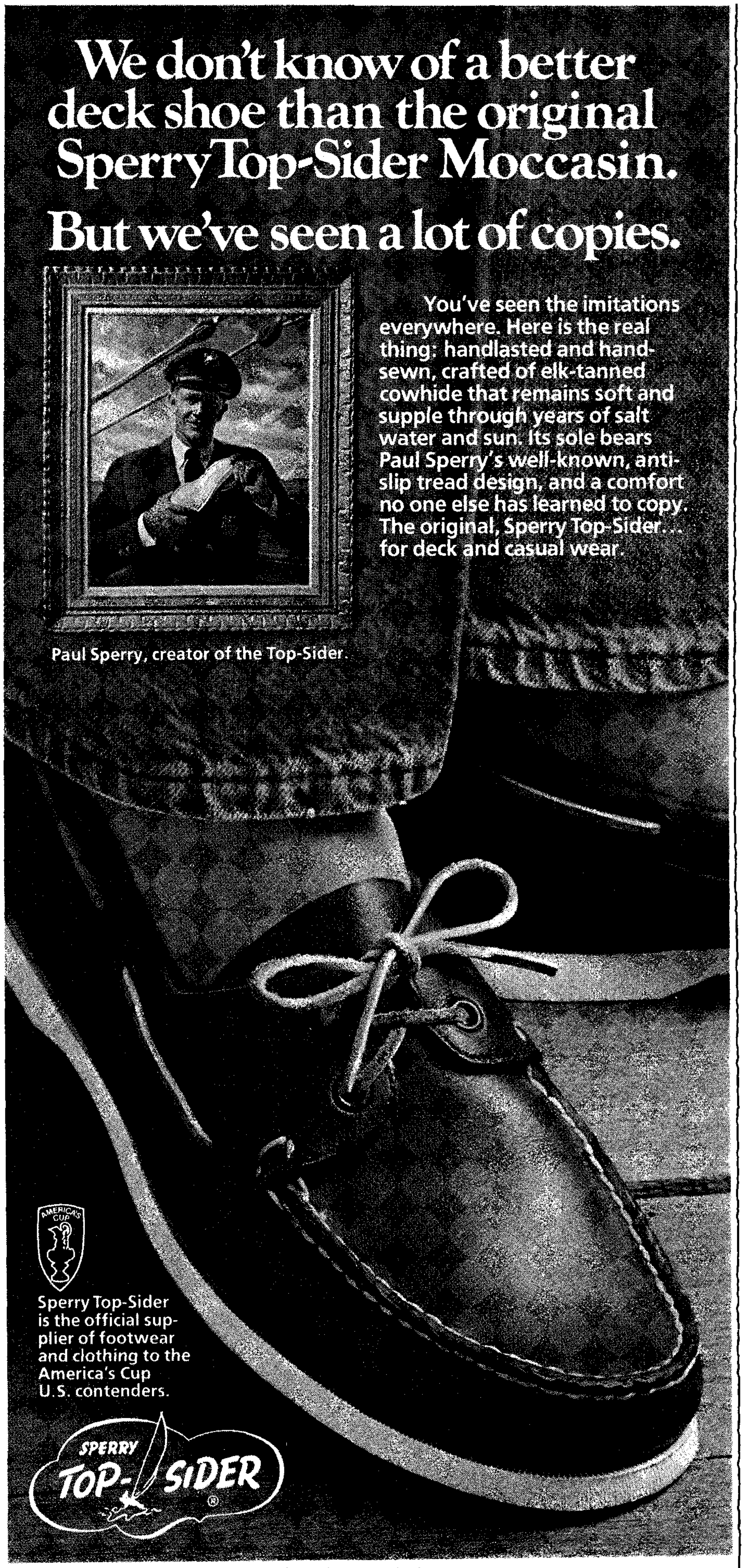

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constructed over the Edwards aquifer, the underground source of the city's water supply. COPS collected eleven thousand signatures on referendum petitions in two weeks, and turned out anti-mall voters in precincts where the level of citizen participation had traditionally been about the same as that at water-board meetings. Local political columnists proclaimed that the voting power of COPS had been proved. When San Antonio decided by referendum last January to begin electing its city councilmen by districts rather than at large, the same columnists tended to believe that COPS might have lost much of its voting strength—the theory being that a number of councilmen from predominantly Anglo districts would be able to ignore COPS with impunity. As the first election of city councilmen by districts turned out, though, obvious opponents of COPS were defeated in the Mexican-American districts, and the pro-development forces had a bad day all over town. "We won them all," Mrs. Gallego said, at the COPS election-night party—which may have been an exaggeration, but was consistent with Saul Alinsky's Rule Number One.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

A PHOTO OF MINERS

(U.S.A., 1908)

With trees backing them
instead of the pit's mouth,
they could have been
at a fifth-grade picnic.
But the spitballer won't grow into
his father's jacket, and a ladder
of safety pins climbs the front of
the class clown. Stretch—
who got tall the soonest—
has the air of a chimney sweep,
and here is a little grandfather
in brogans and rag gloves,
his face shoved between two shoulders
his arms are draping,
his eyes flashing the riding lights
of pain. They are a year's
supply, average age, give or take
a year: ten. Don't look for
a bare foot at a devil-may-care
angle on one of the rails,
or a habitable face for a life
you might have led—that
mouth is rigid as a mail slot,
the light on those hands predicts
common graves. Does anything transcend
the walleyed patience of beasts,
the artless smirk on the boy
with the high forehead
who thinks he will croon his way
out of this?

—BRENDAN GALVIN

A REPORTER IN EUROPE

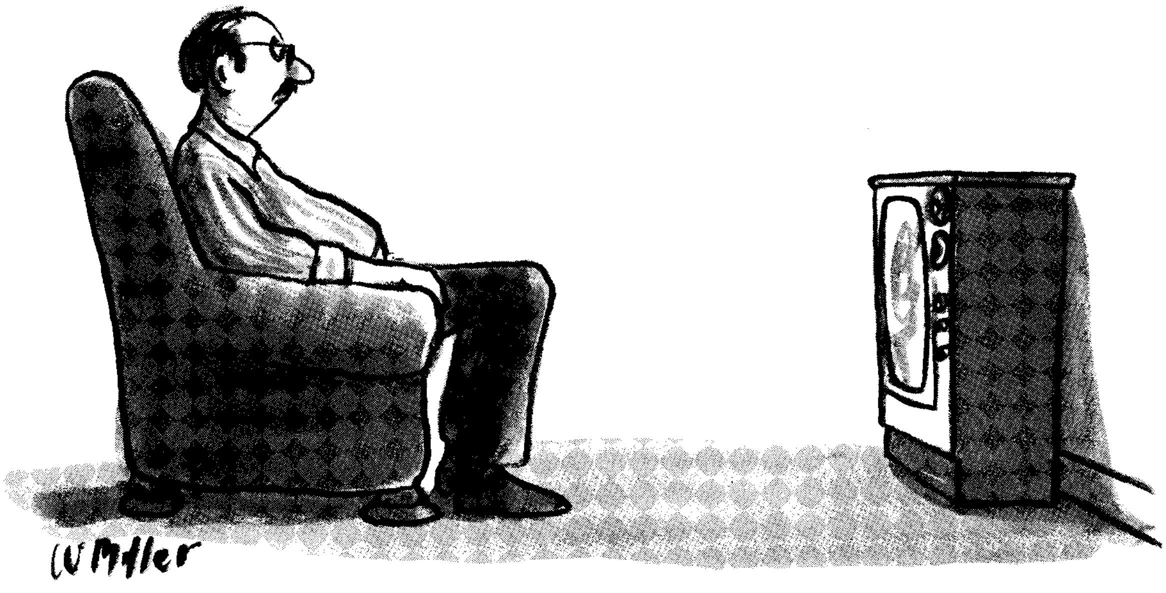
ROME

SOMEWHERE into the nineteen-sixties, Italy forgot that it was Italy. The country was rich—at least, the bankers and the businessmen said so, and every factory's books showed profits. The *miseria* was over. Six million southern peasants had left the land and headed north to work in the cities of their fantasies. Towns like Turin, where Fiat has its biggest plant, doubled their population. After starving for centuries, Italians discovered themselves in the middle of what the politicians here assured them was an economic miracle, and it was a treacherous discovery for people who had always best survived by accurate apprehension of the limits of one another's distress. There had never been enough of anything in Italy before—enough money, enough good land, enough virgins with the proper dowries, enough *dottori* to court them, enough respect for everyone to count on getting some. Italians lived with the certainty that one man's luck involved the next man's tragedy, and cultivated the rules of the protection racket, being too wary for the accommodations of the social contract. Those were the rules in Florence when Dante offered his pen in the service of the Guelfs, and in Sicily when the Mafia refined its networks, and in postwar Rome when the Christian Democrats started to manufacture jobs for a quarter of a million voters. It was not so much the rules that changed here in the sixties as the Italians, who became carefree and agreeable and almost sportsmanlike. Prosperity united Italy in ways the *risorgimento* never had: it gave Italians a great national illusion that the spoils were abundant. And for a lot of Communists here it transformed a revisionist theory about a *compromesso storico* with capitalism into a demonstrably practical plan to follow, because a future as bountiful as Italy's had something to offer everyone who would accept it.

The writer Alberto Arbasino, who lives in Rome, says that the real folly of the sixties began when Italians decided that prosperity had changed their character—when they abandoned their fortress banks for banks built like beauty parlors, when people who had never left a package or a suitcase in a parked car moved into apartments with sliding glass doors and with terrace walls that any seven-year-old could scale. Hoodlums had always terrorized the cities here under the banners of rival gangs and the sponsorship of feuding families. *Banditi* on the highways were an Italian tradition as old and irrevocable as the Church of Rome. But people seemed to have decided that crime, like poverty, belonged to a peasant past that was disappearing under a pile of Fiats off Giovanni Agnelli's new assembly lines. Despite the rhetoric of a new south, the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno—the development agency for southern Italy—got less than one per cent of the national budget until just a few years ago, and even in the north, where the land is fertile, farmers were killing their cows for a bounty by the late sixties. Advisers from the Common Market, matching shrewd calculation to national illusions, told the Italians that it was ridiculous for a country with Italy's industrial potential to waste its time and its labor farming, and the Italians agreed. No one in Italy worried then about where his food was going to come from—Italy would buy its meat and its milk from foreigners. The Communists did think enough about agriculture in the north to take over the farm coöperatives in Emilia-Romagna, which by now, with their enormous capital investments, amount to one of the country's major economic institutions. But not even the Communists seemed concerned about how the south was going to support itself after six million peasants had left the land.

Money was plentiful then, because the government kept printing it, and new factories kept producing things for people to spend it on. Italian economists in those days sounded like demented Keynesians: they made a religion of spending and preached a sacred correlation between the amount of money put in circulation and the country's health. Italy needed consumers, so the government obliged by supplying them. And though no one ever managed to beat the record set in 1960 by a Minister of Posts who apparently in thirty days created jobs for fourteen thousand old neighbors in the Abruzzi, for one bewildering decade every *padrone* here had something to offer. There were years when the unions could guarantee their workers a raise in wages every second month; when the government, investing in industry, could subsidize the most outrageously unproductive schemes and speculations for its friends; when the universities could offer every worker's son a chance to call himself *dottore* and claim a bureaucrat's salary from a state as beneficent as the Virgin Mother and as resourceful as a Calabrian don.

NOW, of course, Italy is in the kind of crisis that put Mussolini in power, and politics here is a game of chance played to narrowing odds on daily calculations of the country's tol-



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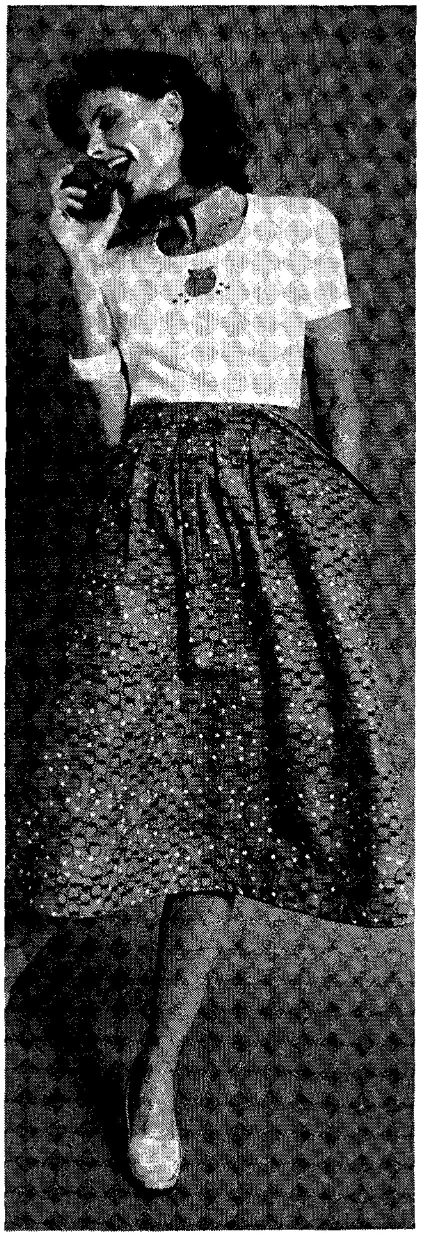

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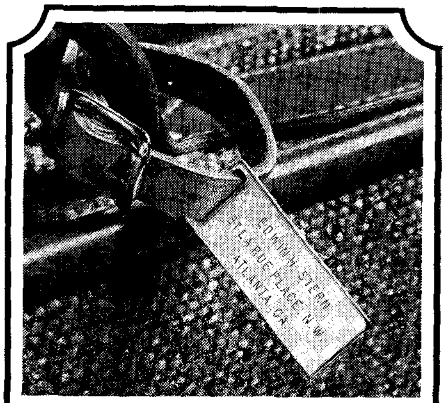
erance. It is only a few industrialists like Agnelli, with empires of their own, who can still afford to test their options, and even Agnelli has mortgaged Fiat to the state for half a billion dollars—with the intention of nationalizing his losses if the economy collapses. Still, industrial wealth makes the big cities of the north a little anomalous. It introduces the notion of common interest in a country that is much more comfortable with the notion of "mine and yours," and has been ever since the first invading foreigners convinced Italians that only fools sacrifice the prerogatives of power for some vague ideal of the public good. Rome is a more Italian city than Milan, say, though people here invariably deny it. Rome today is a testimony to the institution of indenture, protection, and reward that Italians call *clientelismo*—with its Christian Democrats, its Communists, its Socialists, and all the little parties of this unstable republic still acting the role of grand *padroni*, negotiating their shares of the disaster the way, ten years ago, they negotiated the spoils of a future that never arrived.

The city is full of the casualties of years of craven and corrupt government and the propaganda of false hope. It is circled by shantytowns now. Some seventy *borgate* around Rome are still not recognized on the city plan, and have no legal claim to city services—which often means that they have no drinking water or lights or sewerage, no public transportation into town, no clinics or hospitals. More than half a million southern emigrants—twenty per cent of the city's population—live in these *borgate*. Most of them came here by mistake: they assumed that Rome, like Milan and Turin, had big factories, and no one at home knew enough to tell them they were wrong. Now they wait for work, drinking in bars with names like La Dolce Vita and Il Veneto, which enterprising Romans have built in the middle of the squalor. Some of them survive on the kind of illegal odd jobs that Italians call *lavoro nero*, or "black work," or by dealing in the black market. A lot of them steal—the police say that two to three hundred thousand people go out in Rome every day to steal something—and get by that way.

The Communist Party here would like to claim these emigrants, but it has little to offer, since the millions of industrial workers in Italy who vote Communist are not at all interested in subsidizing the poor at their own expense. The Christian Democrats, of course, lost the emigrants long ago.



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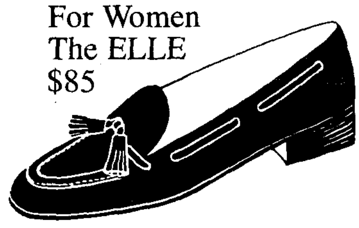

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After the war, with twenty-seven thousand parish churches making sure that peasants kept the political faith, it was easy for the Christian Democrats to control the Catholic poor. The rhetoric of the Cold War served the country's Christian party, and so did the aid that Italy got from America through the Marshall Plan. Politicians could win elections in the early fifties with the slogan "Two-thirds of your bread comes from the United States. Vote Christian Democrat." But those same politicians, campaigning now as the men who brought Italy washing machines and television sets, are not apt to make much of an impression on shantytown people who have been waiting ten years for electricity and water. These people are a new subproletariat in Italy. They are a third force in politics—in Naples, where three hundred thousand men and women are out of work, the unemployed have sent their own deputy to parliament—and they are alienated and vulnerable.

So are a million university graduates in Italy who cannot find work. The government calls them the "intellectually unemployed," but in fact they may be intellectually unemployable, too. They are trained for the same few professions that fit Italian notions of respectability, and lately most of them have been trained so poorly that their degrees are meaningless. And yet new students keep enrolling. The University of Rome, built for twenty thousand students, now has a hundred and seventy thousand, and they will stay there as long as they can, because they have nowhere to go when they graduate. There are already over three-quarters of a million schoolteachers in Italy, and the universities themselves have just been "reformed" by a law that in effect freezes hiring for the next five years. The Roman bourgeoisie sends its children abroad to college, or to smaller universities in cities like Pisa or Venice or Turin. These students at the University of Rome are working-class children. They have no family money to see them through a few years of unemployment, and they would not go back to the land or into factories even if there were jobs for them. Manual labor is despised in Italy, and one does not preach working-class values to working-class children—which is something the Communists learned this spring when they sent Luciano Lama, the general secretary of the labor federation they control, to speak at the University of Rome and he had to escape through a back door. Lama is a partisan hero and as powerful a

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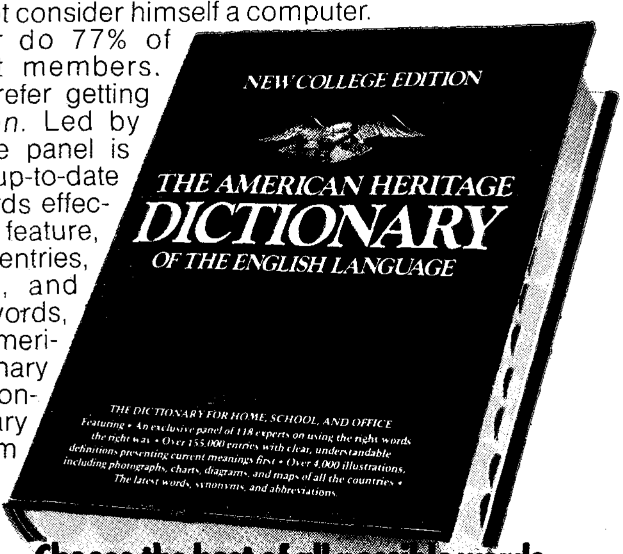
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BROWNSTONE STUDIO

Communist, in his way, as Enrico Berlinguer, the Party Secretary. But the students who attacked him are not interested in Communists. They are dropouts from ideology, and have nothing in common with the middle-class students who, demonstrating for their new Marxist principles, shut the universities in 1968. Students today belong to anarchic groups like the Autonomia. They tie their kerchiefs into masks or paint their faces like Apaches and practice their own marginal politics, which is the politics of demand and disruption and violent reproach.

THE balance-of-payments deficit here is three billion dollars. The budget deficit, officially set at twelve and a half billion dollars, is really twice that, when all the hidden deficits are counted—twenty-five billion dollars in deficit financing for a total yearly national expenditure of sixty billion dollars. Italians are in debt to foreigners for seventeen billion dollars; local commercial banks owe three billion of it, the rule of thumb these days being that it is better to lose other people's money than one's own. As much as fifty billion dollars of private capital has already disappeared from Italy. The government, offering immunity from prosecution to anyone who brought some back last year, was able to recover only a billion and a half of that fifty billion. And foreign companies here, underinvested and overguaranteed to begin with, had all but "credited out" by the elections last June—which meant that they were operating with twenty borrowed dollars to every dollar of their own.

There is no mystery to Italy's economic crisis. The riches of the sixties were riches only by the old Italian standards. Half the country was either underdeveloped or undeveloped when the sixties boom began, but Italy, signing the Common Market charter in 1957, committed itself to the wages and the expectations of a modern European state. It imported what Alberto Ronchey, who writes the editorials for the daily *Corriere della Sera*, calls the demagogy of a European target. And in the end the real redistribution here was of hope, not wealth. Italians assumed that industry would finance the country's transformation, but industry is only as solvent as the people it supplies. To do well, most industrialized countries in Western Europe count on a large active—which means working, earning, and *spending*—population. (Forty per cent of the total population is the usual target.) Italy, even after years of an amazing growth rate, still has only nineteen million people working in its population of fifty-six million, and that helps cut the per-capita income here to half of what it is in France. The government, with a budget that amounts to at least a third of the gross national product, has to guarantee pensions for thirteen million Italians. The cost of oil has quadrupled since 1973—and Italy imports nearly all its energy in the form of oil. Industrial wages are so high in relation to the rest of the economy that whatever money industry does put into expansion goes for automation, not new jobs. And Italy is left with a rate of inflation twice the Common Market average, and no money to pay for anything.

A mixed economy is hard to coordinate in the best of times. The Italians have rarely even tried. The structures of Mussolini's national socialism were never really dismantled, and by now people are so used to state participation in the private sector and state monopolies that the Communists, who have a survival stake in a healthy economy, are in the curious position of being among the few remaining defenders of market economics and competitive private enterprise. The Italian state has become the stockholder of last resort, just as for years it has been the employer of last resort. The state controls over half of Italy's heavy industry, and has an interest in just about everything else manufactured in the country, from ice cream to antibiotics. Even now, it keeps taking over factories, because so many of the old industrialists are finding it more convenient to cede them to the state for handsome settlements than to preside over their own bankruptcy. State industry has always been a source of spoils for politicians here. A few years back, the director of the state's mining monopoly retired with a bonus of more than a million dollars, and no one considered that unusual—only a little high. The state lets its executives draw salaries fit for an oil minister in Abu Dhabi; their pensions are nearly as enormous, since the state calculates pensions at ninety per cent of a person's last paycheck.

The state here is not a public trust; it exists for its clients and is as corrupt as its clients make it, and under the Christian Democrats it has rarely bothered to answer to anybody for its losses. Alfasud, the state's automobile factory outside Naples, takes a loss of four thousand dollars on every car it manufactures. Italy's big aluminum companies lose a hundred million dollars a year, while Reynolds, with a tiny share of the market, makes a profit. The nationalization of electricity, which was something the Socialists sponsored when they joined a coalition government in the early sixties, turned out to be so lucrative a process for both the politicians and the unions that Italians ended up paying five times as much for their light and power as they had paid before. With no profits in the public sector, and not much help from the public, whose best efforts are spent avoiding taxes, it is hardly surprising that Italy is bankrupt—that its schools are in disgrace, its health services barely function, and its hospital debt alone is four times its balance-of-payments deficit. In Rome, people have to wait three months for cancer surgery at a public hospital. And the private clinics here are so expensive that anyone who can afford it flies to Switzerland for treatment and ends up saving money, and possibly his life.

STILL, Rome is a bewitching city. It is such a fine thing just to be up and out on a spring day in Rome that the city seems to cast a spell over its own problems. Italian politics would probably be different if the country were run from a hard-edged city like Milan, or from a city like Naples, where the quality of life has deteriorated to the point that no one can ignore it. Rome gives politicians an almost archeological approach to trouble. Romans pile up trouble the way they built their city, layer on layer, century on century, leaving structures so precariously balanced that no one dares to touch a stone. The city survives this way, in a virtuoso performance of abiding instability. It takes a while to distinguish the tension here: to see that the famous scene is over; that the artists and directors and all the beautiful people of the city's *dolce vita* have abandoned the Caffè Greco for their own apartments; that at night most streets are apt to be deserted, except for muggers on the prowl and nervous bachelors walking their new Dobermans. These days, the "gardeners" awkwardly pruning fruit trees behind the garden walls along the Via Appia Antica are as often as not the bodyguards the rich have hired to protect their children. The adolescent boys in tight pants and pointed shoes and imitation Cartier watches strolling across the Piazza del Popolo to Rosati's Bar may turn up one weekend soon in a Fascist march. There are demonstrations of one sort or another every weekend in Rome. One, in March, began as a protest against the shooting of

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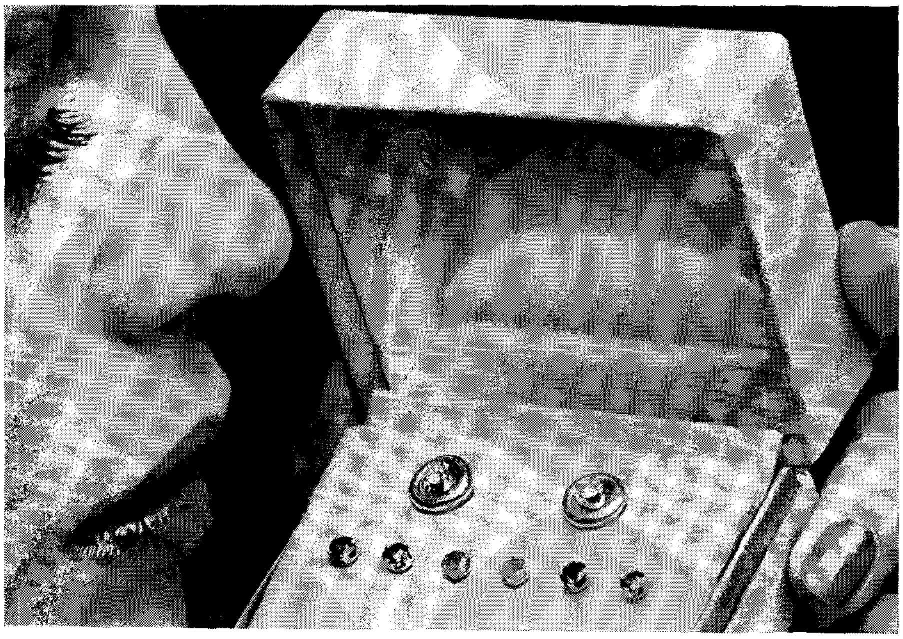

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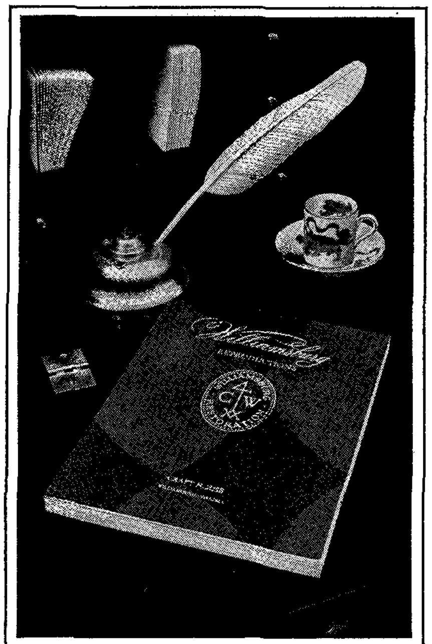

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a student in Bologna, was taken over by gangs, and turned into one of the worst riots here in years. It transformed the city in minutes, making it garish and sinister. Rioters in masks snaked, chanting, through ancient streets toward the center of the city. The piazzas were lit, suddenly, by the beams of armored police vans moving across them like tanks in battle line. Fights began. Cars were set on fire. Windows were smashed and shops looted. And yet on Monday morning people skipped down the Spanish Steps on their way to work and bought flowers from the venders, and their cynicism was so deep that it amounted to a kind of gaiety.

Romans, native and imported, cultivate that sort of cynicism. People here expect of one another, at best, high personal style and entertaining fraud. They wear Dow Chemical T-shirts to demonstrate against the multinationals and worry that their shoes may be inappropriate. They engage in windy, eloquent denunciations of lawlessness while they wait in line to buy life-sized posters of Renato Vallanzasca, the kidnapper. They read in *Il Messaggero* that the richest man in Rome has been declaring a taxable income of two thousand dollars, and are far more disconcerted by the news that Giulio Carlo Argan, their new, Communist mayor, lacks the imagination for more than a thousand dollars of deductions—or by the news that the returns of Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti, who is, of course, a Christian Democrat, show no style whatsoever. Not that the Christian Democrats have ever been considered stylish. They have run the country for thirty years, taking turns in the Prime Minister's office, and are currently mismanaging their thirty-ninth government, but, whatever the scandals associated with them, they are blamed here mainly for their mediocrity.

Romans would never expect the government they have now to build them a highway, say, unless a third of the contract price ended up in some politician's pocket. They naturally prefer a good road to a bad road for that extra money, but mostly they ask that the politician rob them with a certain conviction. People associate conviction with purity here—that is the real power of the Church in politics. Plain truth does not interest them at all. They may get their facts from the *Corriere*, which aims at being a journal of record, but to be persuaded they read three or four other newspapers every day and then decide what really happened—wheth-

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er, as they say in Rome, the man found dead on the Via della Conciliazione was a terrorist whose *plastico* exploded in his pocket just as he was about to assassinate the Pope or an honest worker who was run over by a Ferrari and might have lived if the doctors at the public hospital had not been out at an orgy with the nurses.

THE idiom is political in Rome, because the services of the government are political, not popular. Italians regard their citizenship as a kind of bad deal with the devil. They do not really believe that their rights as citizens entitle them to fair treatment from the government; they expect their rights to be honored in direct proportion to the power of the particular party that protects them. There are not many people left in Italy who get anywhere without party sponsorship. Movie people used to, but now that Carlo Ponti and Dino De Laurentiis have left the country, the Cinecittà film studios are short of money, and when Franco Zeffirelli wanted to make his Easter movie about Jesus he had to go to the politicians for financing. The Mafia obviously still complicates party power in southern Italy, and in the north not even the Communists can control the unions anymore. But an Italian who wants to get ahead generally offers his name, his services, and often his money to a party, and the party, in return, sponsors him for the job he wants. Everyone here feels sorry for Luigi Gui—Gui is one of the two ministers who were stripped of their immunity at a parliamentary session in March and sent to trial on charges of having taken bribes from Lockheed—because he apparently turned his entire share of the money over to the Christian Democrats, and in Italy that makes him an honorable, if not an honest, man. Certainly the journalists who covered the Lockheed hearings understood Gui's problem; *they* spent most of their time in the corridors of Montecitorio, the Italian parliament, discussing whether the Socialists' "candidate" or the Christian Democrats' "candidate" would get the job as the *Corriere's* new Rome bureau chief.

The idiom is pernicious and accurate. When people say that the Communists have the musical director's job at La Scala, and only in afterthought add that the director happens to be the conductor Claudio Abbado, they are saying by implication that the Socialists must have taken the general manager's job for themselves. In Italy, the left gets "culture." And the Socialists get more than their political share of it, because the Christian Democrats prefer to pass jobs on to Socialists, who have been doing badly at the polls lately, rather than to Communists, who have been getting nearly as many votes as they have. The Christian Democrats took all the jobs until 1963, which was the first of Italy's twelve years of "center-left" coalition government, and "culture" put a terrific strain on their talents. They were delighted that the Socialists, who considered themselves an intellectuals' party, demanded museums and opera houses and left them with the banks and the state monopolies and the factories and just about every ministry with real power.

Politically speaking, Christian Democratic interest in Italian culture begins and ends with mass culture, which the Christian Democrats assume, reasonably, has more to do with winning votes than a good show at the Venice Biennale. The mass media in Italy have always belonged to the state, and have always been political. The first radio transmission here was a speech of Mussolini's, and for the next twenty years Il Duce harangued the Italians from radios set up in public squares and meeting halls all over the country. After the war, the Christian Democrats carried on the tradition. They were considerably more subtle, but the fact is that no opposition speech was allowed on Italian television until 1962—and there was never much protest over this from the public, for the simple reason that it rarely occurred to the public that it had any cause to expect a democratic government to let an opposition politician go on television. In fact, when Italian radio and television were finally reformed by law last year, the left got one television channel and the Christian Democrats the other and the country's three radio stations were divided up along similar lines, and no one even at RAI considered any other way of settling things. Most people, including Communists, still watch the Christian Democrats' channel anyway. It is devoted to the rock shows and soccer games and situation comedies that Italian workers like, whereas the Socialists tend to offer enlightening evenings of work songs from the nineteen-thirties, poetry readings by peasants who have lost their land, three-hour discussions on repression in Chile, and operas like "Don Giovanni" performed

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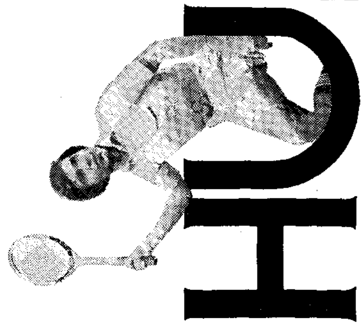
PALMIRO TOGLIATTI, who led the Italian Communist Party until his death, in 1964, once said that his party was like a giraffe—there was no reason for such a strange animal to exist but it did. Communists in France and Spain may talk about a new Euro-Communism; but in France the Party is still essentially a workers' party, at the accommodating end of an alliance with the French Socialists, and has nothing to lose from libertarian rhetoric, and the Communists in Spain, after forty years in clandestinity, are a tiny party, desperate for credibility and burdened with suspicions of the rest of the left that date from the Spanish Civil War. The Italian Communist Party, on the other hand, is a phenomenon that not even its leaders understand fully. The Communists have become the broad-based popular party of the left here; the party of negotiated class interest; the party that cuts through ideological distinctions to command a vote far greater than its membership. They contradict most notions of what a Western European left should look like, because they take the place in Italy that almost by definition belongs to the Socialists. Nearly everybody here agrees that the Socialists are somehow more logical for Italy than the Communists, and to some extent the Communists' enormous popularity has to do with the Socialists' default. The Socialists are almost as deeply discredited in Italy as the Christian Democrats—the difference being that only ten per cent of the country votes Socialist anymore, whereas the Christian Democrats, by waving the flag of anti-Communism, can still get enough votes in an election to stay in power.

Socialist strategy in Italy has nearly always been wrong. The Socialists joined election lists with the Communists in 1948, when Cold War feeling was running high in Italy and a lot of social democrats had already walked out of the Party. They entered a government of Christian Democrats in 1963, when a strong alliance on the left was finally plausible, and then a lot of their radicals left in protest. The radicals were right, in a way. Socialists had far less clout in government than, say, Republicans, who are a much smaller party but have the bargaining power of tremendous wealth and influence behind them. For the twelve years of "center-left" government, the Christian Democrats fed the Socialists' ambitions, ignored most of



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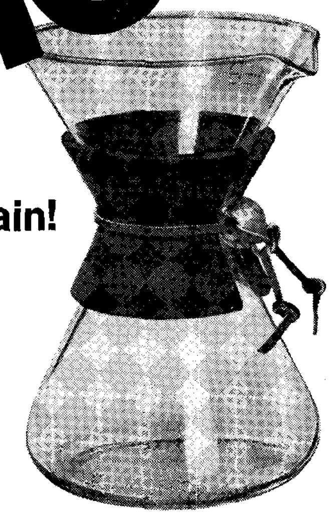

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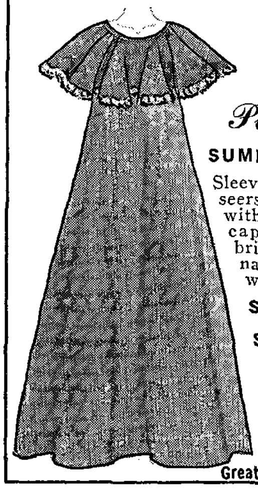

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their programs, and introduced a few of them to the pleasures of high-level corruption. Socialists got the Abruzzi to develop into ski villages. One of their ministers was involved in a highway-construction swindle of a billion dollars. Socialists may not have got any of Lockheed's two million dollars, but the Socialists voted in parliamentary committee against prosecuting Mariano Rumor—Rumor, who is a Christian Democrat, had been Prime Minister at the time and was suspected of taking some of the money—and people assume that they made a deal to save him because the Christian Democrats had so much other evidence on them.

Most Socialists would like to see their party revitalized and reformed, but it may be too late for them to make a difference in Italian politics. Italians vote, by and large, on emotion, and now if that emotion happens to be contempt for the Catholics and the Catholic party, they will probably vote Communist. The Communists here have never been revolutionary. Antonio Gramsci, who founded the Party in 1921 and, with it, in a way, a new European Communism, provided them with such specifically Italian analyses that the Party was almost by definition unorthodox. Mussolini turned the Communists into martyrs and resistance fighters, but since the war their politics has been resolutely pragmatic, and they have been much more interested in placating the people with power than in pleasing the people without it. In 1947, they calmly betrayed the other lay parties and agreed to a constitution that renewed Italy's old concordat with the Vatican and with it the Church's extraordinary power in Italian life. And most of them would be relieved now if the bill to legalize abortion which passed the Chamber of Deputies this winter disappeared on its way to the Senate, where they will be obliged on principle to vote for it. Women die in the countryside every day from barbarous home abortions, and there are still villages in Italy where infanticide is common practice, but that does not make the Communists eager to take up the cause against the party of the nation's Catholics. The Communists are interested in respectability. Early on, they demanded a *scala mobile* and legislation that essentially prevented employers from firing anyone—that was their share of the economic miracle. After that, they asked for very little that was not expected of them as a party answerable to a confederation of over four million workers. It was always the Socialists here who talked a lot about

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nationalization. The Communists have won elections as the champions of small businessmen and industrialists against the encroachments of the state. And they have left everybody else wondering whether they are completely treacherous—and, if not, what, exactly, an Italian Communist is. The fact that no one knows has given them tremendous freedom. Even people who kept a long, accusing vigil outside their headquarters here in 1956, when the Party supported Russia's invasion of Hungary, seem willing to excuse the gesture now, saying that it was made only to keep the workers happy—because Russia has been a symbol to a lot of Italian workers, and the same workers who earn Common Market wages in Fiat's Mirafiori factory, drive their own eight-thousand-dollar cars, own a flat in Turin and a seaside villa in Liguria, make it a habit to go abroad once a year on holiday, and refuse to cut their *scala mobile* during an economic crisis are still apt to have a big picture of Stalin in the parlor and to insist that Enrico Berlinguer is selling out to the bourgeoisie.

Actually, the bourgeoisie has made the Party very powerful. The Communists have doubled their vote since 1946—Communists got thirty-five per cent of the vote in the last elections, to the Christian Democrats' thirty-nine per cent—and they have done it by courting the middle class, not by challenging the bizarre structures of Italy's state capitalism. They have run the towns and villages they govern efficiently and fairly honestly, and in Italy that amounts to a revolution. They preach day-care centers and buses that run on time and garbage collections every morning. And, to the extent that their preaching makes them sound no more alarming than a group of Reform Democrats from California, people vote for them. For the converted, they are like a second Church here—righteous and paternalistic and comfortingly hierarchical. Their leaders hide their self-searching and their self-seeking to offer up a vision of Heaven on earth, where St. Peter teaches nursery school and brand-new trucks hose down the streets like armies of avenging angels. And when they fill the jobs in the towns they run with Party militants or play the old role of *padrone*, people are merely amazed that what they demand for their favors is hard work and competence instead of bribes.

By now, Communists control six of the country's twenty regions and forty-five of its ninety-four provinces, and there are Communist mayors in Bologna, Turin, Florence, and Naples as well as here in Rome. The Communists have bankrupted Bologna in making it their model city. Life in Bologna has been virtually free of charge under Communist government, and now the Party is in the awkward predicament of having to tell the Bolognese that they may have to start paying to take a bus again. But the Bolognese are used to the Communists and like them, and they know that without the Communists the city would have gone bankrupt anyway—and they would have got much less for it. Rome is a bigger problem for the Party. Rome was already bankrupt when the Communists took over, and people voted for them mainly because the alternatives were so depressing and they wanted some of the Party's famous services for their trouble. Argan, the mayor, is an art historian, not a politician. He wants to sandblast some of his favorite buildings, but he has not been able to do anything about public housing, or flood control on the Tiber, or commuter trains from the *borgate*, because there is literally no money left for him to spend.

COMMUNISTS make their plans day by day lately. The Party's leaders know the consequences for the country if Andreotti's minority government is allowed to fall. Italy cannot afford any more chaos, and the kind of populism that the right is encouraging among the poor tells the Communists that the Party cannot afford it, either. The choice is theirs. They keep the Christian Democrats in power now by abstaining in Montecitorio from anything that would involve the government in a vote of no confidence, but, being out of the government themselves, they control its programs only by threatening the kind of ruinous strikes that everyone knows the Communist Party doesn't want. They are in a double bind, which the government exploits, because the one thing that terrifies the Communists here is the thought of inheriting Italy, either alone as a new minority government or in a coalition of the left that they dominate, or even in the future, with a Communist majority. Chile is their model. They are obsessed by Chile. They analyze and reanalyze Salvador Allende's downfall to the point of forgetting that Italy is something a little more complicated than a South American copper-company fiefdom. But insofar as they read in Allende's tragedy the tremendous power of capital for disruption, they make what may be an accurate assumption—that they cannot govern Italy without the help of the Christian Democrats. There is no way for the Communists to get rid of Christian Democratic power anyway, short of a revolution. And even if revolution were possible here, which it obviously is not, they say that they would reject it. They seem to genuinely believe that revolution spares no one, and a few of them even believe that it is their particular destiny to be the first Marxists in the world to theorize a real democracy.

As things stand, the Party has no practical interest in getting rid of the Christian Democrats. The Western loans and the Western credit that Italy depends on would vanish overnight. Russia certainly cannot afford to support Italy. The Russians are willing to help the Italian Party now, however unloving it looks in Moscow. They have made it very profitable for the Party—which seems to control the importation of beef into Italy in exchange for letting the Christian Democrats import the dairy products—to see to it that sixty per cent of all the beef that Italians eat comes from Eastern Europe. Apparently, the Russians also pay for the tours that the Party sponsors to the Soviet Union and its bloc, and that way the money that tourists pay in Italy for their trips ends up in marks or dollars in a bank account in Switzerland. But the idea of a Communist Italy alarms the Russians as much as it does the Americans. To begin with, Russians fear the influence of Italian Communism in Eastern Europe. And they clearly do not want Italy in the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance, or COMECON, because the COMECON countries support the Soviet economy, and the effect on that economy would be disastrous if Italy were to introduce the workers in Bulgaria or Hungary or East Germany to Italian industrial wage scales and benefits, to the forty-hour week, and to the standard of living in Milan.

The Party here does not like to deal with Russia any more than it has to. It would rather ignore the question of its allegiances than confront it, because there is no real agreement in the Party as to what those allegiances are or should be. Dissidence is a prickly subject with Italian Communists. Berlinguer refused to discuss it publicly when he met in Madrid this spring with Georges Marchais and Santiago Carrillo, the French and Spanish Party

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Secretaries. He knows, too, that some of his rank and file will rebel if the Party does not take up the Soviet line on Yugoslavia once Marshal Tito dies—but if it does, a lot of middle-class Italians who vote Communist now are certainly going to forsake the pleasures of efficient garbage men and vote, in panic, for someone else.

THE Communist Party of Italy is ready to make its *compromesso storico* legal and binding. Berlinguer says that the Party wants to "enter the majority"—which means that he would like to abandon his policy of parliamentary abstention and, with the Christian Democrats, draft a common political program that Communists can vote for. Eventually, of course, he wants more. He wants the Communists to enter a coalition government that includes all the country's democratic parties—"a government of emergency," the Italians call it, though any government that gives Italy some stability will probably last for years, and this is what Communists count on. The problem for the Communists is that the Christian Democrats will not even consider the possibility of an emergency coalition unless things get so terrible here that their government does fall and new elections are called. And even then they would have a lot of trouble selling the idea to Catholics, and might, anyway, prefer an arrangement with Italy's Fascists, which would not cost them as many votes.

What the Christian Democrats want, clearly, is to keep the government for themselves and let the Communists manage the economic crisis for them. By now, it is organized labor's *scala mobile* as much as the price of oil that keeps jobs scarce, inflation high, and the economy unstable. The International Monetary Fund has promised Italy five hundred and thirty million dollars on the condition that industry's costs are sufficiently modified to make the investment worthwhile; the Common Market is offering five hundred million dollars more if the International Monetary Fund puts *its* money down; and West German investors apparently have a lot more than that to spend in Italy once the Fund and the Market are satisfied. The government is perfectly willing to help industrialists keep their costs down. It has just taken over a good part of industry's pension and benefit costs—which means, of course, that the public is taking them over. But the Christian Democrats are not about to talk a common political program with the Communists unless

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the Communists can deliver Italy's industrial workers, docile and conciliatory and pledged to austerity, and this is precisely what the Communists cannot do before some sort of common program is drafted. Italy's crisis turns this way in a vicious circle, with workers refusing to make sacrifices that they suspect are merely subsidies of other people's privileges and the government refusing to give the Party political access—leaving it with no way other than the threat of disabling strikes to negotiate sacrifice for sacrifice and assure the workers that their concessions are no longer subsidies.

Berlinguer has taken the burden of austerity on himself. He had no choice but to take it, and it is straining his credit with Communist workers, whose support is genuine, but who rarely forget that their Party Secretary is, after all, a wellborn intellectual who likes to listen to Bach in a villa in Sardinia and prefers long walks with his wife and his dog to nights out with the proletariat. A lot of Communist workers have not forgiven Berlinguer for sending Luciano Lama to the University of Rome to make a fool of himself. Lama is one of their own. They like to call him George Meany. He is tough and shrewd, and devoted to the Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro, but now, to the extent that he answers to his party first and his union second, his party is burning him. His power with workers here is considerable. He has been responsible for what in Italy amounts to a moratorium on union strikes. He has even persuaded the unions to agree, for the first time, to some exemptions in the *scala mobile*. But those few exemptions are as far as the unions will go to save Italy, as the Christian Democrats put it—certainly as far as they will go until the government reciprocates.

Meanwhile, the Communists run their nice, clean towns, and the Christian Democrats their government. They wait and watch each other and calculate their moves, and all of Italy's desperate unemployed and unemployable are up for grabs by the first demagogue with enough bad magic in his rhetoric to persuade them. Gramsci's historic compromise may be a contradiction in terms, but for a lot of people in Rome a contradiction is better than a straight and consistent path to disaster.

—JANE KRAMER

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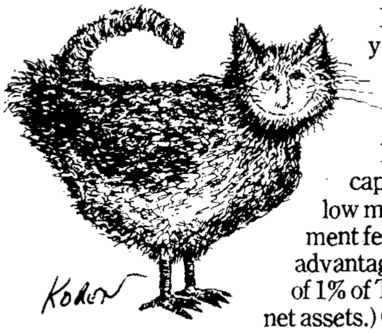
"ASHES." A portrait of one couple's efforts to conceive a child by David Rudkin.—*Newsday*.

Who was always somewhere else.



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AROUND CITY HALL

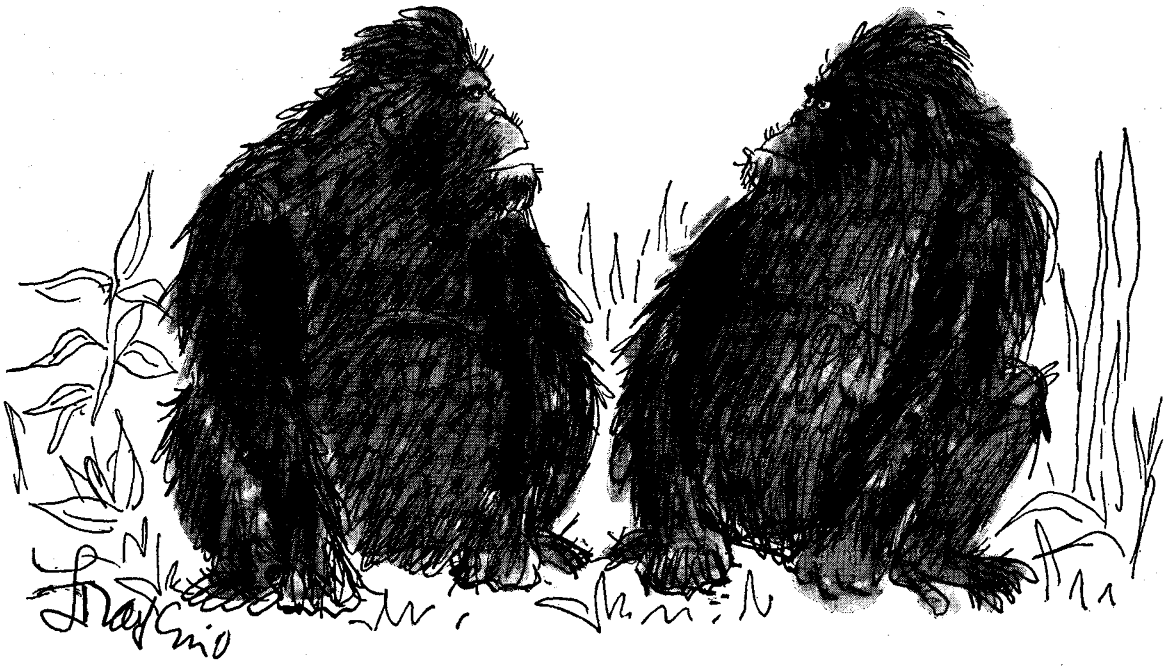
THE VIEW FROM THE BACK ROOMS

ONE reason that even the most civic-minded citizens often find themselves flipping past news of city government to last night's ball scores or "Dear Abby" is that trying to figure out what is really going on in local politics while also trying to figure out whether the struggle is worth it requires more time away from their daily endeavors than most people can spare—which is what many of New York's politicians are probably counting on. A popular solution has been to suspect everybody in and around city government of the worst, and hope on occasion to be pleasantly surprised. Cynicism about the political process—national, state, and local—has surely eased somewhat since, at the height of the Watergate revelations in January, 1974, the pollster Louis Harris reported that the message of his latest surveys seemed to be that "when a candidate runs a law-and-order campaign, people think, 'Chances are he'll turn out to be a crook.'" Nevertheless, many New Yorkers, at any rate, still seem quite prepared to discover that supposedly certified numbers put out by City Hall will not add up (an insider at the Emergency Financial Control Board, the state agency that oversees the city's finances, described some of the Beame administration's preliminary calculations for its budget for the next fiscal year as "having the consistency of melted fudge"); that official statements will contradict what the same officials said on the same subjects last year and what they may say next week; and that anomalies in general will be widely detectable on the local political scene—that is, if anyone is paying attention.

Those who try to follow the twists and turns of New York City government at least have certain educational advantages when it comes to judging the higher-level maneuvers in the nation's capital. Familiarity with recent developments here doubtless contributed substantially to the skepticism with which some New Yorkers regarded the attempts of the United States Senate and House of Representatives to devise more rigorous codes of ethics for their members. Presumably, the effectiveness of the new rules will depend on who presides over the ethics committees of the House and the Senate. The New York State Assembly has a committee on ethics. Last December, its chairman, Bronx Assemblyman Alan Hochberg, was convicted on two felony counts: He was found guilty of having made unlawful payments and of having corruptly used his position of authority; he was also found guilty of having fraudulently and wrongfully affected the result of a primary election (a misdemeanor). Hochberg had offered a potentially dangerous opponent a no-show state job and other significant benefits for agreeing not to run against him in the 1976 primary. The assemblyman was under the impression that if he won that election he could count on a Civil Court judgeship in 1977. Despite his troubles on the other side of the bench, Hochberg was reëlected to the Assembly in November. After his trial, however (he has appealed the sentence of a year in jail), as a convicted felon his disbarment and removal from office were automatic under state law.

The New York City Council also has an ethics committee. Last month, its chairman, Brooklyn Councilman Samuel Wright, who is also former chairman of the New York State Council of Black Elected Officials, was indicted for extortion and conspiracy. He was accused of having demanded and received a kickback in connection with the awarding of a seven-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-dollar school contract in February, 1973, when he was chairman of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school board—that is, before he was elected to the City Council but while he was a state assemblyman. Currently, during the preparation of his defense, Wright is continuing as chairman of the Council's Committee on Standards and Ethics and is a candidate for reëlection to the Council.

Eighteen months ago, the same committee, under a previous chairman, decided not to pursue the question of whether there had been any violation of Council conflict-of-interest standards when Queens Councilman Matthew Troy had sent out to a number of potential clients an announcement of the formation of a new insurance company in which he was one of four partners. The announcement, on Council stationery decorated with the city seal, listed Troy's committee assignments, including the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and assured those who received it (Troy said later that it had never occurred to him to consider whether some of them could have business relationships with the city) that, although they might already have an insurance representative, his new company would "be able to accommodate all your needs." Last fall, however, Troy did time for an offense that had nothing to do with the insurance business. On October



"I think your eyes are your best feature."

22nd, he began serving sixty days (the balance of the three-year sentence had been suspended) in the Metropolitan Correction Center, near Foley Square, after pleading guilty to filing a false income-tax return in 1972. He had failed to report money that he had taken "without any authorization," knowing that the action was "unlawful," from the bank accounts of clients for whom he was legal executor. "I utilized these moneys either to support my family and law practice or to repay estates from which I had previously withdrawn such moneys," he said in a statement to the federal prosecutor. While Troy was in jail, he sent a five-page letter to the Council leadership urging his colleagues to keep a careful watch on the way the Mayor disbursed the city's money in the next year's budget. Before Troy was taken into custody, he had resigned as Finance Committee chairman, but the Council's ethics committee made no objection to his continuing to represent his councilmanic district, in jail or out. He, too, is a candidate for reëlection this fall. Although what Troy had been convicted of is a felony under federal law, there was no automatic removal from office in his case, because in New York State tax fraud is treated as a misdemeanor—*apparently on the theory* that it is a crime committed by a higher class of people. Former Vice-President Spiro Agnew, for example, would not have been disbarred in New York, as he was in Maryland, just for his *nolo contendere* plea on a tax-evasion charge.

This parochial indulgence, though, will not cover two more recent indictments involving Troy's alleged misappropriations of funds, which are felonies under state law. The indictments, handed up in January by a Queens County grand jury, include the charge that over a period of years he withdrew many thousands of dollars from clients' accounts without authorization; to put it more rudely, he looted such accounts—in particular, those of two elderly sisters, both before and after their deaths, according to the bill of particulars, and even appropriated the pension checks of one of them. A few years ago, after a skirmish over the budget with John Lindsay, then the city's mayor, Troy learned that the city-charter provisions would require the Council to set the tax rate that the Mayor wanted, whether it suited Troy or not. Troy announced that he would go to jail first. The response from the Mayor's office was "We have alerted the Correction Department to prepare a padded cell with a view." They

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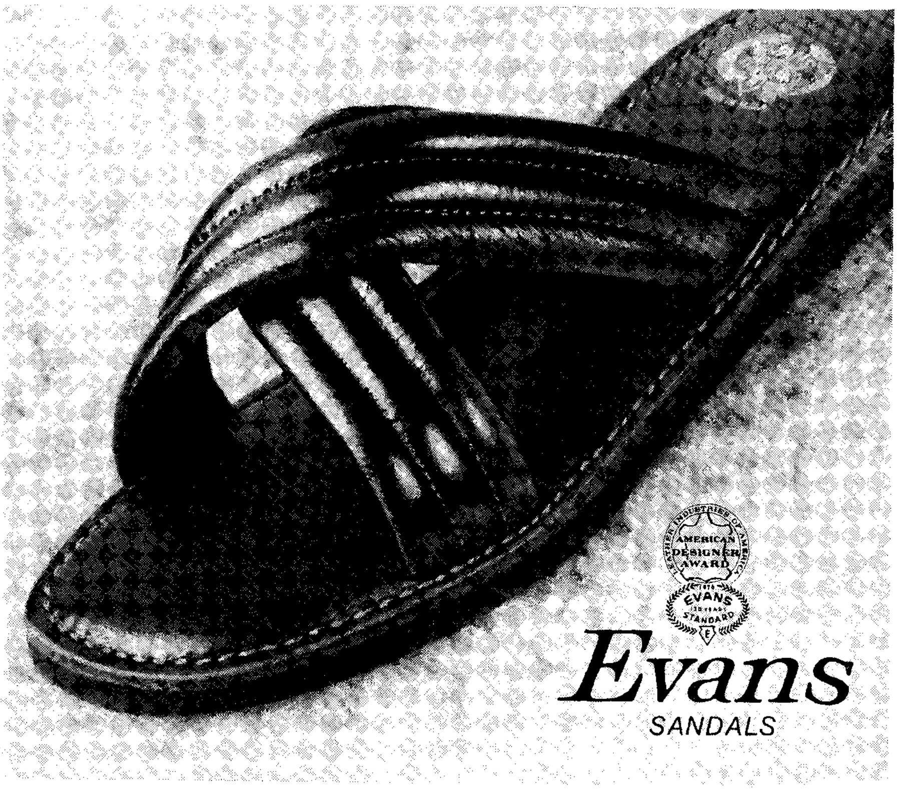

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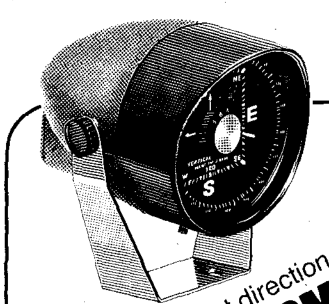

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aren't making jokes like that at City Hall nowadays.

This hot-off-the-docket variety of local news reinforces the impression in other parts of the country that, besides being the nation's biggest, dirtiest, and least solvent city, New York has an outsize proportion of street-smart criminal types in politics, as in other fields. Among those who evidently held this view were members of the Nixon White House and the Committee to Reëlect the President. When they needed agents for clandestine dirty work, they called on two former New York City policemen, John Caulfield and Tony Ulasewicz. They would probably have felt even more confident that their projects were in good hands if they had known that George Gordon Liddy was not only a born New Yorker but was named by his father out of admiration for George Gordon Battle, a Tammany Grand Sachem in the days when Tammany had a reputation for getting away with everything that wasn't bolted to the pavement. City Hall continually points out that New York ranks only twelfth among large cities as far as the general crime rate is concerned; but statistics from a recent *Times* analysis suggest that in the matter of offenses committed by members of the United States House of Representatives, the outlanders' theory about New York crime levels may be no libel. Of twelve House members indicted on criminal charges since 1968, five, or about forty-one per cent, were from New York State, which has about eight per cent of the nation's population. This record may only demonstrate, of course, that New York politicians aren't as adept at covering their tracks as are felonious political types elsewhere. (Gordon Liddy, after all, is still in jail, and Tony Ulasewicz was convicted by a New York federal court last December of having failed to declare his Watergate earnings as taxable income.) In a homemade glossary in the *Times* a while back, Russell Baker impolitely defined a New York Democrat as "a person in danger of indictment." But the popular theory that the rascal ratio is far higher among New York Democrats than among New York Republicans is not borne out by the *Times'* statistics. Of the five New York House members who have been indicted since 1968, three were Republicans, from upstate or suburban districts.

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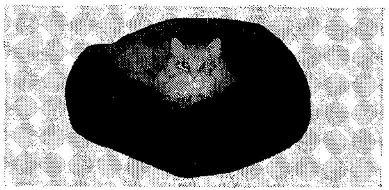

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the public statements of politicians is inevitably higher than ever. On March 2nd, Governor Hugh Carey vetoed a bill that would have moved the state primary elections from September to June. Shortly before the bill shifting the date was passed by both the Democratic-controlled State Assembly and the Republican-controlled State Senate, Carey had indicated that he was all for it, telling reporters, "I'm a June man." But that remark was made before he realized that the leaders of the Liberal Party—which has only 51,002 registered voters out of a total of 2,783,380 in the city, and only 104,429 out of 7,672,584 statewide, yet whose backing can make the difference in a close election—were about to give their formal endorsement to Republican State Senator Roy Goodman, of Manhattan. In 1965, an alliance between the city's Republicans and Liberals elected as mayor another Manhattan legislator, Representative John Lindsay. The losing Democratic candidate that year was Abraham Beame. Carey, being not at all keen about the possibility that he might be campaigning for reëlection as governor next year while fighting off the importunities of a Republican mayor of this city, where most of the state's Democratic voters are, turned overnight into a September man. The three-month postponement would give him time to line up a Democratic alternative to Beame—someone whom the Liberals, who like to consider themselves much more high-minded than other party politicians, would find acceptable, as Beame, having come up through the back rooms of Brooklyn machine politics, is not. The Governor's statement explaining his veto did not mention the Liberal Party, however. It dwelt instead on the weather (there had recently been a big snow in Buffalo) and the distractions of New York City's fiscal crisis, although this city's finances have been in crisis for two years now and February blizzards have never been known to interfere with June primaries. Denouncing Carey's explanation as "a masterpiece of hypocrisy," State Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, the leading Republican officeholder in the state, told reporters, "When it comes to political consistency and governmental integrity, Mr. Carey is almost on a par with Idi Amin."

By early March, the number of announced candidates for mayor had reached three, all Democrats: Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, who was also in the race four years ago; Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the only black member of the Board of Estimate; and Edward Costikyan, a local lawyer of the reform persuasion who likes to point out that, in this city of fierce ethnic and religious loyalties, he has the Armenian/Unitarian vote sewn up, although he concedes that that may not be enough. Costikyan served as chairman of the Manhattan Democratic County Committee, the formal title of the old Tammany bosses, in the early nineteen-sixties when the committee was going through a brief reform phase. (The present chairman, Frank Rossetti, is a clubhouse regular, but as the other boroughs have grown in population and influence, the powers of the Manhattan leader have become more and more vestigial.) At the time of this year's primary controversy, so many other candidates were said to be giving serious thought to entering the race that it seemed that under the Federal Communications Commission's equal-time regulations late-campaign debates might have to be conducted in relays. By the second week in April, however, there was only one new recruit—Joel Harnett, another Manhattan Democrat, who is a former president of the City Club, a prominent good-government group. When the *Times* editors invited the four avowed candidates to a panel discussion of the issues, Sutton stayed away, on the ground that such meetings were pointless while so many major figures, beginning with the incumbent mayor, remained uncommitted. "The shy ones," he later called them derisively. One reason for the general holdback may have been the fact that the longer the shy ones waited, the longer they could put off having to comply with the financial-reporting aspects and other provisions of the state election law passed in 1974. The new rules, which severely limit contributions from any one of a candidate's relatives except for a husband or wife, have already caused one perennial candidate for higher office, Manhattan Assemblyman Andrew Stein, who is the son of the multimillionaire publisher Jerry Finkelstein, to lower his sights from the race for mayor to that for Sutton's seat as Manhattan borough president, which should cost less—a consideration that did not appear to concern him before the law took effect. As far as is known, none of the present mayoral candidates has the particular problem with the law which caused a change of plans for Margaret Taylor, who last year ran successfully for the Civil Court. Miss Taylor and a fellow-

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lawyer, Ira Gammerman, neither of whom believed in the need for formal marriage, had been happily living together for fourteen years. After she exhausted her own savings in the Civil Court primary campaign and the two of them took a look at the new election regulations, they got married, so that he could help her. "The compromises one makes in politics," the new judge, one of the city's more forthright politicians, later complained to the *News*.

THE big play that was given in the press in mid-April to the story that, after lengthy consultation with the Governor and his staff, Mario Cuomo, a forty-four-year-old lawyer from Queens who has been serving as Carey's secretary of state, would be entering the mayoral race did not come about because Cuomo was the first candidate from a borough other than Manhattan; nor did it happen because the closing down in March of the Long Island *Press*, which covered Cuomo's borough, has led to an unseemly scramble among all other local papers to take over that territory, and has given an almost comic boost in city-room value to news of everything and everybody from Queens. It also was not because Cuomo was the first candidate in the current contest who is Italian-American, an ethnic group whose members have long complained that, since they account for about a fifth of the population of both the city and the state, they are seriously underrepresented at the top level of New York government: outside the judiciary, no person of Italian heritage now holds either citywide or statewide elective office. The major reason for the story's prominence was Carey's "surprisingly open and strong" backing, as the *Times* described it, of an alternative to Beame, which seemed to signal a break between the two Brooklyn Democrats. The officially polite but privately hostile relationship between the Governor and the Mayor is increasingly reminiscent of the late-nineteen-sixties scene, when New York State's Republican governor, Nelson Rockefeller, and New York City's Republican mayor, John Lindsay, took less and less trouble, as time went on, to conceal their mutual mistrust and dislike; similarly, Rockefeller, at a later point, tried to field a candidate who he thought could defeat Lindsay. A curious aspect of the announcement of Mario Cuomo's willingness to run for mayor was the open-armed welcome it was given by nearly everyone quoted in the press, except, of course, the other candidates, announced and unan-

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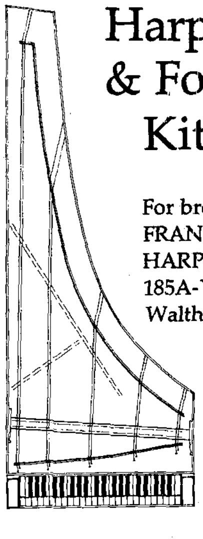
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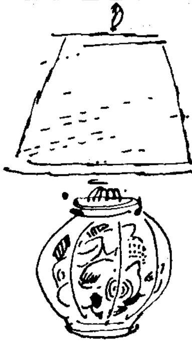
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nounced. Even David Garth, Koch's public-relations consultant, said glumly of Cuomo, "There is nobody that doesn't like him." The new contender—who first came to public attention when he worked out acceptable compromises in two bitter disputes between neighborhood groups and the Lindsay administration, the more famous of them being the controversy over a low-income housing project in middle-class Forest Hills—was immediately hailed as able, realistic, intelligent, moral, and modest, not to mention brave, clean, and reverent. A supporter of Sutton's complained that the press was making Cuomo sound like St. Francis of Assisi. (Presumably, after his campaign gets under way Cuomo will try to counter this rather otherworldly comparison by pointing out that he was once an outfielder for the Pittsburgh Pirates' farm team.) There was some suspicion that Cuomo might be benefitting from the fact that maintaining an unwavering cynicism toward politicians or any other group can get to be both monotonous and depressing. With Carey's encouragement, he might have been lucky enough to make his move just as a substantial number of local politician-watchers in the press and elsewhere were looking for an occasion to be pleasantly surprised. It was also no doubt helpful, in the continuing anti-pol climate, that although Cuomo had run for office he was not generally thought of as a politician.

A week before the Cuomo announcement, the *News* had run a page-wide editorial under the headline "WE NEED A GREAT MAYOR—BEAME SHOULD NOT RUN." ("It is a time that calls for greatness, for a leader that will be to this city what Churchill was for wartime England or de Gaulle was for postwar France.") The following day, another *News* editorial named five men whom the editors considered qualified to be mayor. Only one of the five, Edward Koch, is a professional politician, and he had been put in fifth place. At the top of the list was Beame's First Deputy Mayor, John Zuccotti, who has never run for office. This is also true of the paper's third and fourth choices: Richard Ravitch, a local builder, who was largely responsible for the rehabilitation of the State Urban Development Corporation after it defaulted on its bonds; and the city's noted fiscal savior, the investment banker Felix Rohatyn. (Zuccotti has said he will not run if Beame is in the race; Ravitch has said he probably will not run if he can't get the Liberal Party endorsement; and

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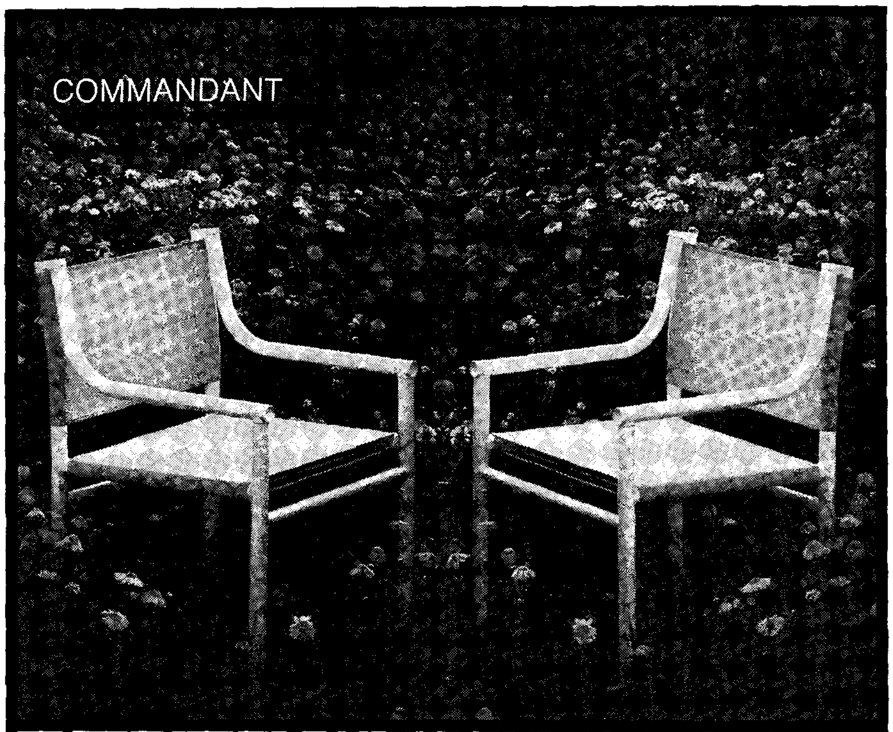

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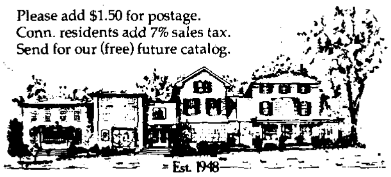

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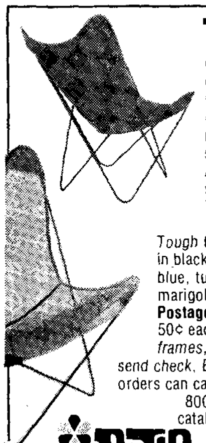

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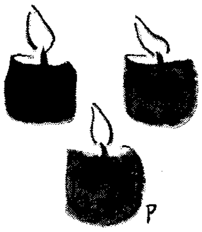

Rohatyn has said he will not run at all.) Second on the *News'* preference list was Cuomo, whom the paper described, apparently considering it a point in his favor, as having "refused to run for controller in 1969 and for mayor in 1973"—which was not quite true. Cuomo was a willing candidate for mayor for several weeks in 1973, seeking out campaign money and trying very hard to get the support of Matthew Troy, who was then riding high as Queens' Democratic county boss. After he withdrew, Cuomo insisted that he was not disillusioned, explaining, "I should have believed Matty Troy when he said he was a liar." Troy, in one of his many miscalculations, had concluded that the winning candidate for mayor that year was another Italian-American named Mario—Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, who, as a former policeman, Troy noted, would be very big with everybody who was worried about law and order. Biaggi soon became a center of controversy, however—he had denied taking the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury investigating political corruption but later admitted having done so—and he came in last in the election.

In 1974, Cuomo sought and eventually received the nomination for lieutenant governor at the Democratic state convention, but he proved to be a rather lacklustre campaigner and, in a three-candidate race, lost the primary by a substantial margin to the current lieutenant governor, Mary Anne Krupsak. "And how do you think I felt when I found out that my wife and daughter voted for her?" asked Cuomo cheerfully afterward. There was some irony in the big welcome given him by the newspapers after his probable candidacy for mayor was announced: Although the *News* made no endorsements in the 1974 primary, the *Times* then supported one of Cuomo's opponents and the *Post* the other. This may not recommend itself as the record of a candidate likely to be elected mayor of New York three years later, but by this time, as in most election years, the Liberal Party endorsement is being credited with magical qualities, and as of last week there seemed to be a good chance that the endorsement would go to Cuomo if the Governor made a big enough point of it. The Liberals, who have been frozen out of city patronage since John Lindsay's departure, have done well in Albany under Carey, whom they supported in 1974, and, whether it is high-minded of them or not, are expected to make every effort to accommodate him this year. After the Cuomo announcement, the Liberals' former favorite, State Senator Goodman (whose endorsement they cancelled at least temporarily in March, after Carey, who had said he was going to be neutral in the mayoral race, expressed his opposition and then vetoed the primary bill), charged that the Governor was pressuring the Liberals to back a Democrat. The Reverend Dr. Donald Harrington, the state Liberal chairman, complained, "That comes pretty close to an accusation that the Party can be pressured." There are other ways, of course, in which the governor of the state can be helpful to someone who is considered his hand-chosen candidate—although, a few days after the Cuomo story broke, Carey, with a straight face, denied having sponsored the Cuomo candidacy. By that time, Beame had announced that the Governor was simply trying to get someone in City Hall whom he could control, and had loosed the charge of "bossism," no doubt taking some pleasure in laying on someone else a pejorative that has often been used effectively against him in his own campaigns. A few days later, the Mayor accused Carey of having "worked out these back-room deals," although he didn't say with whom. No one believed Carey's denial of backing Cuomo, any more than most citizens believed Rockefeller's insistence that he had played no role in the anti-Lindsay conspiracy a few years back, when (no wonder people give up trying to follow local politics) the replacement that Rockefeller favored for Lindsay was the then City Comptroller, Abraham Beame.

In the next weeks, the field of mayoral candidates is expected to grow to its usual unmanageable size (former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, for example, has begun sending out regular press releases about her activities), and the assumption has been that Beame will be among those formally joining up. After the *News* editorial urging him not to run again, the Mayor showed no sign whatever of having been persuaded to take its advice, although its indictment of him and his administration was exceedingly harsh, especially for a newspaper that strongly endorsed him four years ago. Its editorial called him a symbol of the past, not the future, who, at seventy-one, "cannot be as vigorous as he once

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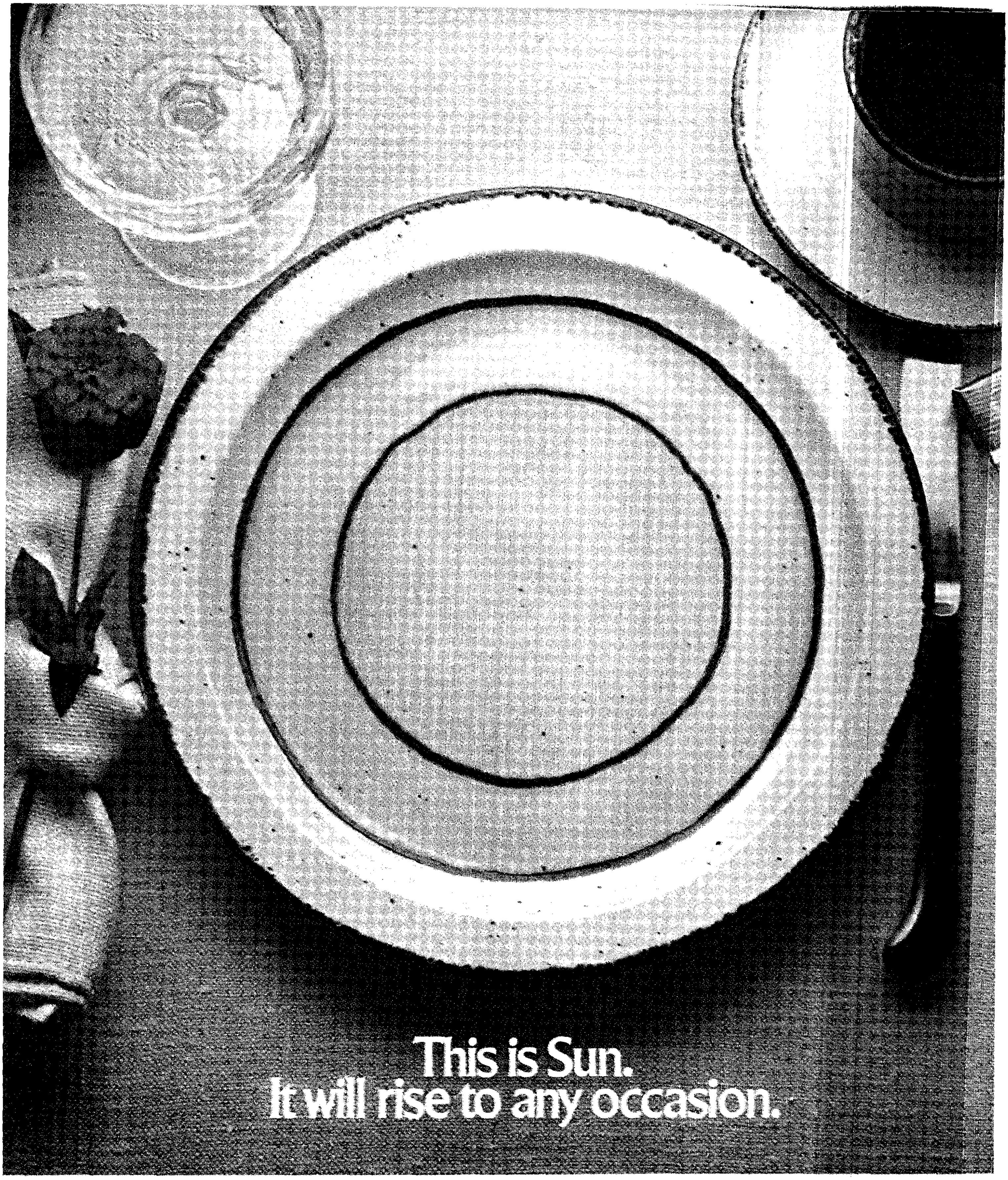

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was," whose ways "are the old ways . . . learned in more than forty years of clubhouse politics," which he cannot change, "because he does not know how," and it accused him of having helped to create the financial ruin of the city and then standing on the sidelines, "passive and seemingly paralyzed, while Governor Carey, Felix Rohatyn, bankers and union leaders rushed to our rescue." Considering the *News* version of recent history and its later listing of Cuomo as a likely alternative to Beame, the Mayor was not surprised to learn that a short while before the editorial appeared Carey had met with some of the editors at the *News* offices. Indeed, this may have been part of the back-room dealing Beame had in mind.

In the days that followed, there was no general sense that the Mayor was staging demonstrations of unusual vigor in an attempt to give the lie to the *News* thumbs-downers: for months now he has been racing about the city at a punishing pace, in his highly publicized fight against crime—an issue that looms large in the plans of all candidates in an election year. Although Beame's more spectacular forays have been those against the pornography merchants in Times Square, they did not distract him from his intense interest in methods of coping with the much-headlined epidemic of crimes against the elderly, a group whose concerns have a specially high priority in election years, since there are about a million New Yorkers aged sixty-five or older, and a far larger proportion of them than of most other groups go to the polls. (In the mayoral campaign four years ago, one of Beame's opponents, forty-three-year-old Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, announced that when Beame went around campaigning for more help for senior citizens he should have been charged with conflict of interest. It proved, however, to be a winning strategy, and Badillo, too, will no doubt hit the senior-citizen circuit if, as is now being predicted, he runs for mayor again this year. Meanwhile, Beame is still going strong. In a tart answer to the recent *News* editorial, which that paper published, Beame concluded, "You cited Winston Churchill and Charles de Gaulle as examples for a New York City mayor to follow. Unfortunately, by the *Daily News* standards, they would have been too old.") In the last few weeks, there has been a press conference at City Hall to announce the receipt of a half-million-dollar grant to be spent on greater protection for the elderly, and another to report that a substantial proportion of the fourteen thousand new jobs that the city soon hopes to create under the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act will be those of escorts for senior citizens. The number of city employees involved in fighting crimes against older New Yorkers has increased nearly four times. During the same period, up in Albany, both houses of the Legislature, with strong support from the city, have passed bills sharply increasing the penalties for crimes committed against senior citizens. In the Assembly bill, the new penalties would take effect if the victim was sixty-two or over. In the Senate bill, the more severe treatment would begin if the person attacked was sixty, or two years older than Governor Carey. While all this was going on, virtually no public notice was taken of statistics showing that crimes against the elderly have, in fact, been going down. "The crimes may be down, but the perception of crime is up. We can't ignore the perception," explained Nicholas Scoppetta, the city's Deputy Mayor for Criminal Justice.

—ANDY LOGAN

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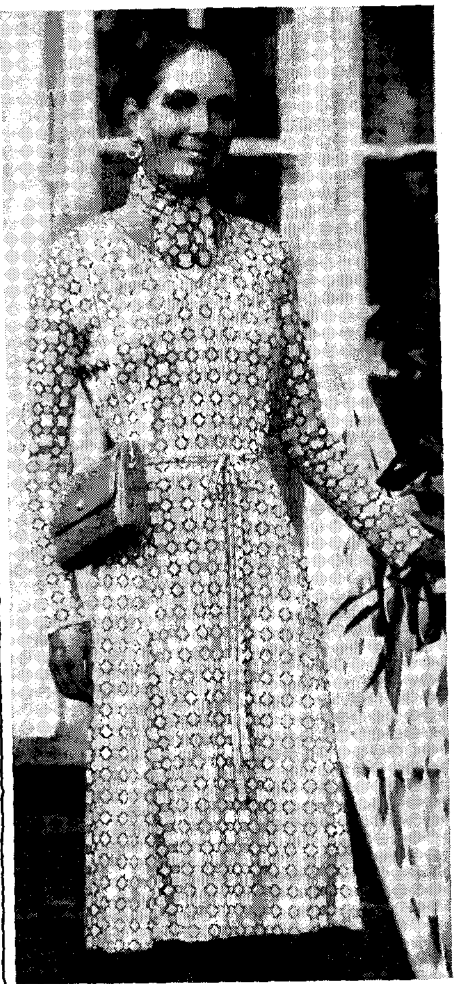
I want to be stretched, like music wrung from a dropped seed.
I want to be entered and picked clean.

And the wind says "What?" to me.
And the castor beans, with their little earrings of death, say "What?" to me.
And the stars start out on their cold slide through the dark.
And the gears notch and the engines wheel.

—CHARLES WRIGHT



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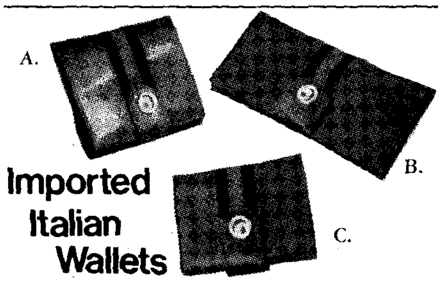

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Of Thee They Sing

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Other kinds of deserts call
Other forests whisper Paul,
I must hasten in reply
To that low instinctive cry
There to make a way again
For the conscious lives of men.

"Lily," whose libretto was fashioned by Kirchner himself from Saul Bellow's "Henderson the Rain King," opens in an African forest; by the end of the opera that forest has been turned into a kind of desert by the blundering, destructive would-be beneficent action of Henderson, the American protagonist. The opera was at one time provisionally entitled "America," and subtitles considered were "The Johnson Years" and "Why We Were in Vietnam." In a sense, "Lily" continues where "Paul Bunyan" left off: Henderson is a product of the forces from which, in a final litany, the characters of "Bunyan" pray to be delivered. He is a violent, impulsive man of great physical strength, a millionaire, a pig farmer, and a questing, unsatisfied spirit, aware that he is wasting his life and seeking a new way to live. "Henderson the Rain King" tells of his African odyssey. Kirchner has based "Lily" on an episode from it, rather as earlier composers would base a "Nausicaa," a "Circe," or a "Return of Ulysses" on episodes from that other Odyssey, and he has named it for the Penelope of Bellow's story.

"Henderson the Rain King" is cast in the form of a long monologue. It opens with a question: "What made me take this trip to Africa?" As the narrator ponders it, "a disorderly rush begins—my parents, my wives, my girls, my children, my farm, my animals, my habits, my money, my music lessons, my drunkenness, my prejudices, my brutality, my teeth, my face, my soul!" Three hundred and twenty-five pages later, we have learned much about all these things, revealed fragment by fragment in the course of a main narrative that seems to flow spontaneously but is as cunningly and consciously constructed as a late Mahler symphony. In musical simile, the book could be likened to a long narrative tone poem dominated by a questioning "motto" theme, a recurrent "Who? What? Why? How? Where?" of an individual human existence. Within the single sweep of the structure, divisions into a prelude, three movements, and a coda can be discerned. The prelude concerns Henderson's pre-African life. Its material is picked up and amplified throughout the work; an important extra scrap of it is even reserved for statement in the coda, where it makes a powerful effect. The first movement is a pastoral. Henderson is among cow people, comforted by the motherly old Queen Willatale, who senses his "will to live;" sought as a bridegroom by her voluptuously fat sister Mtalba; cheered by the friendship of their nephew Itelo, champion wrestler of the village until Henderson, using commando techniques learned at Camp Blanding, defeats him. Henderson, wishing to do something for them, aims to rid their water supply of a plague of frogs. (Their cows are dying, because "Mus' be no ahnimal in drink wattah" and "Nevah touch ahnimal in drink wattah" are two tribal tenets—expounded to him by Itelo.) His homemade bomb destroys the frogs, all right, but it destroys the whole cistern as well. The movement ends with an explosion and a sad farewell. "I demanded, 'Why for once, just once!, couldn't I get my heart's desire? I have to be doomed always to bungle.' And I thought my life-pattern stood revealed, and after such a revelation death might as well ensue as not."

But life goes on, and Henderson ("thinking about the burial of Oedipus at Colonus—but he at least brought people luck after he was dead") goes on to the lion people, ruled by King Dahfu. The second movement is a vigorous, brilliant, very colorful scherzo, which comes to a climax of ritual festivity: in an arena the massive hero carries a massive idol of the cloud goddess—too heavy for any of the natives to lift—across to an idol of the mountain god, the heavens open, and Dionysian celebrations break out. Henderson is appointed Rain King. The third movement is a double-concerto discourse in which Hen-

derson and Dahfu are the soloists against a background mainly picturesque but disturbed by a menacing mutter. Their dialogues are at once serious and very funny. Montesquieu, Descartes, and Lamarck pass in review; Dahfu, leading Henderson into the den of his tame lioness, quotes Blake. He wishes to invest Henderson with leonine qualities. "Much can be changed. By no means all, but very very much. You can have a new poise, which will be your own poise. It will resemble the voice of Caruso, which I have heard on records, never tired because the function is as natural as to the birds." So Henderson, pretending to be a lion, each day goes down on all fours and roars, "and certain words crept into my roars, like 'God,' 'Help,' 'Lord have mercy' . . . plus snatches from the 'Messiah' . . . So I would roar and the king would sit with his arm about his lioness, as though they were attending an opera performance." But Dahfu is killed by a wild lion when, in accordance with tribal custom, he sets out to capture it single-handed. (Tribal treachery probably plays a part in his death; the lion-catching equipment fails him.) The movement comes to an exciting and tragic climax.

Homeric echoes begin to sound more strongly in the later sections. Recurrent epithets are suggested by the repetitive descriptive phrases attached to characters at each appearance; Dahfu rides beneath his lioness much as Ulysses rode beneath the Cyclops' ram; references to Lily waiting at home for the wanderer's return become more frequent. The brief coda, yrical and serene, traces the journey back to America. There are stopovers n Athens, Rome, Paris, and London—the cradles of modern civilization. "I thought I should see the Acropolis. . . . I saw something on the heights, which was yellow, bonelike, rose-colored. I realized it must be very beautiful. But I couldn't get out of the automobile." The other cities are quite gnored. On the transatlantic flight, passengers read. (Today, they draw down the blinds and watch a movie, nstead of being stirred by visions Leonardo dreamed of but never saw, by views of the world which make Milton's images reality.) "How can you sit in a plane and be so indiffernt?" Henderson reflects. "Of course, hey weren't coming from mid-Africa ike me; they weren't discontinuous with civilization." With him he has a ion cub, invested by the Africans with Dahfu's soul and spirit; at Idlewild Lily will be waiting. But Henderson

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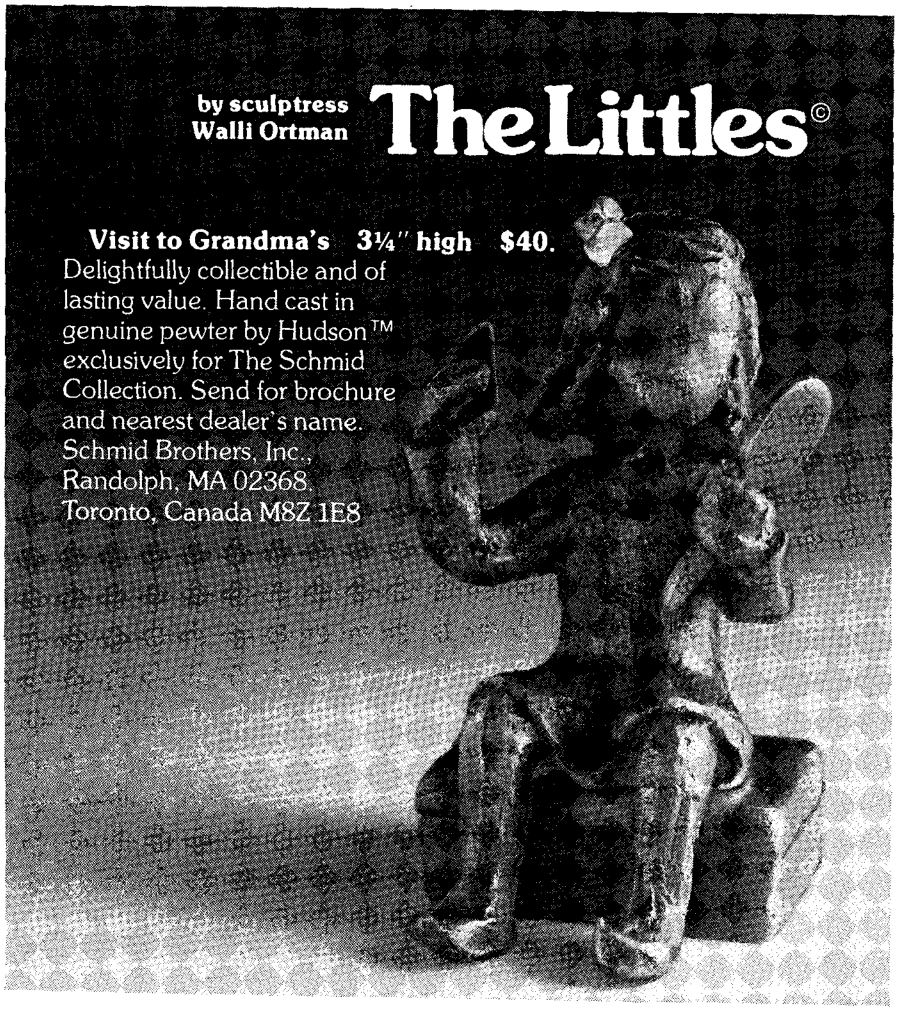

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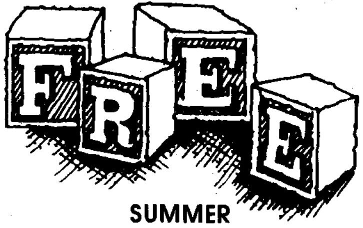

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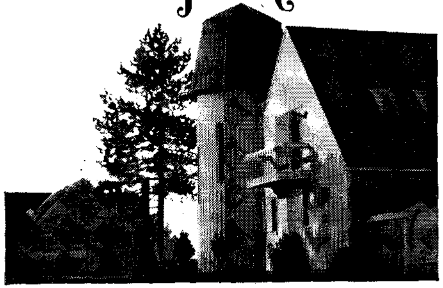

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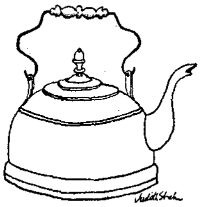
has not really been all that discontinuous with civilization. Through the tragicomic adventures in an Africa part symbolic, part fantastic, yet described in sharply realistic strokes, he has carried his Western civilization. The lion people took away his guns, his camera, all his trappings, but lines of Tennyson, Bèranger, and Whitman still turn up in his conversation, snatches of Handel and Mozart in his singing, and memories of Chartres and Vézelay in his mind's eye. The Africa and its inhabitants among which they reappear are themselves a brilliant, controlled product of a Western literary imagination, one in which exotic appearances, sounds, scents, and tactile suggestions are vividly conveyed. The monologue reaches a fuel stop in Newfoundland, and ends there. Will Henderson continue to grow as a lion, revert to pigdom, or crumble into a tamed, shabby old bear? He is optimistic: the icy air, the trust of an orphan child he has befriended, and the thought of Lily conspire to fill him with "pure happiness." "And the lion? He was in it, too."



I found "Henderson the Rain King" a very difficult book to get into and a rich, exhilarating book once I had persevered and reached a point where the recurrent imagery began to cohere and the larger pattern to emerge. The clear organization into scenes; the alternation of narrative and reflection; the suggestions of solos, duets, ensembles, and immense choral tuttis; the sharply defined climaxes "orchestrated" in prose of carefully controlled pace and texture; the elaborate network of motivic cross-references—all these give the book an operatic quality. One can understand why Kirchner was drawn to it. He has been a long time making "Lily." In 1969, his "Music for Orchestra," commissioned by the New York Philharmonic for its hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary, was fashioned from music intended for the opera; the first forty-three bars are used as a prelude to the stage piece. Then, in 1973, there appeared a work for high soprano, chamber ensemble, speaker, and electronic tape, called "Lily." The soprano doubles the roles of Mtalba and Lily, the speaker is Henderson, and the music makes contrast between the mysterious magic of the jungle and the cheap, chattering world that Henderson has left. Mtalba sings a love song in an invented, incomprehensible language; Lily, to the accompaniment of cocktail-time piano music, sings "Meet me in my orgone box, With a double bourbon on the rocks;" Henderson speaks of his self-disgust. In the opera, most of this beautiful and imaginative stretch of chamber music follows the prelude, and then there is perhaps some seventy minutes more of music in which the contrasting veins are developed: winding enchanted melismas, the delicate patter of open-air night music, and exotic electronic evocations for the African scenes; parody music (including a mocking snatch of Menotti) for three flashbacks—to Henderson's and Lily's first lovemaking, to a Paris encounter, to a domestic squabble after their marriage. When the frogs and the cistern have been destroyed, the opera ends: Henderson speaks—and simultaneously Lily, as if reading a letter from him, sings—some lines from the bridge passage that in the book takes Henderson on to the lion people. Kirchner breaks off just before Henderson's reflection that his American life, when recalled in Africa, seems more exotic and fantastic than anything around him.

And so to anyone who has read "Henderson the Rain King" "Lily" seems but the first act of an unfinished "Henderson" opera. The hero has learned his first lesson; the more colorful, entertaining, and interesting part is still to come. I hope Kirchner goes on to complete a "Henderson" opera—and at the same time to revise the existing "Lily" in the light of what these City Opera performances of it must have taught him. To anyone who has not read "Henderson the Rain King" the drama of "Lily" may well seem baffling, incoherent, even inept. Kirchner's libretto has the usual failings of an opera text that has been hacked more or less verbatim from—instead of being a *dramma per musica* newly fashioned from the matter of—a long novel. (Prokofiev's "Story of a Real Man," hacked from the Boris Polevoy novel, shows one approach, and Ponchielli's "I Promessi Sposi," freely drawn from Manzoni, the other.) In "Lily," important sentences—the "key statements"—from Bellow's "Henderson" are pulled out of context, strung together, deprived of explanation and qualification, spoken to or by the wrong character, cried aloud when they should be interior monologues. One simple example: Mtalba is described as "the woman of Bittahness . . . Bittah and very beautiful." "Water," remember, has been pronounced "wattah," so

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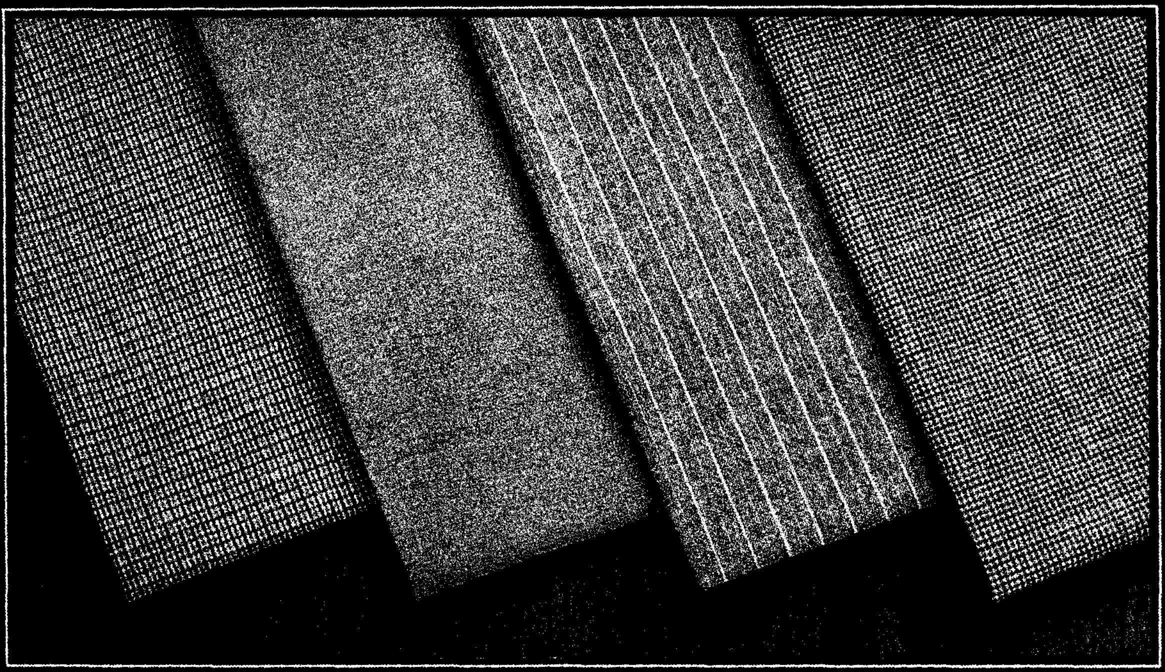

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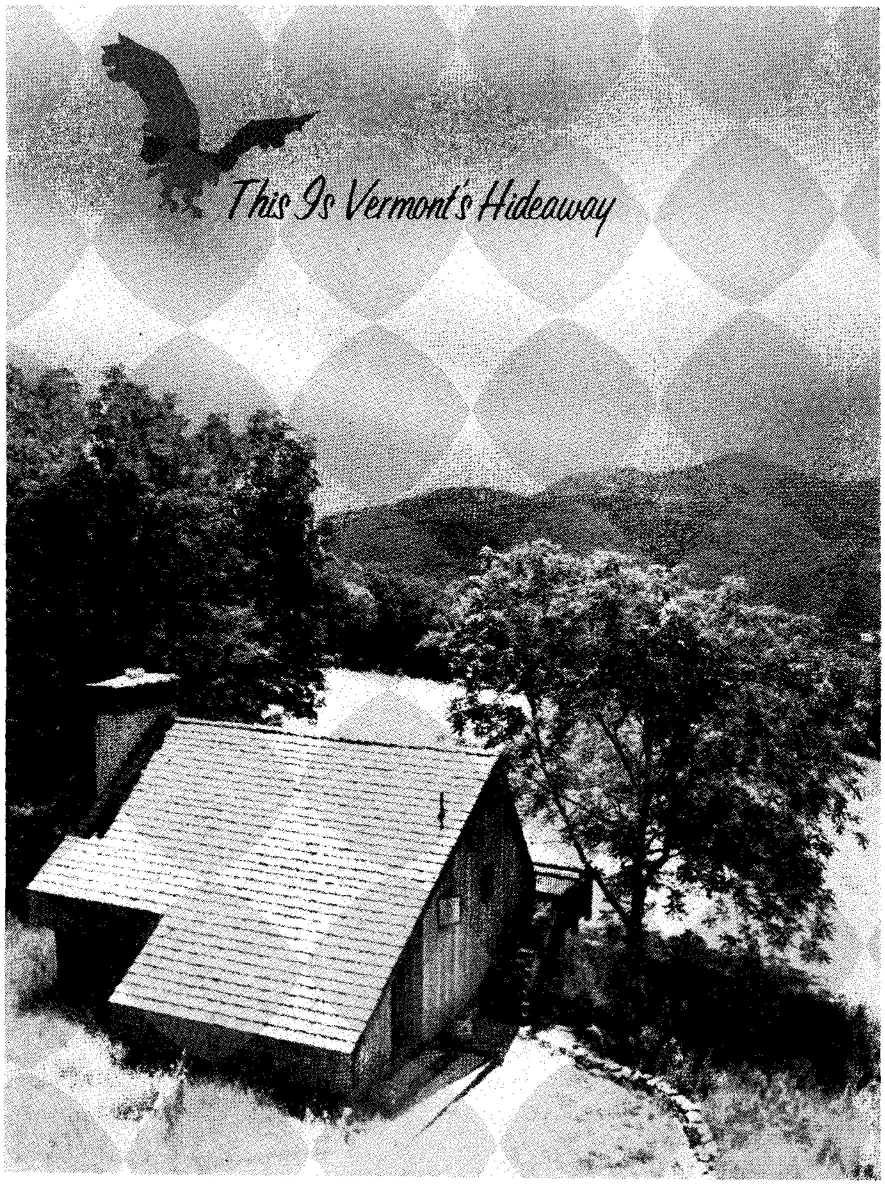
how can the listener possibly guess that Mtalba is not "bitter" but (as is carefully explained in the novel) a "Bittah," a "person of real substance"? On a less obvious but more serious level, there is a good deal of one-sentence blurting ("I've had a great affection for certain pigs myself") that becomes meaningless or misleading when all the related and contributory sentences, which in the book may be many pages away, are unuttered. It should be easy to revise the libretto, since, although the opera contains several passages that are beautiful to sing (and they were beautifully sung at the City Opera), many—perhaps even most—of its important lines are spoken. It is not primarily a vocal opera in any conventional way. A colleague described its music as "of more interest to musicians than to the opera-going public," and one sees what he means. But, I trust, some operagoers are also musicians, and they can hardly fail to respond to Kirchner's music. The opera is a series of linked, related movements—some melismatic, some built mainly from carefully arranged sounds and rhythms—contrasted in texture, timbre, pace, and emotional tone. "Lily" does not reveal its merits at once. I own that at a first hearing I thought it confused, awkwardly assembled, and lacking in simple theatrical savoir-faire. In fact, I still think it so. But at a third hearing (so far there have been a dress rehearsal for an invited audience and two performances) I was drawn into Kirchner's vision of Henderson's adventure, perceived and understood the intentions of his music more clearly, and could discount—having already noted—the obvious theatrical miscalculations in order to concentrate on the power of his musical imagination.

"Lily" was very well sung, above all by Geanie Faulkner, as Mtalba, who revealed a sweet, pure, high soprano, both flexible and full, warm in timbre even when it rose to highest F. Miss Faulkner is young and attractive, a Lakmé, a Nannetta; Bellow's Mtalba is obese, sparkling with fat and moisture, and broad as a sofa across her hips. Joy Blackett was a commanding, generous, and secure Willatale, though she, too, seemed far too young, not monumental enough to play the massive old earth-motherly queen. Benjamin Matthews, the Itelo, is a young baritone with gleaming presence both in his voice and in his bearing. Lily in Bellow's novel is "a big broad," a woman built on a scale to match Henderson's; in the opera Susan Belling's Lily is a svelte coloratura. What



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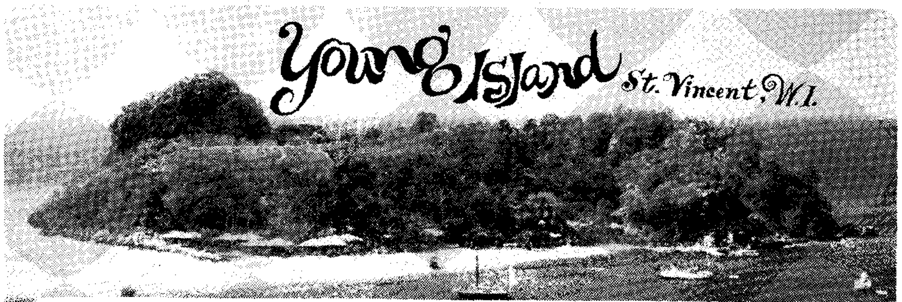

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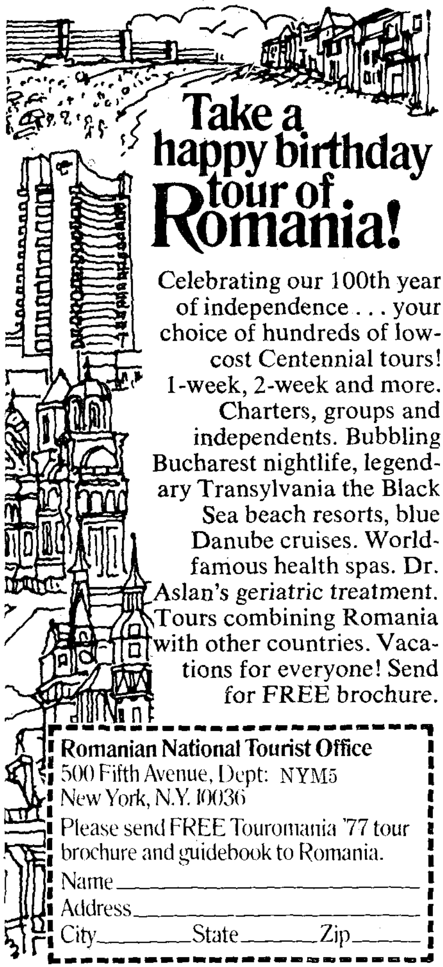

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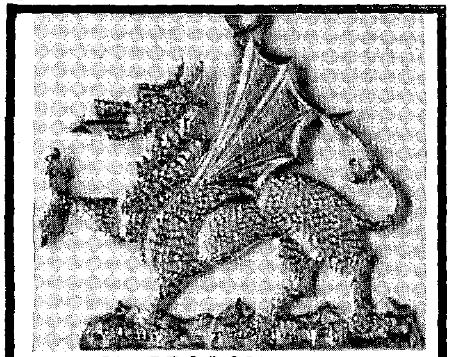

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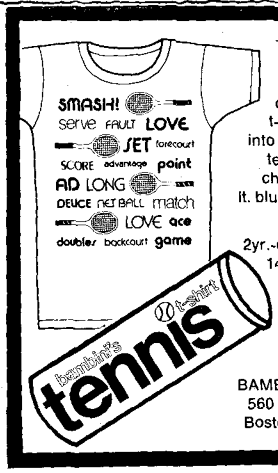

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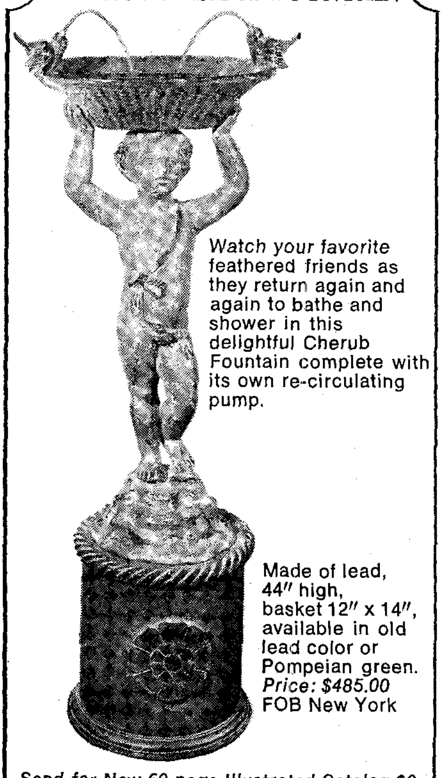
Kirchner had in mind I am unsure; in fact, Lily, both in the book and in the opera, remains to me curiously undefined. But in Kirchner's piece it would make musical and theatrical sense if she and Mtalba could be doubled by a very large, energetic soprano with a very large and beautiful coloratura voice. Miss Belling's voice was true but small, and her words were inaudible—sometimes her fault, sometimes the composer's, for setting them high above the staff. These four singers were City Opera débutants. As Romilayu, Henderson's faithful guide, Sancho to his Quixote, George Shirley gave a perfect performance, and one regretted that Kirchner had made this a comprimario role; Romilayu has little to do but, as interpreter, add a subsidiary voice to another's utterance. As Henderson, Ara Berberian, carrying the main weight of the opera, was powerful and convincing, physically and vocally right, forceful, funny, and eloquent. The company was strong all through, and Kirchner, his own conductor, seemed to be obtaining almost exactly what he wanted from a musical point of view.

But the staging, by Tom O'Horgan, left something to be desired. The libretto of "Lily" was made available, in typescript, only to the press. (The public was presumably expected to prepare itself by *reading* "Henderson the Rain King." Indeed, it should have been urged to do so—but I saw no stacks of the book on the City Opera sales counters during the weeks preceding the première.) In this libretto, Kirchner puts formidable, well-nigh impossible demands to his director and designer. Mr. O'Horgan and his team did not go far to meet them; they responded, for the most part, with glib professional clichés. While my admiration for the cast grew at each performance, so did my feeling that this staging had failed to give imaginative form to more than the superficies of Kirchner's work. The uses made of a cinema screen downstage, descending and ascending, and of three lantern-slide screens upstage were crude. The lighting (Henderson was generally tracked by a circus-type follow spot) was unromantic.

"Lily" is the first American opera in six years to have been created by one of New York's two regular companies—the first since Menotti's "The Most Important Man," done by the City Opera in 1971. (Before that, there was Hugo Weisgall's "Nine Rivers from Jordan," at the City Opera in 1968; the previous year brought



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Vittorio Giannini's "The Servant of Two Masters" at the City Opera and Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Electra" at the Met. A poor record for an operatic decade in a major city.) "Lily" got a bad press—but then more new operas than not get a bad press to start with. And if I had had to review "Lily" overnight, I would have written with small enthusiasm; it was only at the second—and much stronger—public performance that its virtues began to seem far, far more important than its faults. Operas of merit, even of mixed merit, are not killed by an initially unfavorable reception. (Although many London critics wrote obituaries of Britten's "Gloriana" and Tippett's "The Midsummer Marriage" after their premières, some years later both of them became popular successes.) "Lily" is an opera I shall recall, and enjoy recalling, when more featly tailored, more readily acclaimed works have faded from memory. But I hope that it will not merely become a memory: that at least it will be recorded; that at best it will be revised, amplified, and expanded into a complete "Henderson" to be enjoyed, both here and abroad, by musicianly operagoers who are prepared to put in a few hours of preliminary work before attending an unfamiliar piece.

"PAUL BUNYAN" also got a bad press when it was first done here—so bad that the opera remained on the shelf for thirty-six years. Its faults were evident: Auden's libretto, clever, often slick and tiresomely "literary," was at once too simple and schematic in its ground plan and too diffuse in its decorative details. The faults were pointed out in reviews not so much untrue as incomplete. (Some of them also implied that it was impertinent of two brilliant young Englishmen to tackle an all-American subject; they should be put in their place.) But when, last year, the BBC and then the English Music Theatre Company revived "Paul Bunyan," it became apparent that this "choral operetta" (so its authors styled it) is one of those early works of genius—like Mozart's "Idomeneo," Verdi's "Nabucco"—whose youthful freshness and abundance of invention set an audience's spirits soaring. The faults remain—there are still lines at which one flinches—but have been lessened now by the removal of two of the most "literary" numbers: a love song cum rhyming game ("Appendectomy/'s a pain in the neck to me. . . . Psycho-

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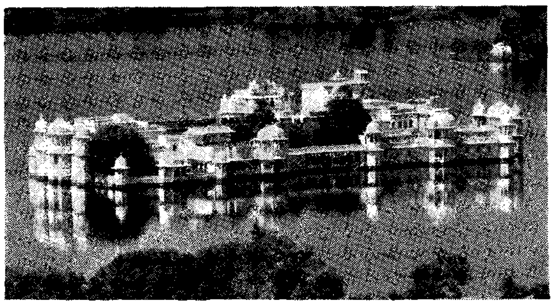

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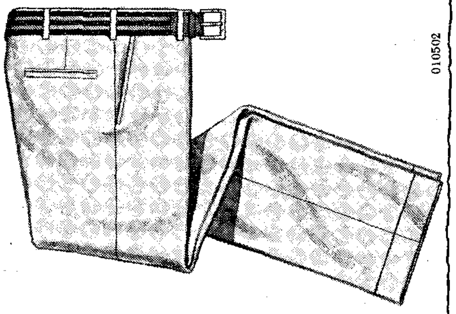

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kinesia/Never gets easier") and a sophisticated chorus of film stars and models who materialize while the lumberjacks dream. The specific social criticism in "Paul Bunyan" does not cut deep, and so it can be taken lightly. What matters is the general vision of unspoiled nature and men harnessing (and spoiling) that nature, of first love and first grief, of dreams, ambitions, and the compromises that life imposes. And what matters most of all is the world of lyrical, joy-giving music that Britten creates, a world one can go on living in for days after hearing the opera, and then later, through memory's ear, reënter at will.

Britten and Auden were not novices or strangers to one another when they created "Paul Bunyan;" the piece is not prentice work. From "Our Hunting Fathers," in 1936, they had been collaborating on cantatas, songs, films, and plays; the "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," first heard at the Salzburg Festival of 1937, had already made Britten's international reputation. His felicitous mastery is apparent in every number of "Paul Bunyan." There is a simple phrase in the prologue, "*Once in a while* the odd thing happens," set in a way that makes the heavens open (not with a deluge, as they open in "Henderson," but onto glorious visions of strangeness and splendor). The effect is achieved by a leaping octave taken up by voice after voice, through the four-part writing, in a concealed canon; by an inspired control of diatonic dissonance and resolution; and by the sure, unconventional spacing of the choral chords. On paper, the passage looks simple—as simple as the wonderful bars that open Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. The sound of it defies analytical description. Reading "Henderson," I came across the words "once in a while" in a very different context, and suddenly the phrase sang out from the page as Britten had set it—to prompt reflections on the difference between a composer whose music seems to break forth with heaven-sent spontaneity and inevitableness, and one who must struggle to set down in sounds his elusive visions. "Paul Bunyan" is a lyrical and vocal opera in a way that "Lily" is not. (Yet its orchestration is also marvellously deft, exact, and colorful; the spontaneous singer—Mozart, Schubert, Rossini—is often a very skillful technician as well.) Other inspirations are the poignant lament of Tiny, Paul's daughter, for her mother; Slim's song to the effect that, as Pinkerton puts in the old translation of "Butterfly," "the whole world over the Yankee is a rover" (here Britten uses hemiolia—six beats divided now into twos, now into threes—as buoyantly as if the device had just been discovered); and the large ensemble "O great day of discovery," in which the great globe itself seems slowly to begin turning.

"Paul Bunyan" was written to be technically accessible to high schools. By the young soloists of the Manhattan School's Preparatory Division—most of them aged sixteen, but some younger—it was attractively sung. Since the School's Borden Auditorium is really too large for small, young voices (it seats nearly two hundred people more than Glyndebourne, where I first heard Birgit Nilsson and Montserrat Caballé), one needed to be very near the front. The littlest children of the chorus set a standard of uninhibited but not undisciplined singing and acting which made their immediate seniors seem at times a shade constrained, too much on their best behavior. A few students from the School's College Division were brought in for some of the more taxing roles; notable among them were Jeffrey Thomas as Slim, Vincent Arnone as Johnny Inkslinger, and David Kline as Helson. Bunyan himself—he is represented only by a voice, for how can one put a giant, taller than the Empire State Building, onto the stage?—was spoken by Harlan Foss. He chuckled too often but spoke very well. In the orchestra, Preparatory and College Division students mingled. The décor, like that for "Lily," used three screens on which slides were projected. Those that were scenic worked well; those that attempted specific commentary (Lindbergh and Jesse Owens during Slim's "Round the world and back, I must hunt my shadow;" the Yalta Conference and Nixon with Mao Tse-tung during Bunyan's "Often thoughts of hate conceal Love we are ashamed to feel") did not. In general it was a good staging, and in many points of dramatic and musical detail an exceptionally sensitive one. Cynthia Auerbach was the diversely gifted deviser, director, conductor, and general inspiratrix of a show whose enthusiasm, joyousness, dedication, and feeling of communal accomplishment would have delighted Britten's heart. "Paul Bunyan" was composed to be done in just this way.

—ANDREW PORTER

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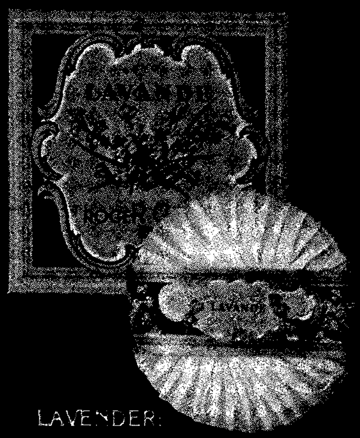

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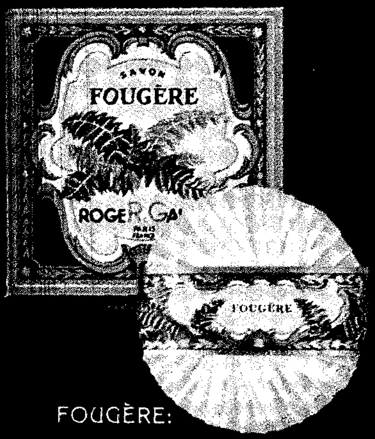

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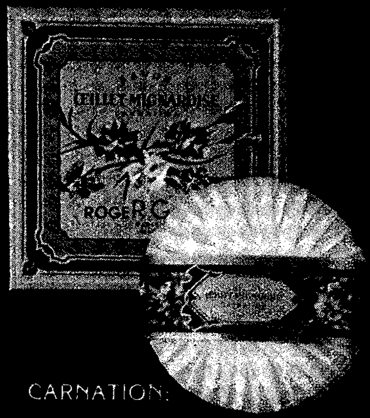

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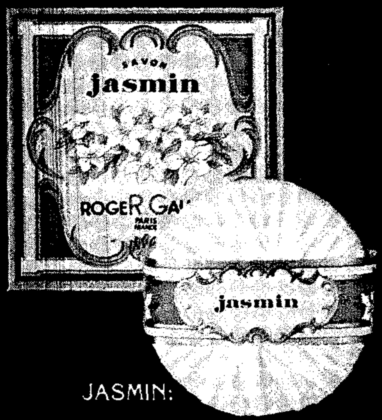

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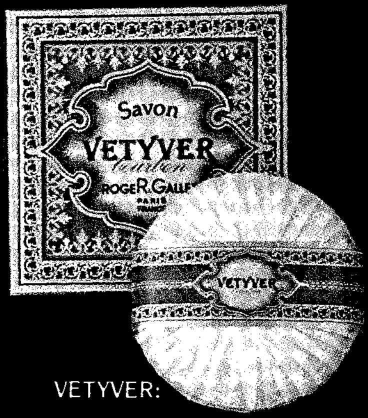

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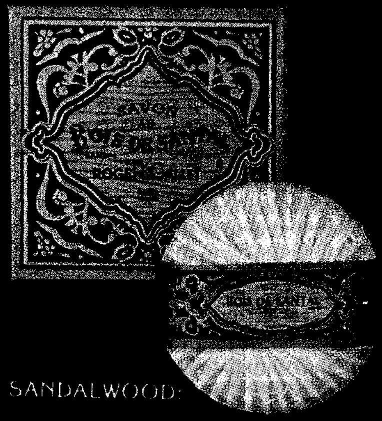

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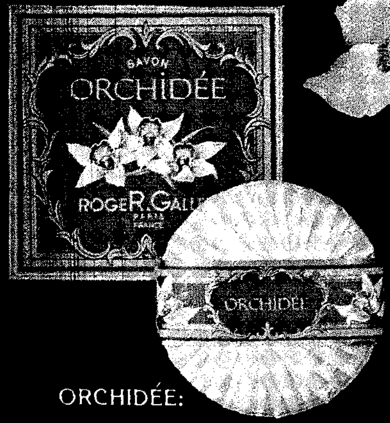

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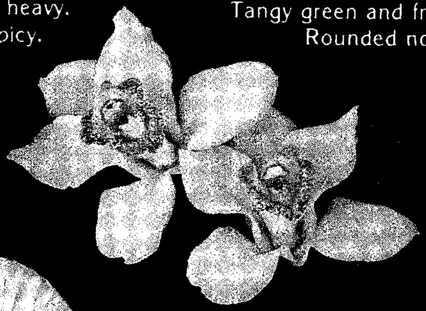

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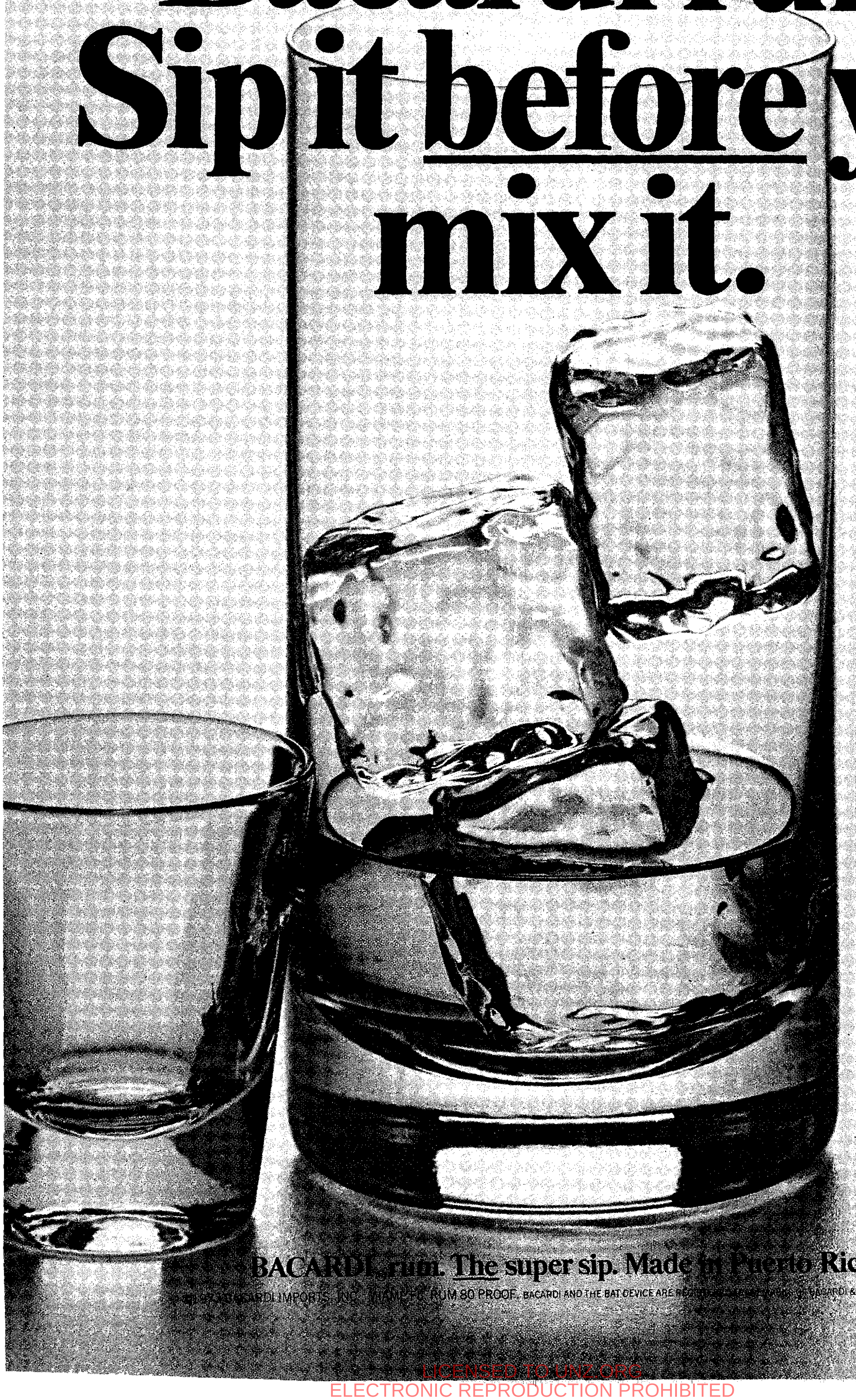

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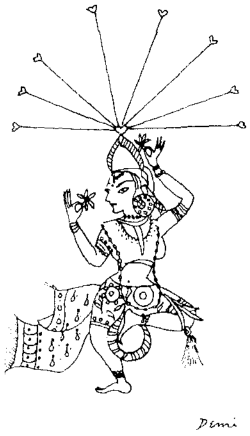
DANCING

Dissidents

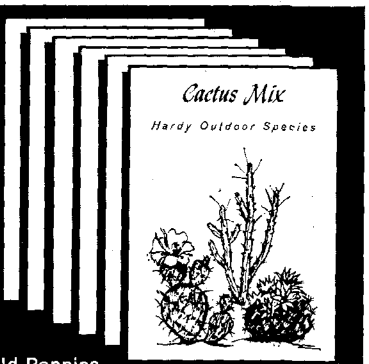
IN 1969, when he created his "Romeo and Juliet" for the Kirov Ballet, Igor Tchernichov was considered the most talented and original of the younger Soviet choreographers. The ballet, set to orchestral portions of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, is a condensed, abstract rendering of the play's themes, which begins with the two lovers at opposite sides of the stage performing promenades in arabesque and other adagio exercises as mirror images of each other. Mercutio and Tybalt are solitary figures who represent the warring factions, while an anonymous corps de ballet of six couples develops motifs established by the four principals. As an all-dance "symphonic" ballet with little concession to official storytelling modes, "Romeo and Juliet" seems to have been no more subversive than the "Spartacus" that was staged for the Bolshoi at about the same time by the Soviet Union's chief choreographer, Yuri Grigorovich. "Spartacus" also used four principals against a faceless corps de ballet and was more or less abstract in the telling of its story. However, Grigorovich's streamlining didn't eliminate the coarse salesmanship of Socialist Realism, and "Spartacus" was acclaimed. The "Romeo" was rejected at its audition performance by the Kirov repertory committee and banned. Russian audiences saw it only once—when Irina Kolpakova, exercising a prima ballerina's prerogative, elected to dance Juliet at a gala. The original Juliet was Natalia Makarova; a year after the audition performance, she defected in London, and a few years after that Mikhail Baryshnikov, who had been the Mercutio, also defected. The Tybalt, Valery Panov, had in the meantime become the focus of a worldwide crusade against Soviet anti-Semitism; he has since emigrated with his wife to Israel. As for Tchernichov, after five years of staging the standard classics in Odessa, which is nowhere on the ballet map, he moved to Kuibyshev, a town on the shores of the Volga which figured in ballet history once, when it became the home of the Bolshoi during the Second World War. Still under forty, Tchernichov is now a provincial ballet master, unlikely to be heard from again.



"Romeo and Juliet" has just arrived in this country, a kind of *samizdat* ballet, spirited out of Russia by the choreographer's former wife, Elena Kittel-Tchernichova, who emigrated here last year and joined the Maryland Ballet as a guest instructor. Tchernichova, as a dancer in the Kirov company, had assisted the choreographer in the original production. Quoted in a program note for the Maryland revival, at Baltimore's Lyric Theatre, she advances political as well as artistic reasons for the ballet's suppression: "It [the ballet] was a comment on the Soviet system. Romeo and Juliet are not ordinary people and they die. In Russia everyone is supposed to be alike and think alike. If you have individual ideas, you are killed or sent to prison." And the annotator summarizes, "To Tchernichov, the death of Romeo and Juliet symbolized the repression of ideas in Russia." To Western eyes, this view of Romeo and Juliet as dissidents isn't borne out in the ballet; the lovers are no more "different" than they are in Lavrovsky's ballet to Prokofiev's music, which is still revered in Russia. It may be that in universalizing the tragedy, in stripping it of its *casus belli*, Tchernichov made it uncomfortably applicable to a society that had institutionalized frustration. But American audiences are not likely to perceive the ballet in that way, and they aren't likely to perceive it as artistically defiant, either. Tchernichov's crime was his corruption by Western taste. To Western audiences, ballets like "Romeo and Juliet" are commonplace. If the Tchernichov work were to be taken up by a major company here, it would blend right in with the Crankos and Neumeiers and Butlers, and no one would think it special in any way. Yet the ballet deserves notice. Not only is it much the best modern ballet that we have had from a Soviet choreographer; it is also a more substantial work than many of the Western ballets it resembles.

Like the Berlioz music, the ballet is a meditation on the Romeo and Juliet legend, not a transcription of the drama; and, while nothing is gained by adding choreography to the score's completeness of evocation, the mortal sin of abstract ballet—using the music as a sound track for choreographic vagaries—is avoided. If anything, Tchernichov is too schematic in upholding a concept parallel to the music; one wants him to cut loose more often, as he does in the Queen Mab Scherzo—a setting of urgent and blithe solos that strikingly portray the four main characters and the dancers who originated them. Occasionally, he resorts to dance pictograms that spell out meanings. (Paired destinies are indicated by two dancers standing face to face and raising opposite legs high in second position—not only a pictogram but a cliché.) The long pas de deux, obviously intended to be the showpiece of the ballet, is one of those contraptions that turn dancers upside down and inside out and all but braid their tongues. But these contrivances are outweighed by evidence of a real capacity for design. In this ballet, at least, Tchernichov could put movements together as many choreographers cannot—with a sense of relatedness and consequence. He thought like a choreographer, and specifically like a lyric choreographer. Some of his drama is crude or weak—Mercutio's slow fouetté kicks to express disdain of Tybalt, Juliet's frantic gargouillades following her discovery of Romeo dead—but the weight of the work isn't in its drama; it's in its sensitivity to a pure-dance progression of ideas.

The Baltimore performances had a cast led by Makarova. Juliet gives us more of the ingénue she used to be than of the great dramatic star she has become since leaving Russia. The performance was steadily lucid, if somewhat uninvolved, and was marred only by her current tendency to hold her head too far forward. In spite—or perhaps because—of Helgi Tomasson's brilliance as Mercutio, one couldn't help seeing through him to Baryshnikov, especially in the feral roll of the head that topped one renversé turn. (There were also a few allusions to Baryshnikov's "Vestris.") Ivan Nagy in Vadim Gulyayev's role presented his own, poetic version of what seems to have been a standard, rather colorless Soviet Romeo. The Tybalt, done by Sylvester Campbell, of the Maryland Ballet, is a memorial to Panov in his better days as a dancer. The Maryland Ballet, directed since 1974 by Kathleen Crofton, is a well-tuned, capable company that hasn't yet learned the difference between executing steps and dancing them. Balanchine's "Donizetti Variations" was given a conscientious, stiffly accurate performance. The other notable event on the program was Fernand Nault's "Quintessence," set to



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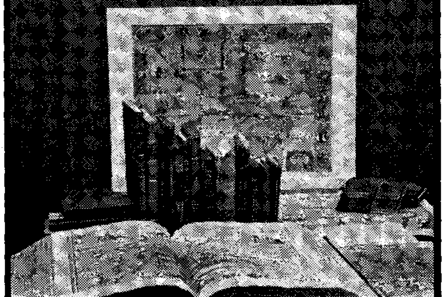
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Mahler songs—notable because of several passages that bore an extensive resemblance to Eliot Feld's "At Midnight," also set to Mahler songs.

FOR Russian émigrés who dance and teach, one checkpoint seems to be Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, the all-male ballet company. Alexander Minz, formerly of the Kirov, has staged "Les Sylphides" here, and Mme. Tchernichova laid the basis for the rampaging version of "Giselle" Act II which was given its première during the company's season at the Palace. Getting choreography straight from Leningrad and then blowing it to smithereens is typical of the Trocks (so called to distinguish them from the Glox, or Trockadero Gloxinia, which is the other, and lesser, travesty company). And contradictions of a similar nature are present in their performances. Many people who watch the Trocks are torn two ways at once—by the similitude and yet the impiety of it all. Ballets like "Swan Lake" and "Giselle" and "Les Sylphides" seem honored in the very act of destruction. The Trocks can often get laughs in these classics by *not* altering the text; if the audience is cued to laugh, it will roar. In "Giselle," "straight" gags come with frequency, as might have been expected. But then there are other gags, which are extracted from the logic of a situation or a dance phrase: head-on collisions in the sequence of arabesques voyagées, Albrecht raising a worshipful face to meet an avalanche of lilies. And then there is simple outrage—the kind that can only be committed by skilled burlesque comedians who are also balletomanes. Hans (Hilarion) and the Wilis follow the prescribed ritual of execution in every detail; then they toss him into the orchestra pit. (A while later, he surfaces and is pounded back.) Then follows the exit of the Wilis in twos and threes, like motorcyclists, which I have always found funny and sinister and beautiful. In the Trockadero production, it is all those things once again. The same qualities are seen in the backcloth that Edward Gorey has designed—a sorrowful vista dominated by weeping willows and dotted with funeral urns—and in the period costumes, by Natch Taylor, who daringly appears as Albrecht, wearing a replica of Nijinsky's bloomers.

I was too late for vaudeville and burlesque, and although the Trocks are undoubtedly more sedate than Minsky's, it pleases me to think they have brought physical comedy back to Broadway. Two and a half years ago,

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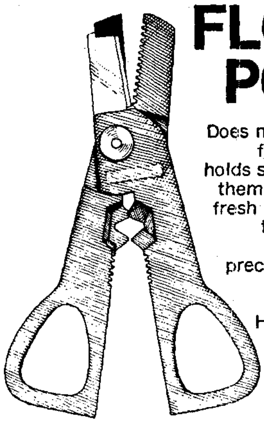
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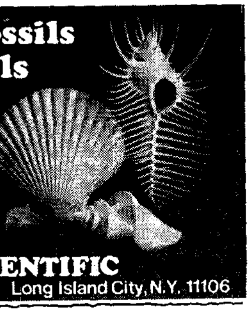
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when they began performing, in a Village loft, they were a much less polished troupe of funnymen, and except for the top banana, Antony Bassae, they could scarcely stagger about on point. Bassae, as Tamara Karpova, was inclined to let the comedy come out of the absurd spectacle he presented as a ballerina. He never pulled gags. He went on with his dreamy ballerina fantasy no matter what was happening around him. When he left, the company consolidated its style around the new prima, Olga Tchikaboumskaya (Peter Anastos), and broadened its range to include two or three speeds of giddiness and delirium. The Trocks are a more cohesive, more professional ensemble than they used to be, and they even dance better.

Anastos is a comic in the popular tradition. Subtle and wily, with sudden onsets of dementia, he is the Bea Lillie of ballet. With Taylor (who plays Alexis Ivanovitch Lermontov, a weak-willed danseur noble), Anastos directs the company, and he also does most of ts choreography. His latest work, called "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," dismantles Jerome Robbins's "Dances at a Gathering" and its sequels, and side-swipes "Les Sylphides" (guilty by association, I suppose, with Chopin). Parodies of the classics are one thing; because they've been around so long, he "Giselle"s and "Swan Lake"s conain the seeds of their own doom—they ometimes fall into self-parody in traight performance. But it takes a harp eye to spot the peculiar vulnerabilities of contemporary works, and it akes talent to invent parodies of them hat other people can recognize and augh at. I'm not sure but that, for parodies to really work, and get their ffects in the same way the object parodied works and gets *its* effects, there has to be a controlling vision commenurate in certain key respects with the original one. Anastos is, in this sense, very close to Robbins; he has the skill to se Robbins against himself. "Another Piano Ballet" is the funniest ballet since "The Concert," which happens to have been the first Robbins piece to Chopin's music. Anastos doesn't parody "The Concert," of course, but by providing it with a sequel, twenty-one years later, he brings the cycle to an end.

—Arlene Croce

•

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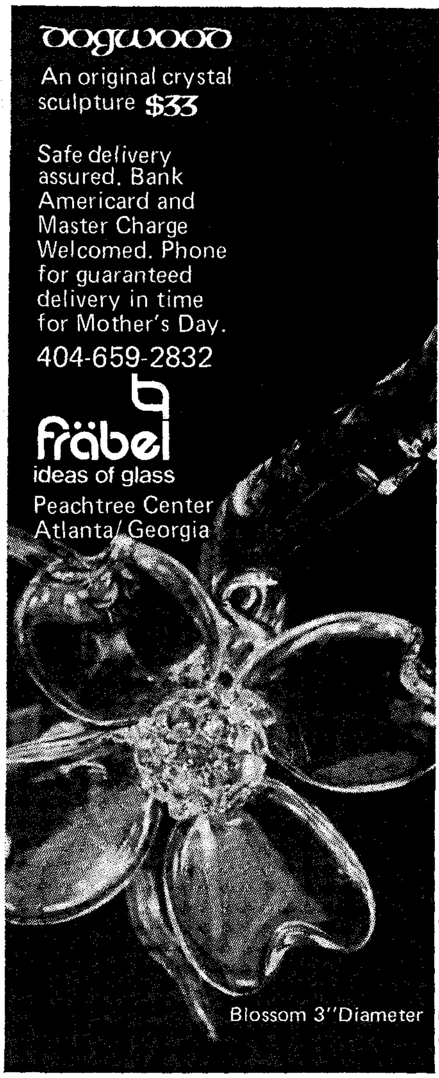

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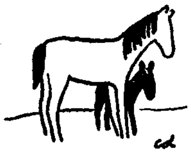

SEATTLE SLEW justified the opinion racegoers have of him when, continuing his unbeaten record, he won the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday as easily and impressively as a Derby favorite should. From the time he took the lead, going round the clubhouse turn, until he passed the winning post, more than three lengths ahead of Sanhedrin, with Catalan nearly five farther back, he dominated the scene, even though he was under steadying restraint for most of the mile and a furlong. It was not as spectacular a race as the Flamingo Stakes, which he won in March; rather, it was a workmanlike performance that showed what a good colt he really is. Still, the race had its moments. One was when Fratello Ed, a New York-bred colt, second in the recent Gotham Stakes, pulled up to Seattle Slew as he went down the backstretch, and raced head and head with him for about a furlong. (Ed finished fifth, beaten by eight lengths or so.) Another came just before the field swung into the homestretch. Here Cruguet let out a wrap, Seattle Slew zipped away by five or six lengths, and the Wood was over—except for the cheering and the cashing of winning tickets. He was 1–10 in the betting. ("Let out a wrap" is a racing phrase that goes way back to the days when jockeys wrapped the ends of their reins around their arms to give them better control over powerful, free-running horses.) It's interesting that Billy Turner, who trains Seattle Slew, chose this race to rate him for the first time. Turner had always allowed the colt to run his own gait. Turner said later how pleased he was with the change in tactics, noting that his colt was relaxed during and after the race. Now Seattle Slew goes to Louisville, Kentucky. Karen and Mickey Taylor at least plan to enjoy the pleasures of anticipation of what I believe is going to happen at Churchill Downs a week from Saturday. But they'll be thinking of Royal Ski and his virus, of how Cormorant ran a temperature after winning the Gotham, and of how Clev Er Tell, winner of the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies, broke a bone in his left knee in a workout for the Wood. Thoroughbreds are fragile, and the better ones are more fragile than the others.

Of course, a lot of race-trackers are *talking about the slow time of the* Wood: 1:49⅗ for the mile and a furlong, which is two and three-fifths seconds slower than the track mark. Selling platers run faster than that. There were two reasons: Cruguet's riding orders not to turn his mount loose, and the condition of the track. The surface was very rough, for it had not been raced over since winter until early last week. Horsemen call it "cuppy." Tracks have to be raced over and worked over constantly to be at their best.

Actually, the hero of racing at Aqueduct last Saturday, if you had polled the crowd of 36,178, the largest of the season, wouldn't have been Seattle Slew. It would have been Steve Cauthen, who rode four winners and three seconds before bringing Catalan home third in the Wood. All Cauthen's winners paid surprisingly better odds than the horses he rides usually do.

The pari-mutuel employees seem to be fixing for a strike. For half an hour last Saturday, sellers of tickets on the Daily Double didn't open their windows. What's more, Cauthen rode the winners, who paid $39.20!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Crime has taken on the likeness of a beast of prey on the prowl against law-abiding society in America. Its victims are left dead and wounded in growing numbers across the landscape as the rampage intensifies.

The spectacle is sickening, disconcerting, menacing and cause for genuine alarm. Yet much too little is done abou it. This, incidentally, in the face of a realization that crime statistics reflec *only part of the ugly picture.* This is due to a great deal of serious crime going unreported to law enforcement officials and for this reason not becoming a factor in the record.

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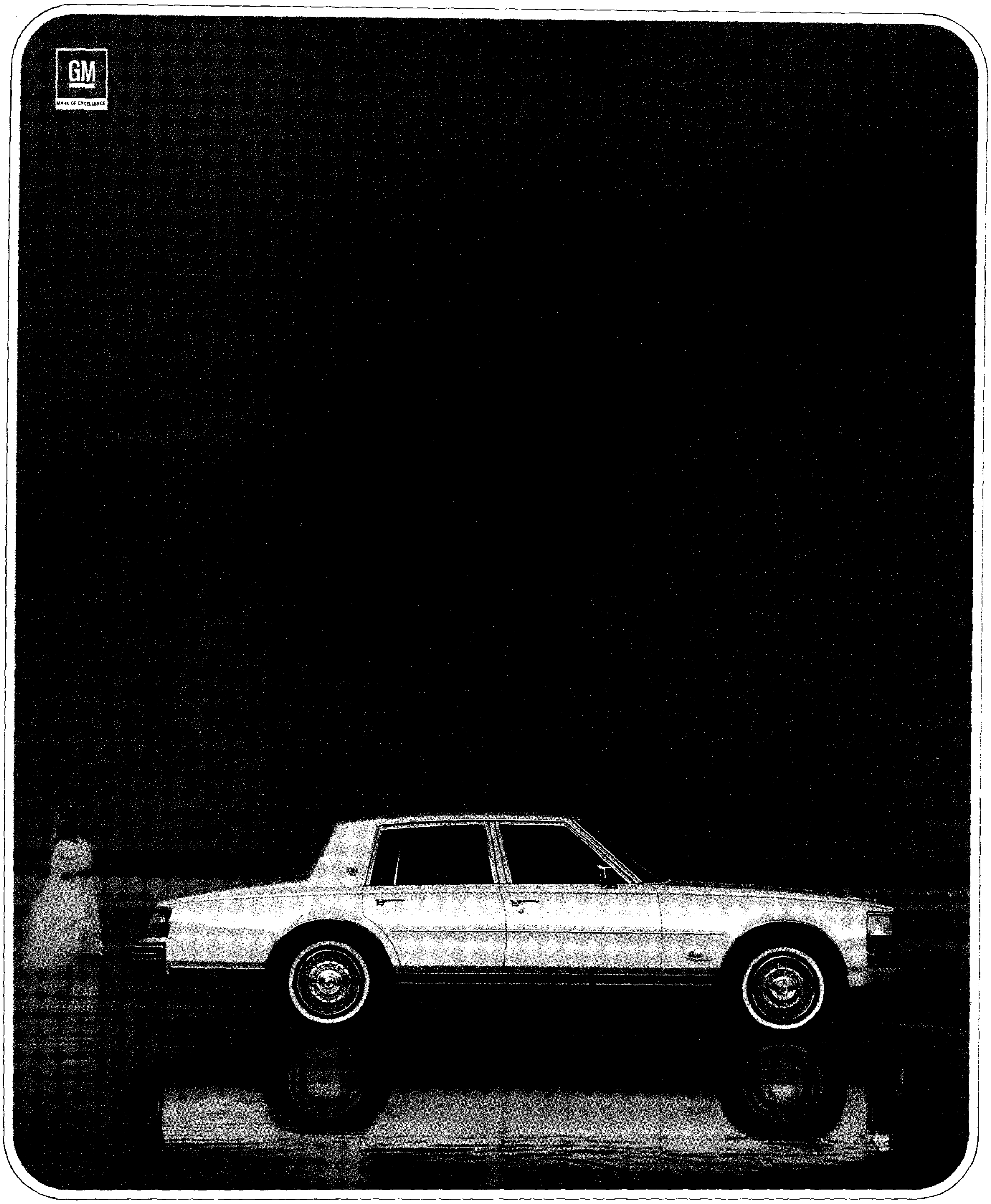

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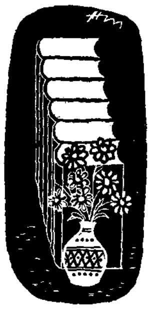

“FALCONER,” by John Cheever (Knopf), and “Lancelot,” by Walker Percy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), are prison novels based on opposite opinions of the outside world. To Cheever, the world is a source of delight, worthy of devoted attention even at its worst; Percy views it darkly. The central character of each book has killed someone for a motive that differs according to the disposition of the author, being in one case a family grudge and in the other a quest for evil.

Percy is a confessed philosophical novelist, preoccupied with the nature of the world and man’s purpose, while Cheever is something of a sorcerer, whose special outlook is untranslatable into the language of thus and therefore, or, as was recently apparent, into the language of Q. and A.: “What do you mean by confinement?” Cheever was asked by an agent of the *Times*. “Has your marriage been a kind of confinement?” asked an agent from *Newsweek*, who happened to be Cheever’s daughter, and so maybe entitled to be personal. The author provided straight and courteous answers to these questions and numerous others without giving away any secrets. The interviews reminded me of a story of Cheever’s called “A Vision of the World,” in which a man is confronted in dreams by a cryptic phrase that becomes the key to a waking moment of illumination. Before that moment comes, he tries to include his wife in his sense of the importance of the mystery:

> When my wife passed me the stylus and Magic Tablet on which we write our breakfast orders, I wrote, “*Porpozec ciebie nie prosze dorzanin albo zyolpocz ciwego*.” She laughed and asked me what I meant. When I repeated the sentence—it seemed, indeed, to be the only thing I wanted to say—she began to cry . . .

Cheever is moved, as he says for the man in that story, “by these broken lines of communication in which we express our most acute feelings.”

He is moved also by an impulse to exalt the ordinary, and “Falconer” opens on a characteristic high note, with a scrupulous description of a bas-relief representing liberty and justice which he immediately extends into an “emblem . . . of man’s endeavor to interpret the mystery of imprisonment in terms of symbols.” A reflection follows on man’s attempts to find an appropriate label for his penological institutions:

> Above the escutcheon was a declension of the place-names: Falconer Jail 1871, Falconer Reformatory, Falconer Federal Penitentiary, Falconer State Prison, Falconer Correctional Facility, and the last, which had never caught on: Daybreak House.

Convicts are referred to as “miscreants,” and Cheever cites “the inestimable shyness of men” as the reason for an absence of conversation in the prison van.

The leading miscreant is Ezekiel Farragut, who has been sent up for killing his brother—an accident, he maintains—and who is a prisoner not just literally but in his addiction to drugs, in his family ties, and in his obstinate righteousness. “You are a professor,” he is reminded by a prison official:

> “The education of the young—of all those who seek learning—is your vocation. We learn by experience, do we not, and as a professor, distinguished by the responsibilities of intellectual and moral leadership, you have chosen to commit the heinous crime of fratricide while under the influence of dangerous drugs. Aren’t you ashamed?” “I want to be sure that I get my methadone,” Farragut said.

Farragut continues to insist on his innocence during a visit from his wife. They are observed as they talk by a “turnkey, who sat above them on an elevated chair like a lifeguard.”

> “How are you now?”
>
> “I’m down from forty milligrams to ten. I get methadone at nine every morning. A pansy deals it out. He wears a hairpiece.”
>
> “Is he on the make?”
>
> “I don’t know. He asked me if I liked opera.”
>
> “You don’t, of course.”
>
> “That’s what I told him.”
>
> “That’s good. I wouldn’t want to be married to a homosexual, having already married a homicidal drug addict.”
>
> “I did not kill my brother.”

Eventually, Farragut does become involved in a homosexual romance. Eventually, he traces through family history the story of his brother’s death, though only in his thoughts and without noticeable remorse. Eventually, he escapes, thinking, on his way out, that “cunning was needed; cunning and the courage to take his rightful place in things as he saw them.” By serving as narrator, Cheever gives himself a slight edge over Farragut, so that he can use his recalcitrance as an element of suspense without making guilt and innocence or justice his main theme. In arranging for Farragut to be free, he works a sleight of hand by which each phrase and scene, and often a single word, becomes flooded with meanings, and he sets the reader up for an ending in which everything and nothing is resolved.

There is no justice in Farragut’s escape. He isn’t an innocent man, even by his own account, and he is not (more in line with modern thinking) a man who is technically guilty but is justified in his crime by social hypocrisy. “Not a fact, but a chance,” he thinks, “something like the afternoon light on high trees, quite useless and thrilling.” The fortuitous happy ending is foreshadowed by an image that crosses Farragut’s mind in prison as he struggles against a momentary mental drifting:

> He owned a watch and a calendar and his surroundings had never been so easily catalogued, but he had never faced with such deep apprehension the fact that he did not know where he was. He was at the head of a slalom trail, he was waiting for a train, he was waking after a bad drug trip in a hotel in New Mexico. “Hey, Tiny,” he would shout, “where am I?” Tiny understood. “Falconer Prison,” he would say. “You killed your brother.” “Thanks, Tiny.” So, on the strength of Tiny’s voice, the bare facts would return.

Farragut having regained his grip on the facts, Cheever notes:

> Farragut considered transcendent experience to be perilous rubbish. One saved one’s ardor for people and objects that could be used. The flora and fauna of the rain forest were incomprehensible, but one could comprehend the path that led to one’s destination.

Whether while he was working on the book Cheever heard in the distance the trumpets rehearsing to proclaim it a Great American Novel or the thundering hooves of interviewers heading his way I don’t know. There have been complaints in the past that Cheever’s novels were disjointed heaps of short stories, but that seems an unnecessarily negative way of describing his digressive method, and I can’t share the implied certainty about what a novel is or should be. Like Farragut’s escape, Cheever’s whole style—his way of telling a story, long or short—is an excursion among the flora and fauna of

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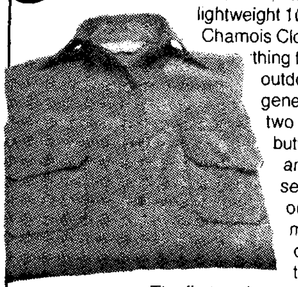

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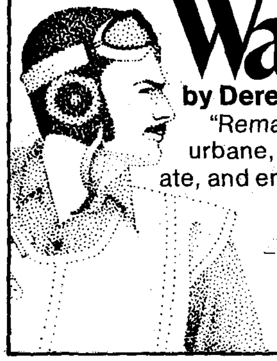

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the rain forest, a circumvention of edifying logic, an evasion of straight answers.

If not rubbish, transcendent experience is perilous in the telling, winding up, as a rule, in a mumble. Cheever takes immoderate risks with words like "transcendence," "mystery," "universality," "sovereignty," and "profundity," and with ideas like "the magnetic stamina of the planet" and "the invincible potency of nature." In fact, "Falconer" could have been shortened by a couple of "profoundly"s. But Cheever avoids absurdity, sometimes narrowly, by hanging on to physical details. The facts are never bare for long and always move in surprising directions:

> Then way ahead of him and on the right he saw a rectangle of pure white light and he knew he had the strength to reach this though the blood in his boot now made a noise. It was a laundromat. Three men and two women of various ages and colors were waiting for their wash. The doors to most of the machines hung open like the doors to ovens. Opposite were the bull'seye windows of drying machines and in two he could see clothes tossed and falling, always falling—falling heedlessly, it seemed, like falling souls or angels if their fall had ever been heedless.

This passage is a nearly perfect example of risk and narrow escape, and, incidentally, of the rewards of simple words and simple syntax. As Cheever says of Farragut escaping, "he put one foot in front of the other. That was about it."

AMONG the dozens of questions that Walker Percy asks in an essay called "The Delta Factor" are these:

> 1. Why does man feel so sad in the twentieth century?
> 2. Why do people often feel bad in good environments and good in bad environments?
> 3. What does a man do when he finds *himself* living after an age has ended and he can no longer understand himself because the theories of man of the former age no longer work and the theories of the new age are not yet known, for not even the name of the new age is known, and so everything is upside down, people feeling bad when they should feel good, good when they should feel bad?
> 4. Where does one start with a theory of man if the theory of man as an organism in an environment doesn't work and all the attributes of man which were accepted in the old modern age are now called into question: his soul, mind, freedom, will, Godlikeness?

"The Delta Factor" and other essays are collected in a book called "The Message in the Bottle—How Queer Man Is, How Queer Language Is, and What One Has to Do with the Other," and were published, an Author's Note says, between 1954 and 1975. The same questions, similarly expressed or in thin disguises, can be found in Percy's four novels, published between 1961 and 1977. "The Moviegoer," his first, and a very good book, is a realistic portrait, against the background of New Orleans, of a young man unable to honor the traditional beliefs and expectations of his family. (See Question No. 3.) He seeks comfort in a bland suburban life, in Hollywood movies circa 1955, and in dates with nubile secretaries. He speaks of himself as engaged in a search, declining to name its object, which is plain enough in the course of the story. Percy presses the search with increasing openness and fervor in his subsequent novels, distorting reality in proportion to his rising zeal. Sometimes this works fine, as in "Love in the Ruins," a rhetorical marvel about the collapse of the U.S.A., and sometimes it doesn't work—in "The Last Gentleman," for example, and in "Lancelot," Percy's latest. These two books are marked by a hollowness of character and invention which makes it impossible to feel with Percy either his ironic affection for the phantom South of Jefferson and Lee or the urgency of his vision of crisis.

"Lancelot" is a monologue by a madman, expressing outrage at the absence of shape or purpose in the world, at the impossibility of romance, adventure, honor, or even of ordinary life, because of the decay of religious beliefs and moral standards needed to support those activities. The novel is Percy's idea of what a man might be driven to do in such circumstances. What Lancelot does is kill and rant. He rises from a stupor induced by whiskey and the evening news to avenge his wife's infidelity, hoping to stir in himself "great feelings," to commit a recognizable crime, to discover Evil:

> "Evil" is surely the clue to this age, the only quest appropriate to the age. For everything and everyone's either wonderful or sick and nothing is evil.
>
> God may be absent, but what if one should find the devil?

The inverted quest for the Holy Grail is a failure; Lancelot finds no relief from the deadness of his feelings, and ends up in ambiguous confinement ("Is *this* a prison or a hospital or a prison hospital?"), addressing himself to an ambiguous audience ("Are you a psychiatrist or a priest or a priest-psychiatrist?") who seldom, and perhaps never, responds, and who may exist only in Lancelot's divided mind. Whatever his status, the listener, called Percival, represents the vestigial values of Christianity, and partakes, at least in Lancelot's imagination, in a climactic series of questions and affirmative answers concerning the forthcoming cataclysm. Like "The Last Gentleman," the book ends with a suspended question. In "The Last Gentleman," it goes like this:

> "Anything else?"
> "No sir."
> But as the Edsel took off, spavined and sprung, sunk at one corner and flatulent in its muffler, spuriously elegant and unsound, like a Negro's car, a fake Ford, a final question did occur to him and he took off after it.

In "Lancelot," like this:

> "Very well. I've finished. Is there anything you wish to tell me before I leave?"
> *Yes.*

Ambiguity is the subject of Lancelot's complaint, and ambiguity is Percy's method of presenting it. The weakness of the novel, however, is only partly in the incessant raising of questions and lowering them without answers. The main difficulty centers on Lancelot's credentials as an existential spokesman. Percy characterizes him as a disillusioned liberal, a lapsed Catholic, an undistinguished scion of an honorable New Orleans line, and clearly insane. Presumably, Percy doesn't approve of the methods of Lancelot's madness, but he obviously means to use him, with reservations, as an instrument of persuasion. And there are moments—as Lancelot is plotting a revolution he plans to lead—when the diätribe reaches heights that recall the richer style of "Love in the Ruins":

> Virginia!
> Don't you see? Virginia is neither North nor South but both and neither. Betwixt and between. An island between two disasters. Facing both: both the defunct befouled and collapsing North and the corrupt thriving and Jesus-hollering South. The Northerner is at heart a pornographer. He is an abstract mind with a genital attached. His soul is at Harvard.... His body lives on Forty-second Street.... One is the backside of the other. The Southerner? The Southerner started out a skeptical Jeffersonian and became a crooked Christian. That is to say, he is approaching and has almost reached his essence, which is to be more crooked and Christian than ever before.

More often, despite its undoubted strong feeling, its occasional eloquence and grains of truth, the monologue has the quality of a harangue, windier and more pretentious than the speech

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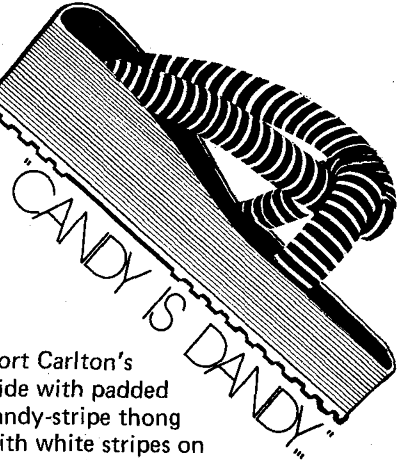
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of a semi-prophetic madman ought to be:

> If there cannot be love—you call that love out there?—there will be a tight-lipped courtesy between men. And chivalry toward women. Women must be saved from the whoredom they've chosen. Women will once again be strong and modest. Children will be merry because they will know what they are to do.

A less sympathetic reader than I am might judge that Lancelot is a bombastic, bloodthirsty sexual and regional chauvinist and snob. To me he sounds like someone with too much time and money on his hands, a man who can afford to become a crackpot:

> Five, six, seven years of unacknowledged idleness (it takes work to be idle and not acknowledge it), drinking and watching TV, working at play, playing at work—what does it do to a man?

Percy seems to have backed himself into an empty corner with his obsessed and isolated seeker. There is a passage in "The Moviegoer" that suggests a way out:

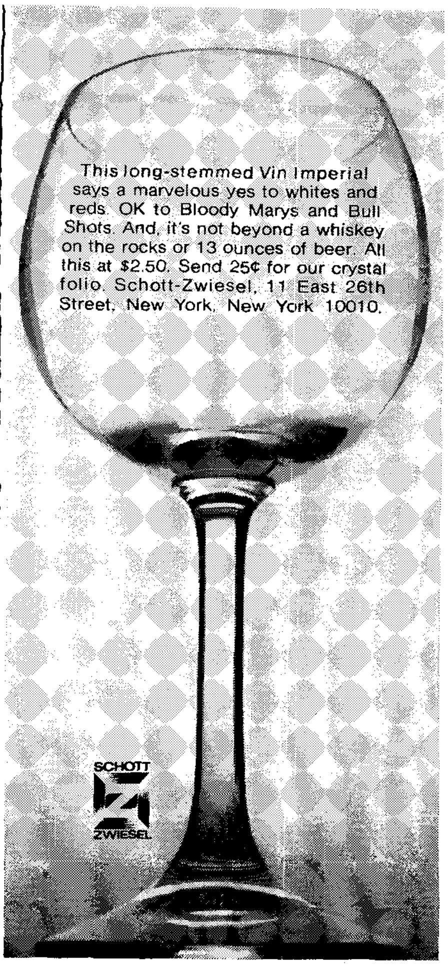
> What is the nature of the search? you ask.
>
> Really it is very simple, at least for a fellow like me; so simple that it is easily overlooked.
>
> The search is what anyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life. This morning, for example, I felt as if I had come to myself on a strange island. And what does such a castaway do? Why, he pokes around the neighborhood and he doesn't miss a trick.

I'd like to see Percy come back out to poke around the neighborhood again. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE MARBLE FOOT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1905-1938, by Peter Quennell (Viking). Since early in his career, the author has identified himself as a "Mandarin" littérateur, preoccupied with matters of style, as opposed to "Vernacular" innovators, such as Hemingway, Isherwood, and George Orwell. His new book is a notable example of style—a "pictorial frieze," as he describes it, drawn from the first thirty-three years of his life. Mr. Quennell's father was the architect and social historian C. H. B. Quennell, and the book tells of the family's roots, the vicissitudes of its fortunes during Peter's childhood, the minor pains of his growing up, and his precocity as a writer—a volume of his poems was published and well received when he



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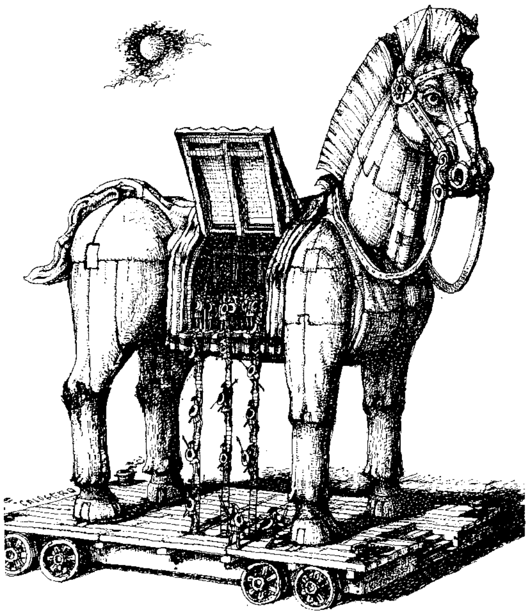
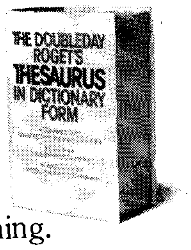
was seventeen. Conceited and headstrong, he went off to Oxford and became friends with Cyril Connolly, Evelyn Waugh, Harold Acton, and others. His remorseless enjoyment of youthful pleasures led to his rustication, but his appetite for work was sufficiently ingrained for him to be a regular contributor to literary journals. In 1930, he accepted a professorship in English at a Japanese university, and the sections on his years in the Orient include some of the liveliest and most evocative passages in the book. Misfortune dogged his personal life, and his treatment of his two early marriages is touching in its delicate honesty. The book ends with the author no longer a poet but an accomplished writer of prose, with four full-length books already to his credit. Having abandoned serious literary work for financial reasons, he is diverting himself at a daily office job (in advertising) that, "although it amused me and had brought me moderate success, secretly I could not help despising."

THE AGE OF UNCERTAINTY: A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC IDEAS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin). A reading version of the author's series for the BBC explaining economics to beginners. Galbraith, as ever, is forthright and funny; he is a wizard at packing immense amounts of information into a style so entertaining that the reader does not realize he is being taught. The book also benefits from the author's variety of public service, for Galbraith's illustrations are current events and memorable recent history rather than graphs and curves. The caveat is that Galbraith does not pretend to impartiality, and a reader who needs a primer will not get a balanced—or even a clear—idea of contemporary economists whose work does not convince the author.

TALKING TO MYSELF, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). Mr. Terkel made his reputation by getting people to talk into his tape recorder; with this book he turns the machine on himself and achieves a kind of patchwork autobiography. He tells us of his boyhood in working-class Chicago, where, in his teens, he was a desk clerk in his mother's hotel on Wells Street. He reminisces about Chicago dirty politics, about the jazz greats he knew in the Rush Street speakeasies, about his early days in radio and television. He jumps around:





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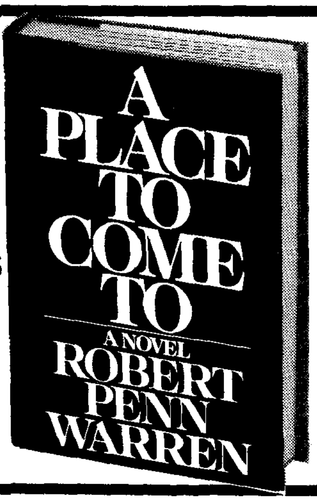

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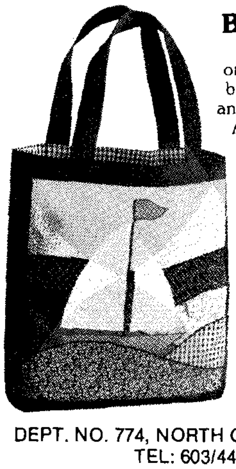

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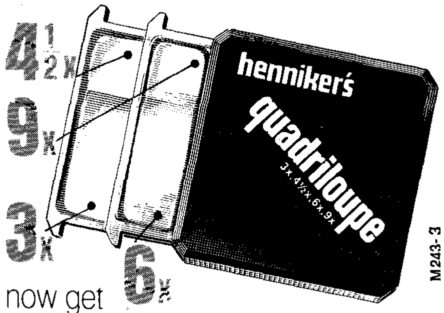

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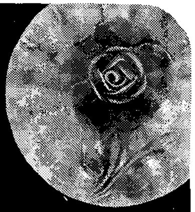

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he'll be talking about Mayor Daley—"the Big Dumpling"—and in the next breath, or tape, he'll be telling us about lugging his machine into Carlo Levi's studio behind a Roman garden. Mr. Terkel is an amusing, thoughtful, endlessly observant, and sometimes very funny fellow. He likes this form of writing, and apparently sees no need for any sort of editing. The reader, however, would be grateful for a little something along that line.

OUR APPALACHIA: AN ORAL HISTORY, edited by Laurel Shackelford and Bill Weinberg, with photographs by Donald R. Anderson (Hill & Wang). "You see, the thing everyone has to remember is that every community is different," says a minister, and that may be the most sensible statement made about this area. The book's geographical range is from eastern Kentucky to western North Carolina; the experiences and attitudes of the people whose views it records are so variegated that scarcely any generalizations apply. Except perhaps about the land itself, which is too hilly for commercial farming but has always had some extractable asset—pelts, timber, or, later, coal. The division is acute between those who believe in "progress" and those who see its drawbacks, because much of the exploitation—in all senses of that word—has been the work of native sons, not outsiders. The book records a continuing debate about the meaning of Appalachia's past and its future. Some see the past as quiet, beauty, and simplicity; others as isolation, ignorance, and illness.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HOSTAGE: LONDON, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Julian Despard (alias Herbert Johnson, alias Gil), the narrator here, finds himself in the classic Household contretemps: he is wanted by Scotland Yard as a university lecturer turned anarchist and fugitive, and he is also wanted as a turncoat by a terrorist organization of which he was once a rising executive. Magma International rightly suspects that he has discovered (to his horror) its secret plan to plant an atomic bomb somewhere in London and create a nightmare situation conducive to revolution. This is not, however, as the title unfortunately suggests, a holocaust melodrama of the sort now widely in fashion. As always at his best—and this novel stands with his

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best—Mr. Household is concerned not only with the excitement of flight and pursuit (in the Cotswold hills and in the meanest London streets) but with the excitement of human values and political values in conflict. "For perfect justice to be done," Despard muses on the actions to which he has been driven, "I should receive the George Cross and a life sentence simultaneously."

LAST DITCH, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Miss Marsh is a Dame Commander of the British Empire, and her new novel, though contemporary in time and story (a French heroin ring figures prominently), recalls in most other respects the heyday nineteen-thirties of the Empire and the British detective thriller. This is a matter of tone and pace, a leisurely, literate manner of writing, and a cast of characters who know and accept their proper place in the social sphere—villagers, tradespeople, police constables, and the rich and charming aristocrats in the big house on the hill. It is the world of Agatha Christie and Dorothy Sayers, a world long vanished (if, indeed, it ever existed), but all the more winning and satisfying for that. The scene, drawn with effortless perfection, is an unnamed Channel Island, and the detective is the familiar (and witty and brilliant and gentlemanly) Chief Superintendent Roderick Alleyn.

IN THE FRAME, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). This is Mr. Francis's seventeenth thriller, and the first that has nothing to do with race horses or horse racing. It is also a disappointing one. The hero and amateur detective is an artist (he irrelevantly paints pictures of horses) who gets on to a gang of Australians who specialize in selling counterfeit paintings and stealing antiques. The action moves at a shuffle, the mystery is anything but mystifying, and the usually bright and bantering dialogue is exhausting. The scene is England and all over Australia and New Zealand.

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TRANSLATION

LI-LI CH'EN/Master Tung's Western Chamber Romance: A Chinese Chantefable/Cambridge University Press

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

W. A. SWANBERG/Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist/Scribner's

POETRY

RICHARD EBERHART/Collected Poems: 1930-1976/Oxford University Press

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KATHERINE PATERSON/The Master Puppeteer/ T. Y. Crowell

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ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE/Kicked a Building Lately?/Quadrangle

RUFUS E. MILES, Jr./Awakening from the American Dream: The Social and Political Limits to Growth/Universe Books

FICTION

RAYMOND CARVER/Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?/McGraw-Hill

McDONALD HARRIS/The Balloonist/Farrar, Straus & Giroux

URSULA K. Le GUIN/Orsinian Tales/Harper & Row

CYNTHIA PROPPER SETON/A Fine Romance/Norton

TRANSLATION

ROBERT FAGLES/Aeschylus' The Oresteia/Viking

GREGORY RABASSA/The Autumn of the Patriarch by Gabriel Garcia Marquez/Harper & Row

CHARLES S. SINGLETON/Dante's The Divine Comedy: Paradiso, Vol. 1 and 2/Princeton

HELEN WEAVER/Antonin R. Artaud: Selected Writings/Farrar, Straus & Giroux

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PETER COLLIER and DAVID HOROWITZ/The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty/Holt, Rinehart & Winston

ANAIS NIN/Diary of Anais Nin: Volume 6, 1955-1966/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

B. L. REID/The Lives of Roger Casement/Yale University Press

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IRVING FELDMAN/Leaping Clear and Other Poems/Viking

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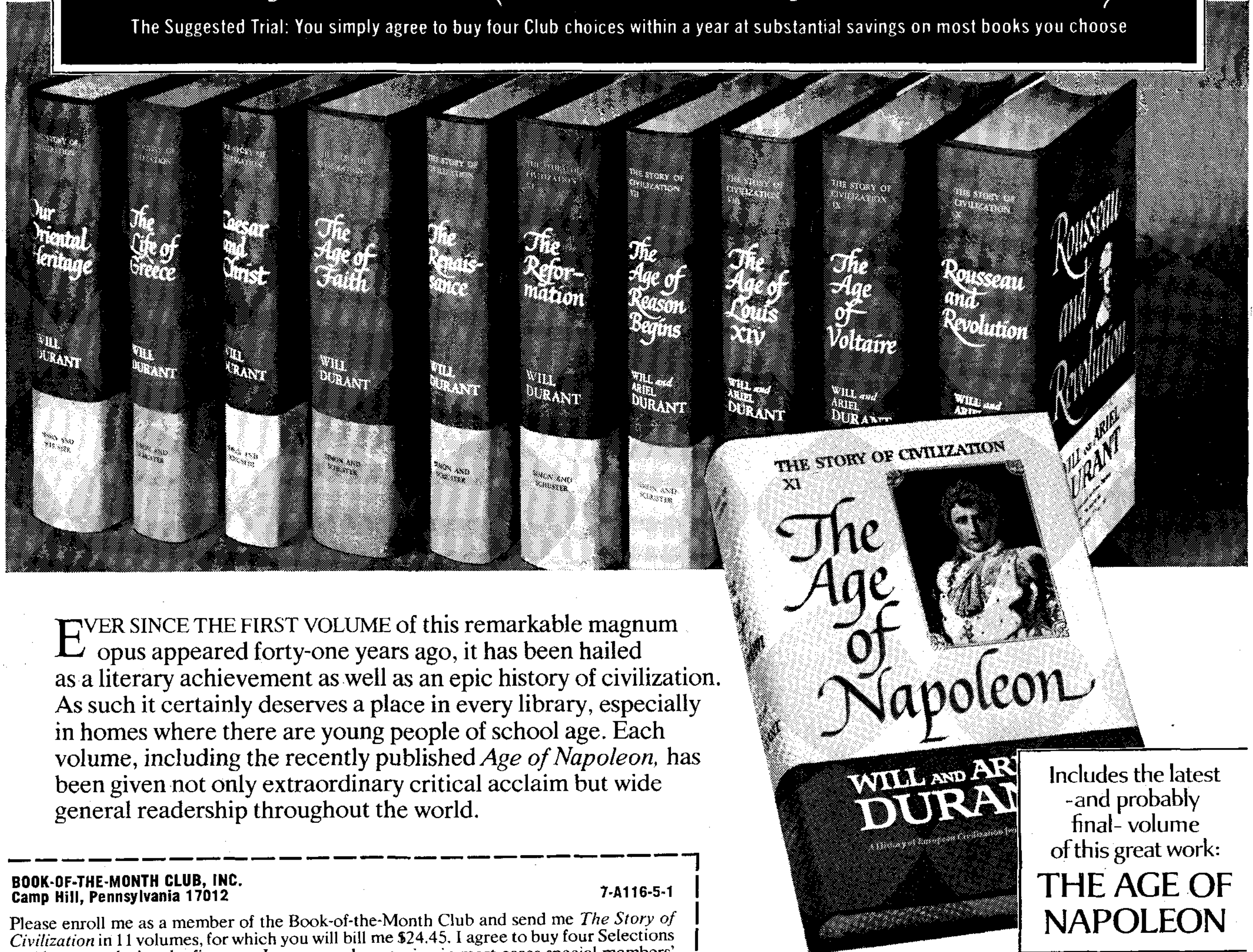

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TO THE ANCIENT CHINESE, LIFE WAS SYMBOL.

Genuine Bengali® tells a story. It is written in the yarns.

Look—there is the symbol of the bat above and below the center medallion. It speaks of great happiness for your home. In fact, the Chinese word for bat—fu—also means happiness.

Surrounding the center medallion, four key corner designs tell of endless good luck for the owner.

And butterflies in the border promise a happy marriage.

Every symbol has a very special meaning. And nowhere is the symbol life of ancient Ming more beautifully expressed.

For Bengali is a masterpiece woven by hand on the looms of India... by weavers whose incredible skills go back for generations.

The most luxurious woolen yarns (moth-proofed, of course) go into its creation. And the finest true-color dyes.

It takes a lot of time to create such a masterpiece. But it's worth the wait. Because no imitation can equal it.

See Bengali at a fine store near you. You'll know it's *genuine* by the label and by the gold-and-black medallion it bears. And send now for your full-color booklet of magnificent India hand-woven carpets ... just $2 to

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